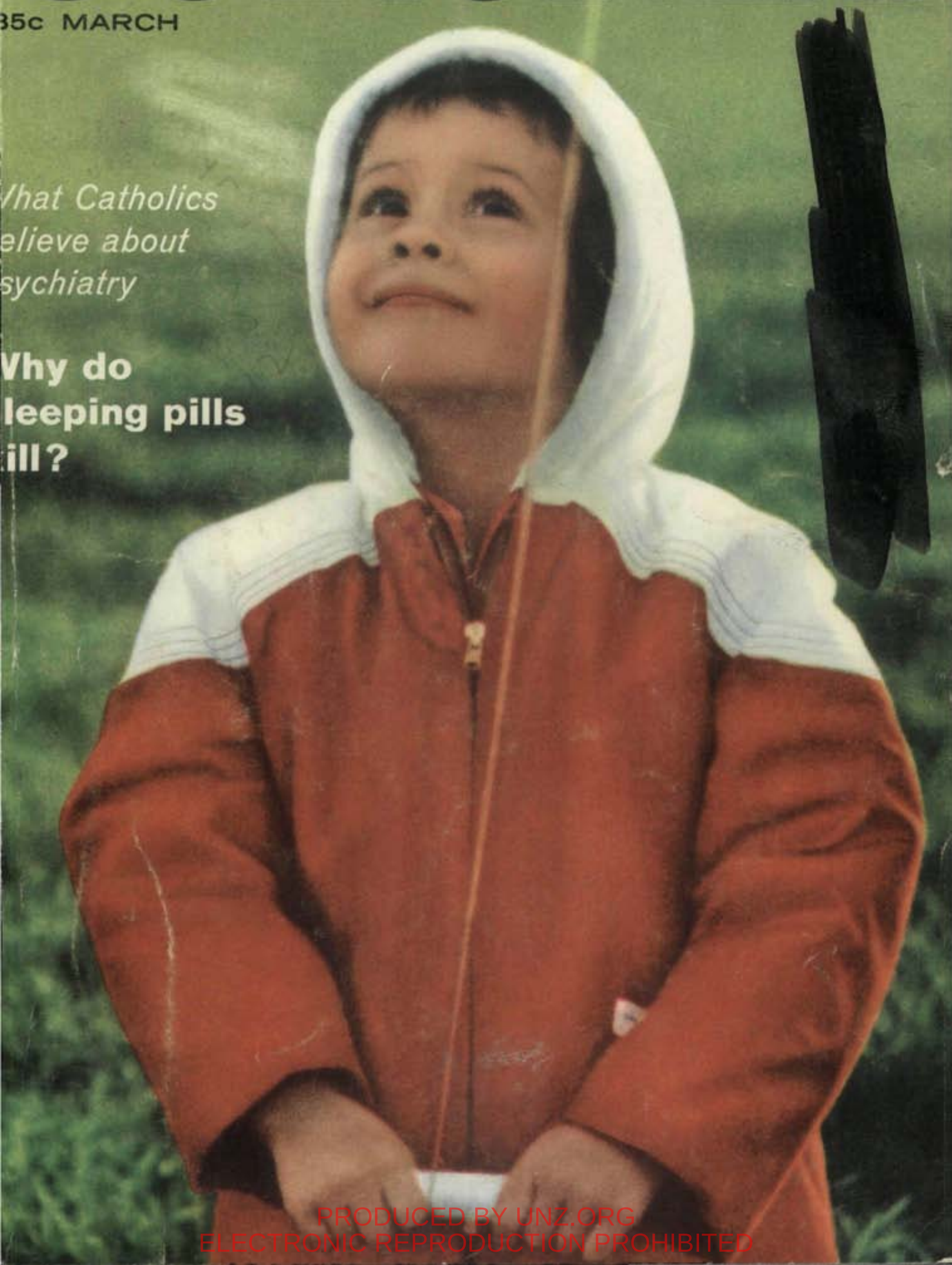
CORONET

35c MARCH



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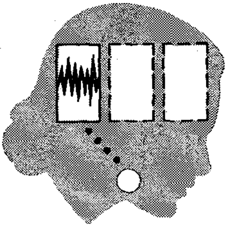

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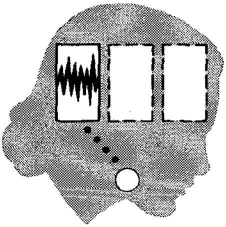

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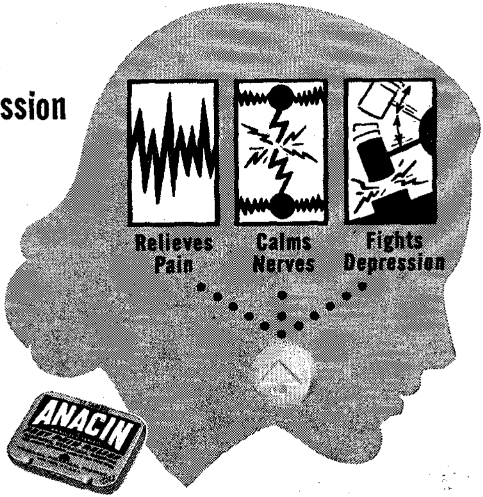

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

"We're looking for people

By ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO you like to draw or paint? If you do —America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing for a full-time or part-time art career.

Here's why we make this offer. Some years ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience; the professional know-how; and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. To illustrate this knowledge, we made over 5,000 special drawings and paintings . . . as part of a complete course of art training that people all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

This original course in commercial art and illustration was so successful that two equally effective courses — one in fine arts painting and another in professional cartooning — were later created. Through these three separate art training programs, we have helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

John Busketta worked as a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company while he took our Commercial Art Course. He's still with the same company — but now he's an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Albert Dorne

Norman Rockwell

Fred Ludekens

Peter Helck

Mother Boosts Family Income

Having taken our training, busy New York mother, Elizabeth Merriss, now adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced she had talent worth developing, she started studying art at home. Soon she became a fashion artist. Today, she does high-style illustrations for a leading fashion studio.

Father of Three Wins New Career

Stanley Bowen — a married man with three children, unhappy in a "dead-end" job — began studying with us, in his own home, evenings. Now he's an illustrator

who like to draw"

AMERICA'S 12 MOST FAMOUS ARTISTS

Al Parker

Jon Whitcomb

Harold Von Schmidt

Stevan Dohanos

Robert Fawcett

Ben Stahl

Dong Kingman

Austin Briggs

for a growing art studio, makes much more money — and his family sees a happy, secure future ahead.

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio enrolled in our Fine Arts Painting Course, and recently had her first local "one-man" show. She sold thirty-two of her water colors and five oil paintings.

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an airline clerk when he enrolled. Two years later he won a prize in a cartooning contest and was signed to do a comic strip for a group of newspapers.

Earns Seven Times As Much

Eric Ericson, an auto parts clerk, used his spare time to study with us. Today he's a successful illustrator earning seven *times* his former salary.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she began our training. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career?

Free Art Talent Test

Simply send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid $1 for this test, but we'll send it to you *free*. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for training in your own home and in your spare time — under the art program we direct. No obligation. Mail coupon today.

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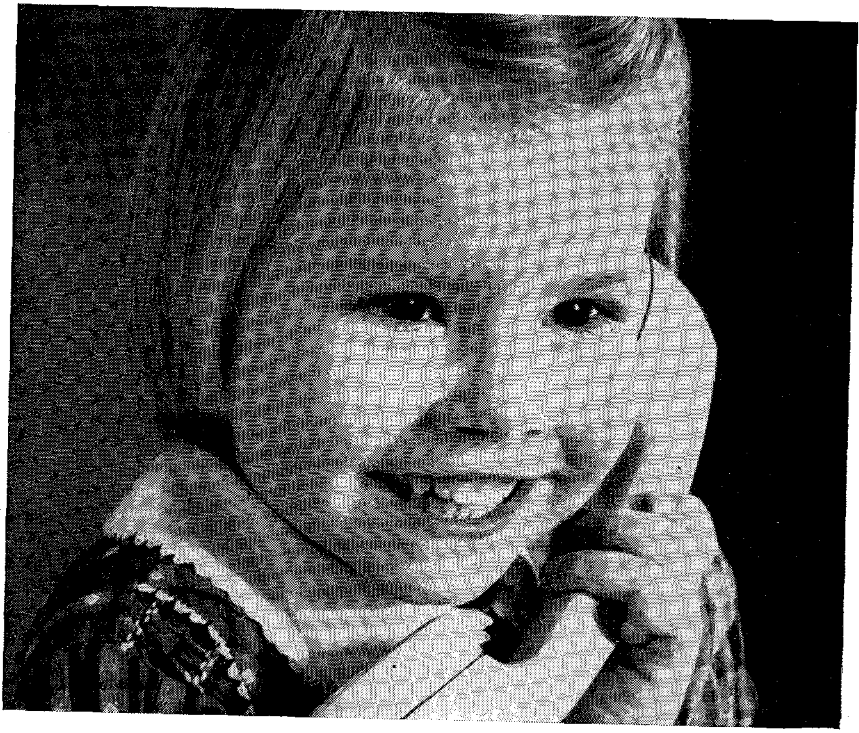

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Dear Reader:

Science writer John Pfeiffer: Getting back up proved to be a problem.

SUCH CORONET FEATURES as "By Rocket to Mars in 18 Days" (Aug. 1946)—among 350-plus science stories we have published in 20 years—once had that pipe-dream dimension. But now that we are smack up against the realities of the Space Age, the idea of zooming off to the moon no longer looms as a science writer's flight of fancy. In fact, things have changed all around for science writers. "Back before World War II," says one of the most eminent of the group, John Pfeiffer ("Terror in a Cave," p. 114), "a skilled science writer could make a living—but just barely. Then came the atom bomb—and now Sputnik and space-eating missiles. We're overwhelmed with work!"

One of CORONET's regulars, Pfeiffer has written articles for us on such diverse subjects as the brain, vision, muscles, and the conquest of death. He was born in New York and raised there and in Ogunquit, Maine. He couldn't decide whether to be a scientist or a writer—so he became a science writer. Just out of Yale in 1936, a fortuitous job shuffle made him, at 21, science editor of a news magazine. Subsequently, a war hitch as a civilian working for the Navy had him writing about new weapons for "people who didn't know anything about science—including able-bodied seamen and admirals." Since the war, Pfeiffer has written science articles, books and radio and television scripts. He likes science writing because the field is so "continually new and full of enormous surprises"; for Pfeiffer it is also an adventurous occupation. Operating from his 80-year-old home in rural New Hope, Pa.—where he also finds time, along with his wife Naomi and 12-year-old son Tony, to skate on the canal behind the house, play tennis, and "explore" the countryside—Pfeiffer displays a passion for going up and down that would overwhelm an elevator operator. On various assignments his *ups* include trips in helicopters and climbs atop oil rigs. His *downs* include submarine dives, a visit *under* a steel furnace and a memorable cave descent which was almost his undoing. Very unscientific—but very exciting reading.

The Editors

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To People Who Want to Write

but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what a famous editor said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene. Who will take their places? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

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THANKS N.I.A. FOR WRITING ACHIEVEMENT

"I sold a question and answer to the 'Quiz-Em' column in 'This Week' Magazine. I also had a feature published with a by-line in the Lapeer County Press. Thanks to N.I.A. for my writing success."—Mrs. Norma Sullivan, Mariette, Mich.

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"In my first attempt at writing for a national magazine, I wrote an article in answer to one that appeared in Look Magazine. The article drew an unusual reader response and mine was chosen as the best. The editor expressed interest in the fact I was studying the N.I.A. Course and the check I received more than paid for it." Glenn Dunlap, Painesville, Ohio.

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CORONET

Contents for March, 1958

Vol. 43, No. 5, Whole No. 257

Articles

The Christ-faced Soviet Soldier........LAJOS ZILAHY 33
Architecture's Unpredictable Artist........AL DEWLEN 40
The Wonder of Custom-built Bone..NORMAN CARLISLE 46
The Last Great Tong War..............CARL SIFAKIS 60
Prince of Poppycock..................HY STEIRMAN 68
The Tornado Town That Wouldn't Die PHIL DESSAUER 74
The Menace of the Sleeping Pill Habit.....RALPH BASS 100
A Revolution in Photography......MADELYN CARLISLE 104
What Do Catholics Believe About Psychiatry?
W. G. HOUSEMAN 108
Terror in a Cave.....................JOHN PFEIFFER 114
Big Tax Tips for Small Taxpayers
AARON M. DIAMOND, ESQ. AND ROY KATZ, C.P.A. 119
Destiny Slammed the Brakes..............DAVID WISE 131
Feathered Giant of the Skies...........REED MILLARD 144
"Dough, Ray and Me"...................PAT KILMER 147
Teenage Girl in Trouble..............BETTY FRIEDAN 163
Fido—Honored Citizen of Luco........JOHN CARLOVA 169
They Called It Justice.................WILL BERNARD 186

Pictorial Features

Far in the West.................................. 50
Child Stars Who Came Back...........MARK NICHOLS 79
Kids in Wonderland..............JAMES A. SKARDON,
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EILEEN DARBY 132

Service Features

Products on Parade.............................. 26
Coronet Family Shopper.......................... 174
Coronet Shopping Guide.......................... 180
Coronet School and College Directory............... 184
Coronet Resort and Travel Guide.................. 185

Departments

Dear Reader..................................... 5
All About You................................... 10
Gilt-edged Home on the Range.......ENTERTAINMENT 18
The Man With the Baton......................MUSIC 22
Grin and Share It...........................HUMOR 39
Elementary Accounts ....HUMOR 49
Public Notice ....HUMOR 67
Men at War.................A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 73
Human Comedy...............................HUMOR 90

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Photograph ....ROBERT CATO

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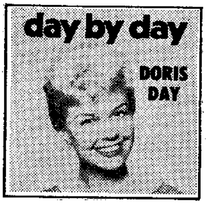

day by day
DORIS DAY

GERSHWIN HITS
PERCY FAITH ORCHESTRA

EASY TO REMEMBER
NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR

FRANK SINATRA
ADVENTURES OF THE HEART

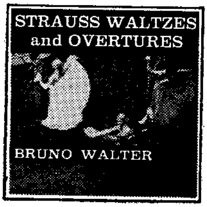
GAÎTÉ PARISIENNE
LES SYLPHIDES
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
ORMANDY conductor

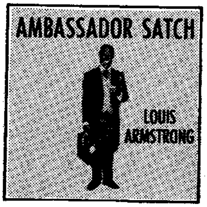
EDDY DUCHIN STORY
ORIGINAL DUCHIN RECORDINGS

Lure of the Tropics
Andre Kostelanetz
and His Orchestra

DAVE BRUBECK AND JAY & KAI
AT NEWPORT

Oklahoma!
Nelson Eddy
Complete Score


STRAUSS WALTZES and OVERTURES
BRUNO WALTER


AMBASSADOR SATCH
LOUIS ARMSTRONG

STRAVINSKY:
FIREBIRD SUITE
TCHAIKOVSKY:
ROMEO AND JULIET
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

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Caravan

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BEETHOVEN
"MOONLIGHT" Sonata
"PATHETIQUE" Sonata
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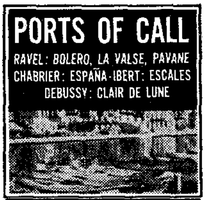

PORTS OF CALL
RAVEL: BOLERO, LA VALSE, PAVANE
CHABRIER: ESPAÑA · IBERT: ESCALES
DEBUSSY: CLAIR DE LUNE

JOHNNY MATHIS
WONDERFUL
WONDERFUL
WONDERFUL
WONDERFUL
WONDERFUL
WONDERFUL
WONDERFUL

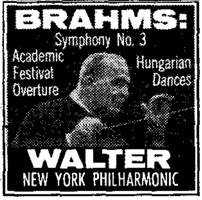
LEVANT PLAYS GERSHWIN
RHAPSODY IN BLUE
CONCERTO IN F
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

THE ELGART TOUCH
LES ELGART AND HIS ORCHESTRA

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, ORMANDY Conductor
THE GREAT MELODIES OF TCHAIKOVSKY
ROMANTIC MELODIES FROM:
ROMEO AND JULIET, SLEEPING BEAUTY,
5TH SYMPHONY, NUTCRACKER SUITE,
QUARTET IN D, SYMPHONY PATHÉTIQUE,
MARCHE SLAV, SERENADE FOR STRINGS

SUDDENLY IT'S THE HI LO's

THE KING OF SWING
BENNY GOODMAN
HARRY JAMES
GENE KRUPA
LIONEL HAMPTON
TEDDY WILSON
1937-38 Jazz Concert No. 2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8. Gershwin Hits—Percy Faith
9. Sinatra—Adventures of the Heart
10. Ambassador Satch
11. Firebird; Romeo and Juliet
12. Day By Day—Doris Day
13. Johann Strauss—Waltzes
14. Lure of the Tropics—Kostelanetz
15. Ports Of Call
16. Oklahoma!
17. Levant Plays Gershwin
18. The Elgart Touch
19. The Great Melodies of Tchaikovsky
20. Suddenly It's the Hi-Lo's
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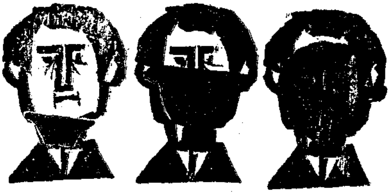
ALL ABOUT YOU

Hypertensive personality traits; the problems behind your back pains; the relativity of language



HYPERTENSIVE BLUEPRINT?

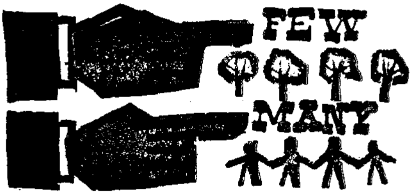
Is there a personality blueprint by which you can predict whether you'll develop high blood pressure? According to Dr. H. A. Schroeder of Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, Missouri, persons suffering or likely to develop hypertension are alike in possessing certain traits. Chief among them: a kind of chronic rage (which they don't show), together with a tendency to be dependent and submissive. Other telltale traits: emotional, guarded, prudish, resentful, self-centered, compulsive. And one interesting over-all fact: hypertensive persons often behave inadequately or inappropriately in conflicts involving their personal interests.

BEHIND YOUR BACKACHE

Next time your back aches, don't blame it on a sudden bending over, or unexpected exercise. It may well be due to something you're worrying—or guilty—about. So says Dr. T. H. Holmes of the University of Washington. Backache, he reports, is really a reaction that sets in when a person fails to solve a "life situation." Conflict, anxiety, frustration, humiliation, guilt—all cause pain that shows up in the back, neck or extremities.

PRECISELY

What do such words as "some," "few," "a lot of" and "certain" mean to you? Psychologist John Cohen of the University of Manchester, England, points out that these unprecise terms have rather precise meanings, depending upon: first, the items involved; second, the number of items available; and third, the age of the person involved. An example of the first: to most people, "some friends" means about five friends, but "some trees" means about 20 trees. Example of the second: if you're asked to take "a few" or "a lot of" beads from a tray, you'll



(*Continued on page 14*)

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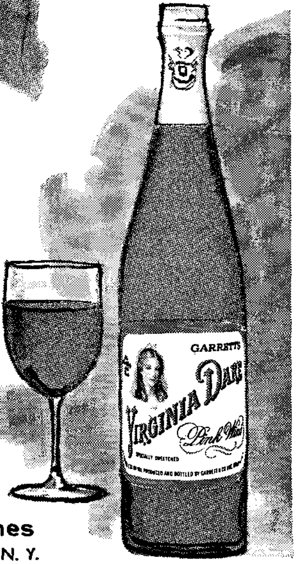
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by Lois Cristy

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Diet may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does NOT; instead it firms and tightens your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. New FACIAL exercises and tightens *muscles* under eyes and chin. Chest muscles that help support the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

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Photo: Phillip March

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET.

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Users report results . . . Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania writes: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California says: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

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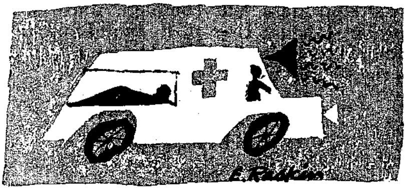
ALL ABOUT YOU

If you swallow food without chewing it . . .

take more if the tray contains a large number. Of the third: to a child, "certain" means sure to be; to an adult, in the sense of "certain to be elected," it means only about 70 percent certain. All this, of course, may mean "much" or "little" to you. . . .

WHERE'S THE FIRE?

The speeding ambulance with siren screaming is a facet of city life that is more colorful than useful. Doctors at Hurley Hospital, Flint, Michigan, after a study of 2,500 consecutive ambulance runs, have come up with the discovery that in more than 98 percent of the cases the patient would have been just as well off if he'd been transported according to regular traffic regulations. Or, as Dr. Basil C. MacLean, president of the Blue Cross Association, puts it: "The average patient would get there soon enough by parcel post."



Even in the case of the less than 2 percent who did benefit by swift handling, the Flint doctors suggest, some of them could have been more severely injured by being sped so swiftly to the hospital.

AHA!

If you've been worrying that your youngster feels rejected, here's cheering news. A survey by the Iowa State College discloses that most children—those questioned were fifth graders—regard their parents and home conditions with more satisfaction than criticism; that they saw themselves as involved, rather than excluded from, family decision-making and work about the house. Only a very small proportion said their parents were hard to get along with, or complained they were too strict. And when mama did lay down the law, approximately one out of every five confessed coaxing would always get her to change her mind!

WHAT? NO CHEWING?

A series of studies just revealed seems to indicate that swallowing food without chewing doesn't wreck the digestion, as was once thought. As reported in *Nutrition Reviews,* tests with humans disclosed that some foods—boiled and broiled meats and nuts, for example—digested just as well in the stomach, chewed or not. However, fried and roasted meats did better if chewed.

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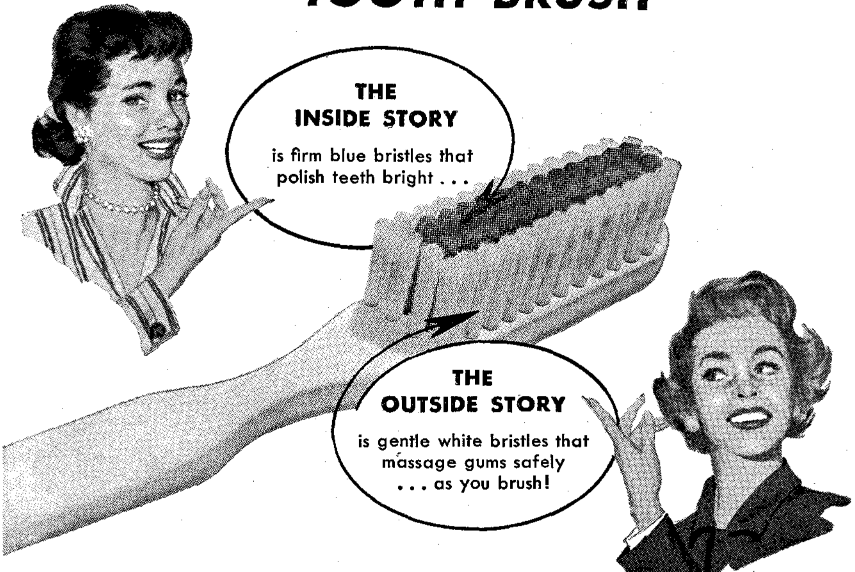
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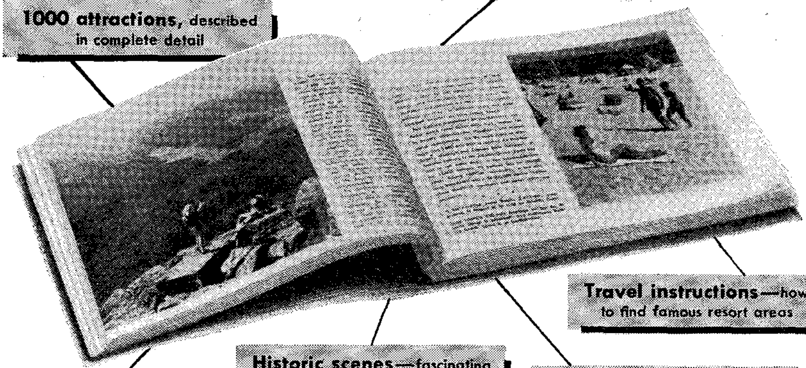

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TELEVISION

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CONVINCED THAT AUDIENCES were tired of the Sir Galahad-cowboy stereotype, Warner Brothers, producers of ABC-TV's Western series **Maverick,** have hit the target with a new character. He is Bret Maverick, restless, rootless soldier of fortune on horseback, and professional gambler. Money, not romance, spurs Maverick.

Since the rider must be as photogenic as the horse in a TV horse opera, Warners made a canny choice in James Garner, 29 (*left*). This tall, dark newcomer's easygoing grin, two-fisted acting style and strapping frame (6′3″, 200 pounds) won quick favor. Now Maverick tops his Sunday night TV rivals, Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen, in audience ratings.

Garner's own footloose career somewhat parallels Maverick's wanderings. Born James Bumgarner in Norman, Oklahoma, he started fending for himself at five, after his mother died. He worked with two older brothers in their father's upholstery-carpentry business for pocket money and, a poor student, quit school to join the Merchant Marine at 16. Afterward he drifted in and out of jobs and high school, fought in Korea, and ultimately decided to become an actor. An old friend, producer Paul Gregory, gave Garner a part in *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial.* Its long run on the stage led to several TV jobs—and a movie contract. Garner made five pictures, including *Sayonara* and *Darby's Rangers* before Warners cast him in *Maverick.*

Success has Garner working overtime, leaving him little time for his wife Lois, stepdaughter Kim or for Greta, born last January. A man with a buoyant sense of humor, he drives directors dizzy with his gags and practical jokes. And his grin is wider since his salary jumped from $350 to $1,500 a week.—MARK NICHOLS

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ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MONTH

MOVIES

ADAPTED FROM MYSTERY writer Agatha Christie's hit play, **Witness for the Prosecution** is an exciting, old-fashioned melodrama that will keep audiences guessing to the very end. Its action centers in London's Old Bailey courtroom, where a personable idler (Tyrone Power) is accused of murdering a rich, lonely widow. His attorney (Charles Laughton) is convinced of his client's innocence. But suddenly the defendant's wife (Marlene Dietrich, *above,* with Laughton) takes the stand to testify against him.

Slyly preening, squinting and squirming, Laughton creates a three-ring circus as the barrister; his performance is a constant delight. Marlene Dietrich adds an aura of intrigue and has some surprises in her makeup box. Power, looking rather stocky, is fairly stiff as the defendant. But director Billy Wilder keeps his camera on Laughton and moves the story to a dynamic climax.

THEATER

HOLLYWOOD SCRIPTWRITER Ketti Frings has chiseled a warm, moving play from Thomas Wolfe's wordy, autobiographical **Look Homeward, Angel** which brings Jo Van Fleet and Anthony Perkins (*below*) back to Broadway.

Miss Van Fleet sensitively portrays the penny-pinching, property-hoarding matriarch of the Gant family boarding house. And Perkins aptly depicts the gangling youth tilting at her tight reins.

Still in her 30s, Jo Van Fleet is anxious to break the monotony of older-mother parts offered her lately. "But this role was too important to pass up," she says. "It takes me eight weeks to develop a character properly. I finally mastered Eliza two weeks *after* the play opened." —MARK NICHOLS

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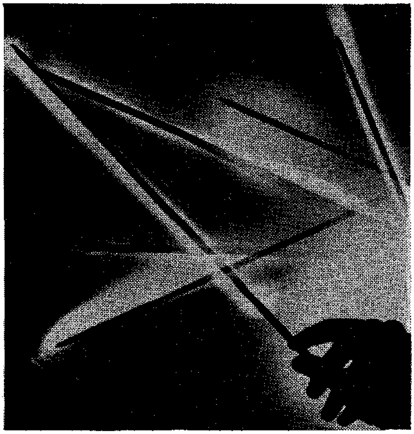
ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MONTH

MUSIC

The man with the baton



Martin Rosenzweig

ASKED WHAT was on the evening's program, the orchestra musician shrugged: "I haven't the faintest idea what the conductor will conduct. But the orchestra will play Beethoven's Fifth."

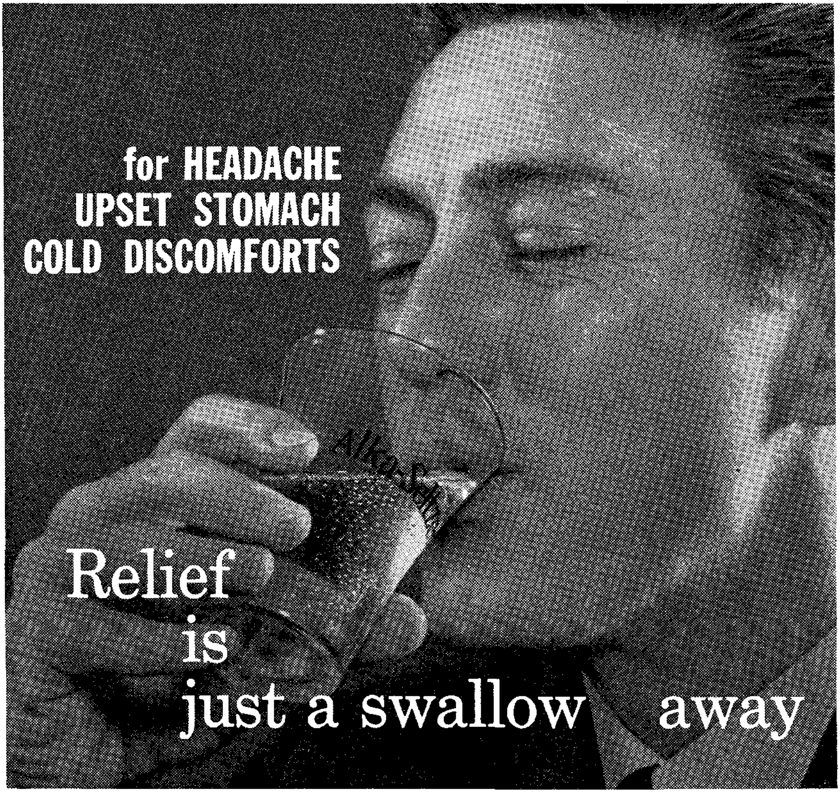
There are probably some people who, like the musician of this apocryphal tale, are inclined to write off the conductor as nothing more than an acrobatic ornament. Others, slightly more charitable, believe that by beating time in person, he's a cut above a metronome. But the fame of conductors like Arturo Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Leopold Stokowski, Eugene Ormandy, Charles Münch and Leonard Bernstein obviously stems from more than mere ability to keep a 70- to 100-man symphony orchestra starting and finishing a musical composition together.

If actors were allowed to memorize their lines, each in his own way, the result would rarely be an integrated play, no matter how precise the memorization. Music, like a play, needs a director who has an over-all concept of the piece, as well as the significance of each detail, and is able to communicate this to the musicians. For there is a spirit and a character in each musical creation which cannot be fully expressed in musical notes and notations alone. Giacomo Puccini was particularly delighted with Toscanini because the conductor interpreted his operas as Puccini had imagined they should sound, unwritten nuances and all.

But artistic interpretation is merely one facet. The feat of memorizing only a single score, with its intricate individual parts, is enough to stagger even a professional musician. And conductors know by heart dozens of them. The story is told of how a bassoon player rushed up to a famous conductor to announce in bewilderment that his instrument was out of order—he could not play the E-flat note. "Don't worry," said the conductor. "There's no E-flat in your part tonight." There wasn't.

In rehearsing an orchestra, conductors often find that words are insufficient. Once when Toscanini despaired of being able to explain how he wanted a passage played, he pulled the silken handkerchief out of his jacket, threw it into the air and, as it gently floated down exclaimed: "That's how it should sound!"

Jean Baptiste Lully, the 17-century founder of French opera, used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RECORDS

a long, heavy stick to lead the orchestra. Emphasizing a really strong fortissimo one day while directing a "Te Deum," he accidentally hit his foot so hard that he crushed a toe. Gangrene set in, and he died.

Although most orchestra leaders depend on a baton, some use only their arms—the right beating the meter, the left evoking nuances and tone values. Some also swing and sway; others keep their bodies almost immobile. Whatever the visible means of directing, the result invariably suffuses the music with some part of the conductor's personality—as witness the classical Beethoven when Bruno Walter directs and the passionately accented Beethoven under the baton of Leonard Bernstein.

Each performance is one of complete absorption, and sometimes completely different from a previous one. Toscanini, in the excitement of driving the orchestra to greater heights, once loudly—and unconsciously—sang the melody as he conducted. Later he complained about the disturbing noise. —FRED BERGER

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Beethoven, Sonatas for Violin and Piano Nos. 5, 4, 1: Grumiaux, Haskil; Epic LC 3400
Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 in D minor ("Choral"): Walter, New York Philharmonic; Columbia ML 5200
Bruckner, Symphony No. 4: Jochum, Bavarian Radio Symphony; Symphony No. 7: Berlin Philharmonic; Decca DXE 146
Chopin, Liszt, Piano Pieces: Kentner; Capitol P 8400
Dukas, The Sorcerer's Apprentice, etc. (Weinberger, Liszt, Strauss): Mitropoulos, New York Philharmonic; Columbia ML 5198
Gilbert & Sullivan, The Gondoliers: Sargent, Pro Arte; Angel 3570 B/L
Glière, Ilya Mourometz Symphony No. 3: Stokowski, Houston Symphony; Capitol P 8402
Handel, Messiah: Bernstein, New York Philharmonic; Columbia M2L-242
Mahler, Symphony No. 4 in G: Saxon State; Decca 9944
Orff, Carmina Burana: Mahler, Hartford Symph.; Vanguard VRS 1007
The Art of Ezio Pinza; RCA Camden CAL 401
Prokofieff, Piano Concerto No. 3: Graffman; Symphony No. 1 in D: Jorda, San Francisco Symphony; RCA Victor LM-2138
Puccini, Tosca: Leinsdorf, Rome Opera; RCA Victor LM-6052
The Art of Sergei Rachmaninoff; RCA Camden CAL 396
Ravel, Debussy, Popular Piano Music: Casadesus; Columbia ML 5213
Saint-Saëns, Symphony No. 3: Ormandy, Philadelphia; Col. ML 5212
Strauss, Domestic Symph.; Reiner, Chicago Symph.; RCA Victor LM-2103
Turina, Canto a Sevilla: De Los Angeles, London Symphony; Angel 35440
Vivaldi, Four Seasons: Solisti di Zagreb; Bach Guild BG 564
Zeller, The Bird Catcher: Moralt, Vienna Symphony; Epic LC 3403

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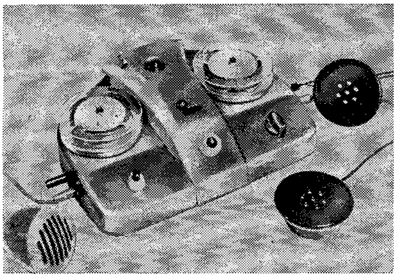

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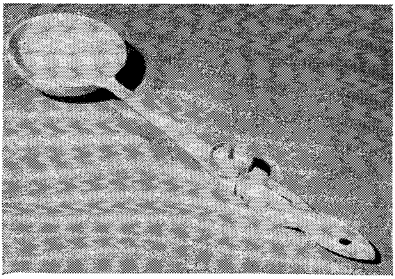

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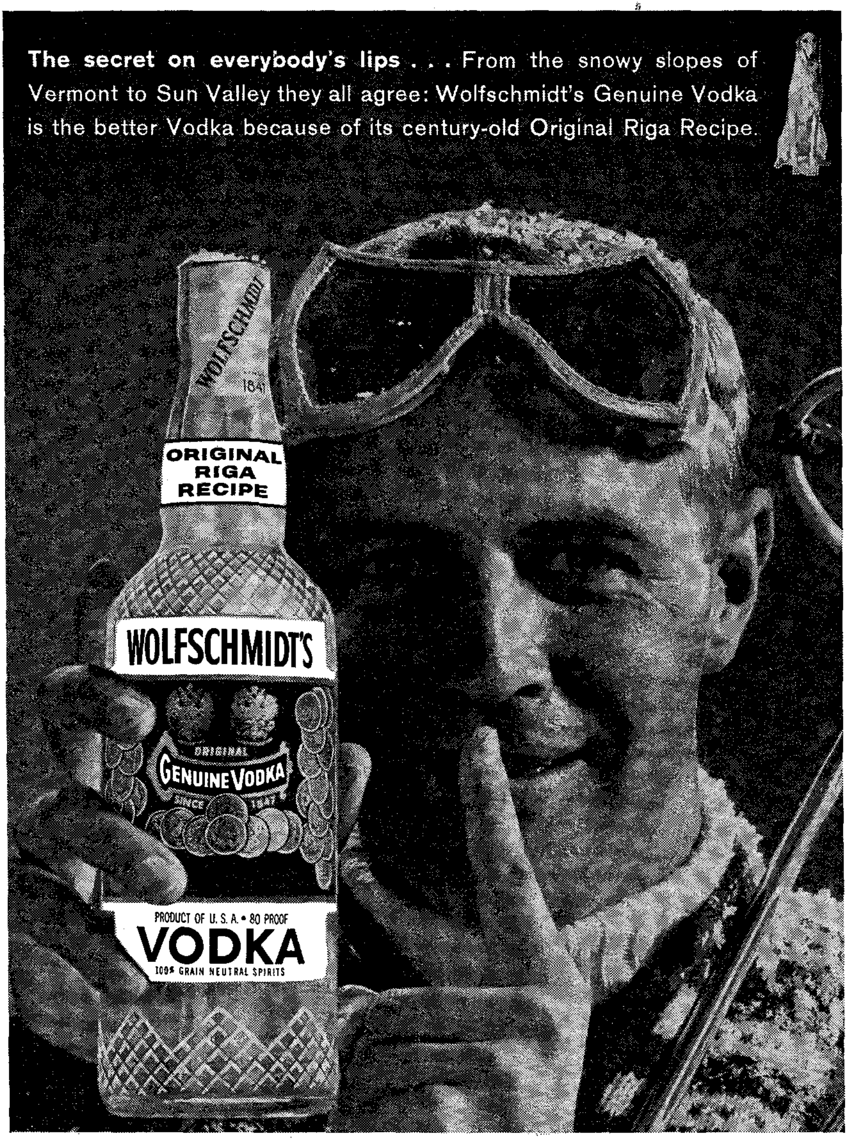
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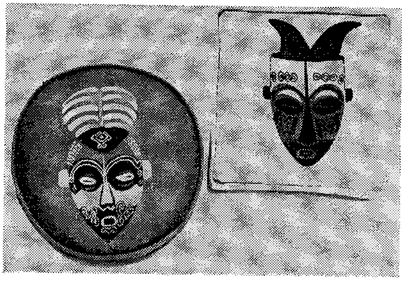

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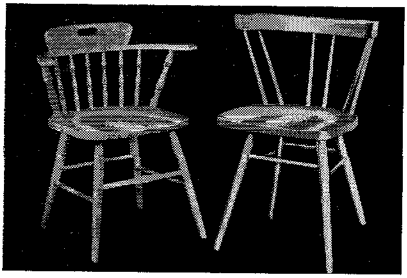

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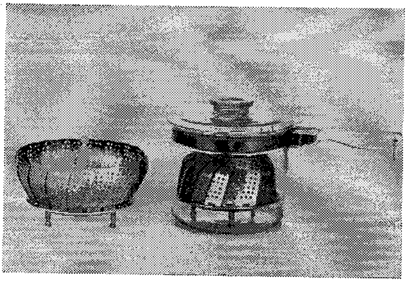

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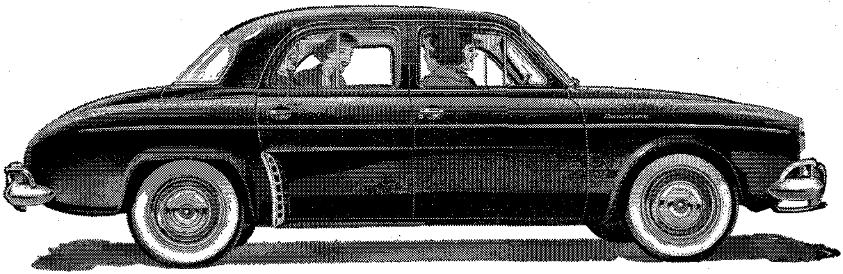

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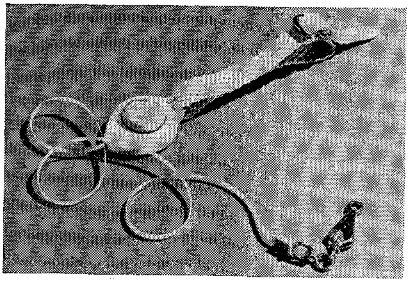

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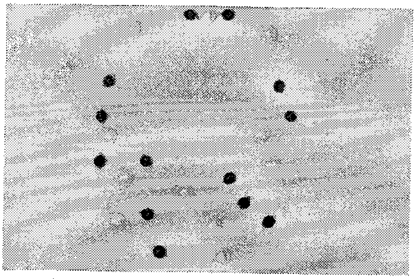

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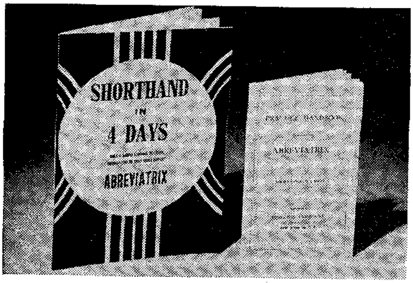

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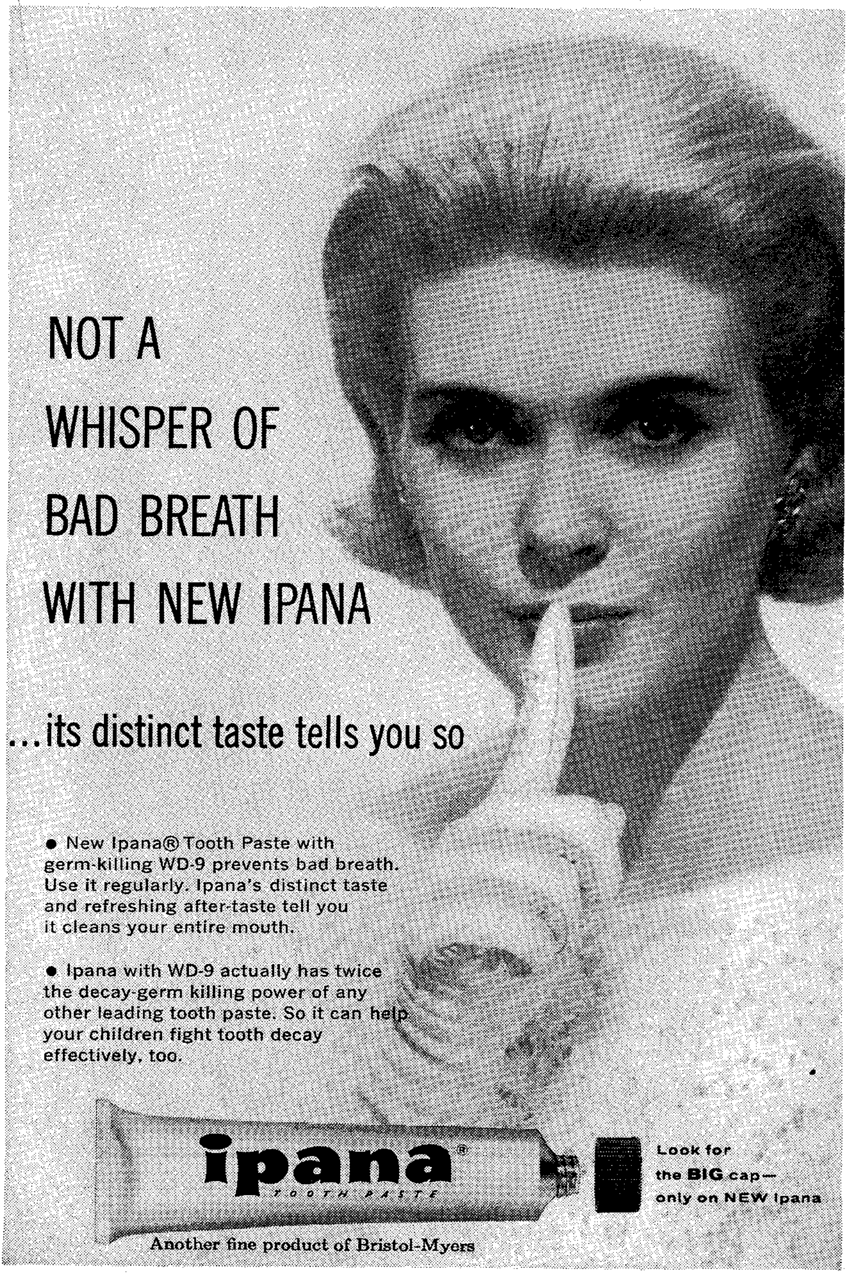

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THE CHRIST-FACED SOVIET SOLDIER

by LAJOS ZILAHY

In agony they huddled, awaiting violent death. Instead, he brought them bread—and forgiveness

IN THE FALL of 1944, Germany had all but lost the war. The victorious Red Army was rolling toward the West in Rumania, in Poland and in the eastern part of Hungary.

By late December, when the forces of Marshals Tolbukhin and Malinovsky had completely encircled Budapest, they sent emissaries to the Nazi general defending the city calling upon him to surrender in order to avoid needless bloodshed and destruction. The German general, in reply, had the Russian emissaries shot.

At this news, the populace of Budapest went into the cellars as into the grave. And the siege of Budapest began.

We were 42 in our overcrowded cellar, sleeping on chairs, on tables, or on the concrete floor, fully dressed in winter coats. Our food supply was dangerously diminishing, but our "butcher shop" in the backyard was open day and night. It was the corpse of a horse, killed by a bomb, frozen stone-hard in the extremely cold winter. We were without water, and used melted snow for drinking and cooking.

During these days of Dantean inferno, the house above us received three small bombs and 17 artillery shells. But more than bombs, we dreaded the "defenders" of the city, who fought not the attacking Red Army, but the populace. Acting as "military police," they dragged the Jews from their beds during the nights, led them barefooted in pajamas to the Danube shore, shot them, and threw their bodies into the ice-packed river. They were hunting for Western-minded "liberals," too, and for everybody whom they suspected as being anti-Nazi.

We in the cellar were anti-Nazis without exception, armed with false documents. There were Jews among us, Social Democrat workers, butlers, housemaids, and rich aristocrats, men, women and children: the most mixed society, but now in complete equality and brotherhood.

All of us had reasons to fear the Gestapo and the "military police." The Nazi newspapers had revealed my dark past: that before the war I had spent several years in England and the United States, where my novels were published and my plays produced. This was enough to prove me a dangerous "pro-Anglo-Saxon" individual, a liberal, a Jew-hireling. According to my false papers, I was a piano teacher. (I have never played the piano.)

During the long, dark days we paced the narrow confines of the cellar like caged animals, obsessed by a single thought: when would they end—the bombardment, the Nazi terror, the starvation? But who would liberate us? Only the Soviet soldiers. And we had every reason to dread that moment.

After the emissaries were shot, the Soviets sent Ukrainian divisions against Budapest, giving them 48 hours of free looting, as a revenge. The German and Hungarian Nazi troops had burned thousands of small Ukrainian villages, committed horrible bestialities.

The news found its way to our cellar that the Ukrainian troops had already occupied the suburbs, and in some places they had simply opened Tommy-gun fire when they entered the dark cellars. On the morning of January 18, they reached the neighboring streets.

Around noon, a voice shouted desperately, "Here they are!"

We rushed to the little, broken

Lajos Zilahy, Hungary's foremost novelist, left his Soviet-dominated native land in 1947. He is the author of two best-selling novels, "The Dukays" and "The Angry Angel."

windows of the cellar. A single Soviet soldier was climbing over the backyard fence. He stood in the snow and looked around, huge in the thin fog, a nightmare vision. He was the victorious Red Army; he was Ukrainia, coming to take her revenge. He wore a high, ice-gray fur cap, and across his chest hung the dreaded Tommy gun.

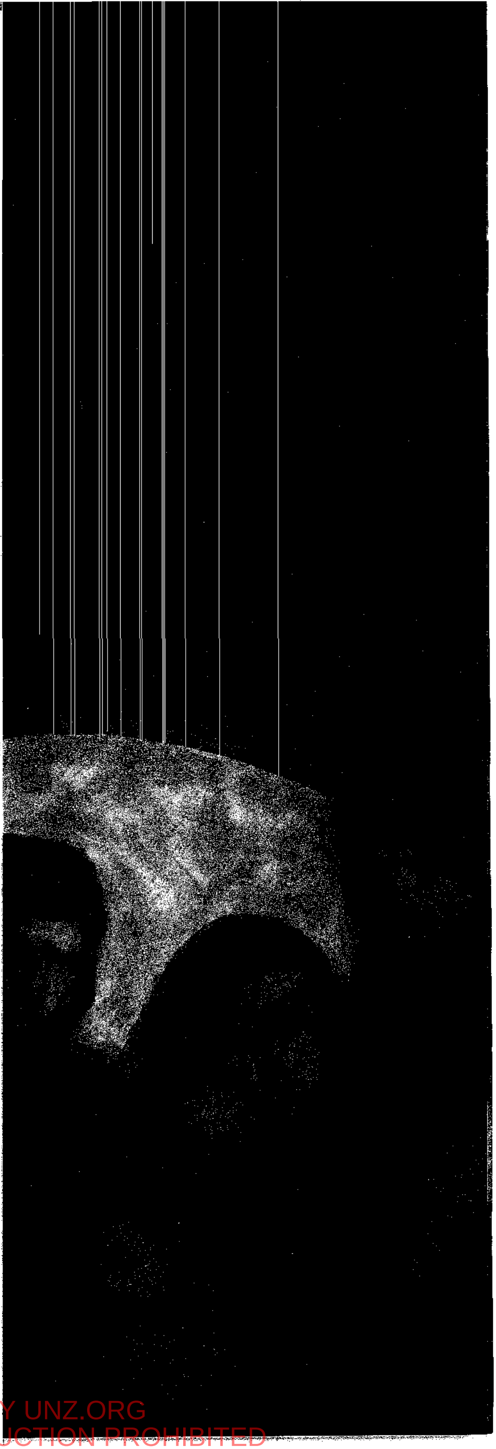
We watched him breathlessly. He stepped closer to the half-eaten corpse of the horse, and examined it for a few seconds.

When he slowly started toward the door of the cellar, we quickly lined up and stood almost at attention in deep silence, immobile, except for the moving lips of the women who were praying mutely.

The door swung open and the Soviet soldier entered our dimly lit cellar with a small flashlight in his left hand. In his right he carried a big black revolver.

The yellow circle of the flashlight went from face to face. With our unkempt, stubbly faces we resembled stage figures in Gorki's "The Lower Depths," exaggerating the garb of misery. As a contrast, Countess P.'s huge diamond earrings glittered in the flashlight, but it passed over them. It seemed that the Soviet soldier, a typical, primitive Russian peasant with a drooping sun-bleached mustache, was not interested in jewels. His weather-lined face was extremely sad, tired, ageless.

The light stopped on the greenish-white hollow face of a ten-year-old girl. Her mouth was half-open, frozen in a mute scream of panic. For a few seconds the yellow circle



of light remained on her starved face, a strange golden halo.

The Soviet soldier pocketed his flashlight and revolver almost in the way a doctor does when he finishes his examination, but his face did not reveal what he would do. The high, ice-gray fur cap bent through the doorway as he left the cellar without a word.

We stood in silence. It was obvious that he would return with more soldiers. And what would happen then?

He came back in a few minutes, alone, without his Tommy gun. He had brought a heavy, black loaf of military bread, almost a yard long, and he put it on the table with a shy, awkward movement. I watched his plow-ridden hand with its broken nails. Then he walked out sheepishly, without looking at anybody. We were liberated.

That night I was asked to write the lead article for the first free newspaper, *Szabadsag*. I began it by describing the scene with the Soviet soldier and the bread. I wrote:

"It was a Biblical moment. There was a man, a primitive Ukrainian peasant, whose village had been burned, his people killed by Hungarian troops. He was authorized by Soviet marshals for free looting; he could even have killed us without any consequences. His humble, sad face made the impression upon me that he was one of the many millions of Russian peasants who still go every Sunday to their Orthodox Greek Churches under the bright-colored, onion-shaped cupolas, who in remote villages in their little mud farmhouses still kneel before the mite-lighted icons. I don't know the name of that Soviet soldier, and I am afraid I will never meet him again. But I, and all of us in the cellar, will remember him forever. In the blistering hells of war, he carried in his heart forgiveness for everybody, and when he brought us bread instead of revenge, as he put the bread on the table with that shy, awkward movement, his sad, humble face reminded me of the face of Christ."

My article had a tremendous effect on many readers. I received a lot of letters, unanimously saying: "Just wait, you dirty Communist, we will hang you together with your Christ-faced Soviet soldier."

I was not surprised. Not everybody was as lucky as we were. Though killing was rather rare, robbing and especially raping were general. The populace of Budapest learned in the first days what Russian liberation was.

AFTER THE FAILURE of the coalition government, the Communist Party came into power in 1947 and I left Hungary for the United States.

Seven years later, the "Christ-faced" Soviet soldier rose up in New York to haunt me. My wife and I passed our examination for citizenship, but we were not called to be sworn in. A whole year went by.

My lawyer was pessimistic. "I know what the trouble is," he said. "Your last novel, 'The Angry Angel,' dealt not only with the Communist, but with the Nazi terror, too."

He handed me a small Hungarian Nazi paper, published in Europe.

"He is the same Zilahy," said an article, "who wrote his famous editorial about the Christ-faced Soviet soldier. It is our duty to silence Zilahy."

Then my lawyer continued, "These Nazi groups don't like the idea that a novel in six major languages speaks about their past. Their policy is today: let's forget what happened—now we are the hundred percent, most reliable anti-Communists.

"I'm afraid they are flooding the American authorities with letters, and not only from Europe."

An investigation was begun of me and my wife. At that same time, all of my works were on the black list in Budapest, and I was attacked in the Communist papers as a traitor to my old country, who had left the "People's Democracy" for the United States. The investigation, which went on for almost two years, did not help either my new novel in work, or my financial circumstances.

On a November afternoon I was sitting again before an investigator in the Immigration and Naturalization Office for another long interrogation. From the previous questionings, I already knew what were the accusations against me. I had been the president of the Hungarian Sovietic Cultural Society. (True.) My photo had appeared in Pravda, sitting on the sofa with Russian Marshal Voroshilov, then head of the Allied Control Commission in Hungary. (True.) I was the editor-in-chief of a Communist daily. (False.)

The investigator was a clean-shaven, bespectacled, soft-spoken, but very cold, unsmiling man.

I had to explain the history and activity of some 20 international and Hungarian cultural societies of which I had been a member during the four decades of my literary career.

"Why did you accept the presidency of the Hungarian Sovietic Cultural Society?" he asked.

"I followed the policy of Winston Churchill and recently of President Eisenhower who declared: 'In spite of the great tension, we must make all of our efforts to be in cultural contact with the Soviet Union.' "

"Have you ever written a pro-Communist play, novel or article?"

"Never."

"Did you ever write an article about a 'Christ-faced' Soviet soldier?"

"Yes, sir. I did."

"Were you under pressure when you wrote this article? Would you or your family have been in danger if you had refused to write this article?"

"No, sir. Nobody told me what to write."

"Why did you write that his face reminded you of the face of Christ?"

I closed my eyes for a moment before I answered. All my memories came back very vividly. The sad, peasant profile as he put the bread on the table. The deep silence, then the sob of a woman. The whole tragedy of mankind flashed through my mind as in a slow, tired voice I described the scene in the cellar.

There were a few seconds of deep silence, then the investigator asked coldly, "Now, knowing more about the Soviet terror, do you revoke this article?"

It sounded like a leading question. I felt that my citizenship hung in the balance. What shall I answer? I wrote the truth. I wrote what I saw: a ray of Christian love in that dark cellar.

I am sure I was pale with emotion. I felt that a great injustice was being done . . . to whom? Not only me, and not only by this American investigation but by our present world situation to the whole of mankind. To the "Christ-faced" Soviet soldier, and me, too. I was persecuted by the Nazis as a pro-American. I had to leave Communist Hungary because I became again a suspicious pro-American. And now, after ten years here in the United States, I had to answer questions like a criminal. I felt deeply hurt.

"I will never revoke my article," I said. "And if I do not receive my citizenship because of that article, I will never be sorry that I did not become an American citizen!"

I sat down. I felt that I had lost my battle. I must give up the United States. But where to go? Where start a new life under the disillusion and humiliation that we were not worthy of being American citizens?

It was five o'clock when I finally left the Immigration Office and headed toward the elevator. I heard steps behind me, but I did not turn back. When I wanted to push the Down button, a hand forestalled me. I turned—it was the investigator. He extended his hand, looked into my eyes, and said, "Mr. Zilahy, I'm on your side. God bless you—goodby."

Outside on Columbus Avenue it was raining. A woman seized my arm. She was in tears.

"Oh, Mr. Zilahy . . . I'm so sorry for you . . . I understand so well your article about the Christ-faced soldier . . . I strongly believe myself that there are good-hearted people in the Soviet Union, too. . . ."

She was the little stenographer who had taken my testimony during my questioning. She accompanied me to the bus stop, holding my arm, supporting me as if I were a wounded man.

In the bus, I said to myself absentmindedly, "This is America." Supposing I had written an article in Budapest during the Rakosi regime about a Christ-faced American soldier. How would Colonel Vladimir Farkas have questioned me at the AVH headquarters? He certainly would have beaten me unconscious.

In ten days we were summoned again to the Immigration Office. The investigation was closed. We were 100 percent cleared.

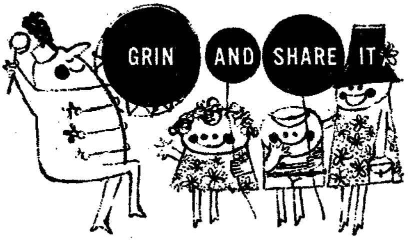
Two weeks later we were sworn in as American citizens.

The Proverbial Woman

A truth-telling woman has few friends. —*Irish proverb.*

A woman either loves or hates; there is no third course. —*Latin proverb.*

A buxom widow must be either married, buried, or shut up in a convent. —*Spanish proverb.*



A MAN IN ALASKA was arrested for bigamy. It was discovered that he had a wife in Nome, another wife in Fairbanks and a third in Juneau. The judge looked down at the culprit and sternly remarked: "How could you do such a thing?"

The bigamist replied: "Fast dog team."

—HY GARDNER (*New York Herald Tribune*)

THE HOLDUP man was nonplused when, upon shoving a note at a bank teller which read, "I've got you covered—hand over all the dough in the cage," the teller scribbled back: "Kindly go to the next window. I'm on my lunch hour."

—*Kurpacoan*

IT WAS ONE of those committees whose job it is to decide whether or not a student is to receive a grant of money to help continue a course of study.

The candidates were young would-be doctors and among them was an exceptionally attractive girl. When they came to consider her case, the committee felt very doubtful about giving her a grant. She had passed all the preliminary examinations—but it seemed to the committee, who were all men, that after a long and expensive training she would probably get married at once, thus wasting the money spent on her. When, therefore, she appeared for the interview, the chairman lost no time in expressing the doubts that he and his colleagues felt. "I know you've done very well in the exams, Miss Smith," he said, "but what are you going to do *after* all this?"

"Well," said the girl, fluttering her eyelids, "I *was* going straight home. . . ."

—*Quote*

A SCOTSMAN with a very jealous wife decided that the easiest way to get her mind off her jealousy would be to buy her a couple of horses and get her interested in racing. He went to Newmarket for the sales, bought a couple of yearlings, and arranged for them to be shipped to and placed under the care of a noted English trainer named Fred Darling.

The Scotsman returned home to find a wire waiting for him. The message had been garbled slightly in transmission, and the Scot is still explaining to his outraged wife. It read: "Earrings Arrived Thanks Darling."

—MAC DAVIS
Great American Sports Humor
(*Dial Press*)

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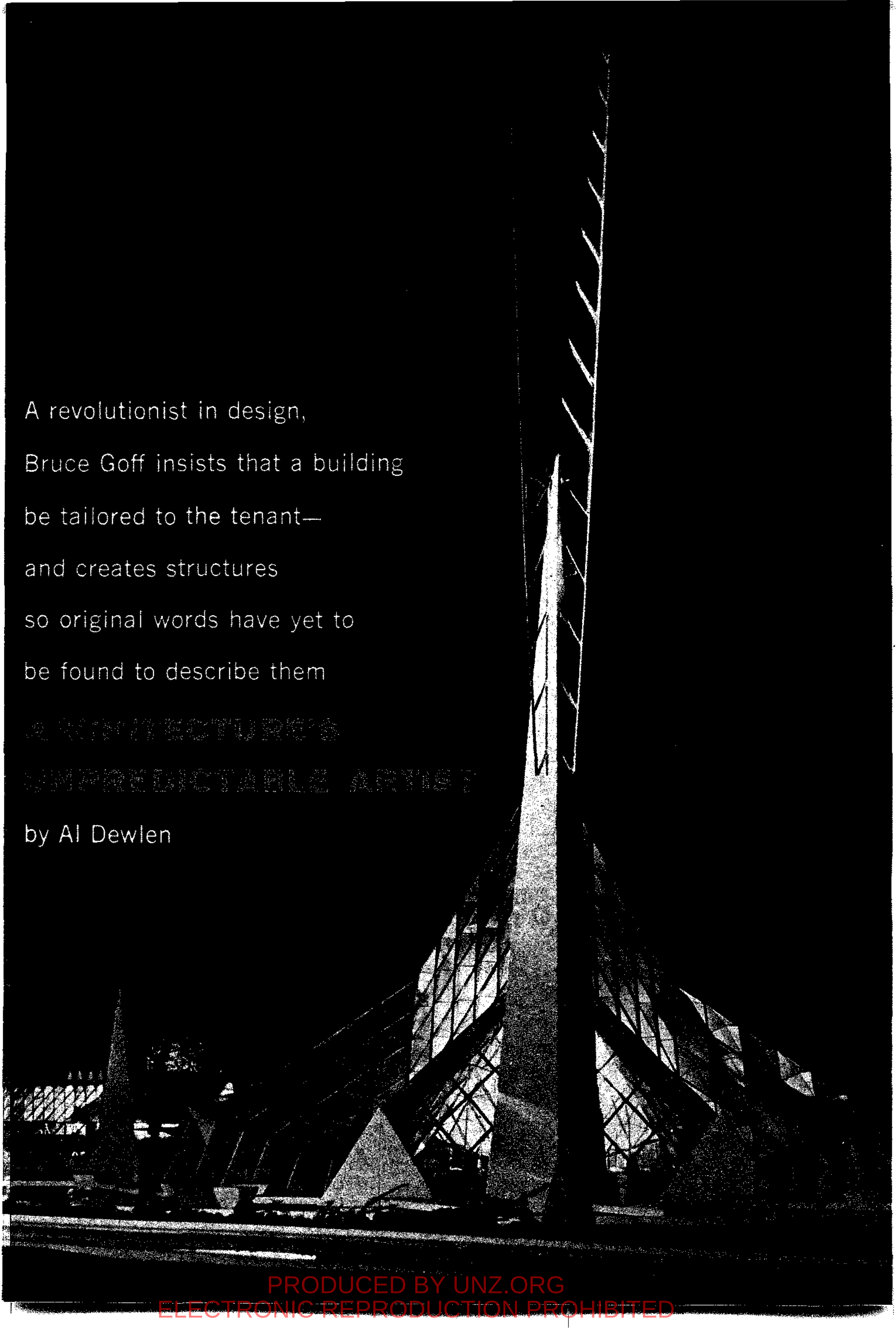


A revolutionist in design,
Bruce Goff insists that a building
be tailored to the tenant—
and creates structures
so original words have yet to
be found to describe them

ARCHITECTURE'S UNPREDICTABLE ARTIST

by Al Dewlen

BRUCE GOFF, a mild, graying Oklahoman, has been pointed out as a local genius since he was 12. Today, at 53, this needle-witted self-taught architect is both a sensation and a major turbulence of 20th-century art.

He is amazed that his variously weird, exotic and romantic buildings strike many as shocking. For to him they are "only what they need to be." Architecture, he says confidently, is simply "the individual solution of individual problems" and should be undertaken without thought of any presupposed necessities.

Thus Goff creates strange, dramatic, never static dwellings which come zooming up from the hills and plains of the Midwest in a sort of interspatial sculpture that is eye-popping. Never does he build any "mere machine for keeping the feet dry."

The form of a house by Bruce Goff may be a logarithmic spiral, a series of cubes, a dome, an off-balance triangle, a cone, or some startling shape so original it has not been named. At a glance, a Goff floor plan may resemble a starfish, an amoeba, or a scattering of dice or poker chips.

The man responsible for all this is anything but the surly hothead a revolutionary is expected to be. Rather, he is a folksy Midwesterner, big, generous, soft-voiced, relaxed. Without pretense or fetish, he is a continual disappointment to those who feel that he has earned the right to be cantankerous or eccentric.

He works in a small angular studio in Frank Lloyd Wright's Price Tower at Bartlesville, Oklahoma, surrounded by Japanese screens, Polynesian carvings and his own paintings and sketches. By keeping his ears tuned to the free-form music of Debussy and Ravel, he deafens himself to all charges of "madness" and claims he is "just a medium" for making each design an intimate expression of the client.

No two of his designs are even remotely similar. Actually, and significantly, they are "as different as people."

To satisfy his new concepts of color, form and texture, Goff has had to discover new materials and invent a whole new architectural technology. The engineering is daring; the hitherto unheard-of materials bring exciting effects, economy, and an escape from monotony.

He builds with lanolin-dipped coal or transparent cocoon plastic

Crystal Chapel (left) at University of Oklahoma is built of steel, fiberglas, pink granite.

sprayed on steel grids; with copper, uncut stone, aluminum sprayed on a core of ordinary J. C. Penney's muslin. He may mix into his masonry the huge irregular chunks of glass cleaned as waste from glassworks furnaces, achieving a diffused, dreamy light in lieu of windows. Some of his tight-budget creations feature dime-store pie plates as reflectors, cheap glass ash trays as sun vents and Navy surplus rope for acoustical ceilings. The standard materials, such as wood and brick, he has "re-evaluated" for use in imaginative new ways.

Some Goff homes require not a stick of furniture: upholstered and carpeted contour floors provide everything. In the Gene Bavinger house near Norman, Oklahoma, even these carpet areas are suspended out of harm's way, so that Mrs. Bavinger, who holds a grudge against housekeeping, can clean simply by washing down the whole interior with a garden hose, and simultaneously irrigate the indoor tropical garden.

A wife with small children may get an unwalled kitchen at the center of her house, so she can keep the youngsters in sight. Another, fond of entertaining, gets collapsible partitions that make a single space of the entire house for parties. Children cannot lock themselves in bathrooms which are doorless, as Goff's are in one house. Privacy is had by wrapping the bath inside a spiral wall and using new acoustical ceilings.

As an organic architect, Goff approaches a project from the inside out. Through a subtle psychological technique, he analyzes each client, then designs outward from the personality he has discovered. Thus he arrives at the outer form last, with no preconceptions. He cares only that his curious new shapes be good to look at, and have neither beginning nor end.

This method fends off Goff's worst bugaboo—the fear that he might develop an architectural style. "Style," he believes, "is a one-time thing, a single organization of appearances that must never occur again." He refuses to borrow ideas from his own past work just as sternly as he balks at imitating anyone else. Goff's bright blue eyes shine with pleasure when other architects complain that his latest building is confusingly unlike any of its predecessors. This inconsistency is intentional, which is why no one knows just what to expect from him next.

Goff has been slammed as anarchist and screwball, then blessed as revolutionary and new master; but the appreciation of his clients is always ecstatic. He takes a devilish delight in the public shock. "Many people presently alive are already dead," he chuckles. "It's good to make a few of them realize it."

Reaction to his buildings is swift, and no one is ever indifferent. During construction of the Albert Ford home at Aurora, Illinois, the crowds of scoffers were so great that Mr. Ford posted a lawn sign reading. "We don't like your house either."

So many persons swarmed about the Bavinger house (the one without furniture) that the owners sought to drive them away by charging $1 admission. More than 8,000 paid to see for themselves that the family was actually living in a series of suspended carpet-sheathed steel saucers.

Goff blames copycats for filling America with what he speaks of as the "Cape Codfish, Old English Cheddar and Ranch-Burger styles; or the so-called 'modernistic' California redwood and rubber plant style, where architects feel smug about having built something they don't have to paint." And he worries that so many Christians worship in structures that feature, unknowingly, the symbols of ancient Greek paganism.

It is hard to believe, but a fact, that Goff buildings usually cost less than conventional places of like size. Often his innovative materials are vastly cheaper than standard ones.

More saving results, too, from Goff's scorn of costly attics, basements, garages, double walls, subfloors piled on subfloors, unneeded partitions, windows and inside doors. He has no use for façades or hidden structure; and seldom does he require paint or other "unnatural" material.

Goff advises clients to "buy the site that nobody else wants." The shaggier the lot, the more he is stimulated. Rocky knolls, thickets and patches of bare pasture have excited him to some of his finest work, while saving the client's money.

One Goff house commonly believed to have cost more than $100,000 was built, actually, for $43,000. Magazines have featured it as a $64,000 miracle out of a conviction that nobody would believe the true figure.

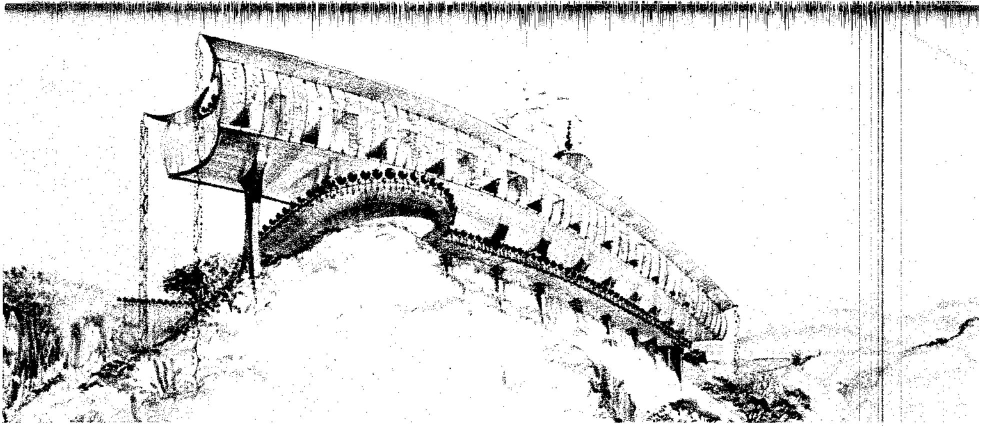
Goff has built homes for as little as $5,000, and as much as $250,000. But he dislikes discussing costs. "Stop talking about money," he tells clients. "Let's get busy on your house."

This amazing architectural revolutionary was born at Alton, Kansas, the son of a jeweler and a west Kansas schoolmarm. The family drifted for years, finally settling at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The year he started school, the boy began sketching castles and cathedrals on wrapping paper. His boyhood dream was to do a temple of diamonds for some maharajah. From his enormous curiosity, he read everything he could find about the arts. Father Goff bent the rod to him when he created a garden in the attic and the water dripped through.

When Bruce Goff was 12, his exasperated father hauled him forcibly

When this Goff house was erected, tenant posted sign, "We don't like your house either."



to the Tulsa office of Rush, Endacott & Rush, spread out a batch of the boy's drawings, then abandoned him there to be made into an architect.

Young Goff was an eighth-grader when his first structure, a curiously formed flat-roofed house, was built. As a teenager, he was doing major buildings in Tulsa, the like of which had not been seen before. At 22, he designed a masterpiece—the Boston Avenue Methodist Church.

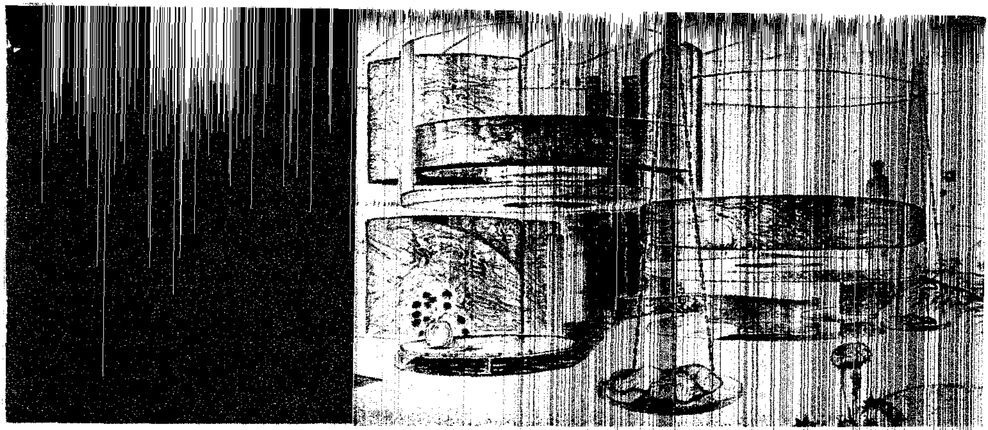
At a very early age, Goff made two discoveries that turned his career into its present channels: he came upon the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, and a year later realized he had fallen into design that was "much in the manner of." At once, he broadened his study, and added to the Wright influence. It took years, but he succeeded in blasting himself to the outer reaches where he now works.

His career alternately soared and collapsed. He became a partner in a firm which the Depression dissolved. He taught at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. He was hired to rejuvenate the design section of Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, did so, then quit out of a fear that he would grow secure and uncreative. As a Seabee chief petty officer during World War II, he turned out designs for constructions in the Aleutians and at Camp Parks, California.

The service years helped Goff shed some of his burdening shyness, and provided him with a string of clients for post-war homes. These dwellings set off the world-wide stir about him.

The University of Oklahoma School of Architecture called him to teach in 1947, despite the fact that his formal education had ended with high school. He taught two years, then headed the school for seven more. Students dogged his heels like worshipful puppies while he preached about the sins of imitation.

Goff has been alone since his youthful marriage ended after six years "because we both realized I had to go my own way." He neither drinks nor smokes, lives very simply and keeps his robust health toned up by long walks. He works 12 hours a day with a minimum of assistance, and sleeps six hours a night. During his "idle" times, he works on his book



about design; or he paints bold studies of color and form. These he regards as mere exercises, but they have become high-demand modern art. Many are on tour, here and abroad.

"Artists urge me to concentrate on architecture," he smiles, "and architects say I should stick to painting."

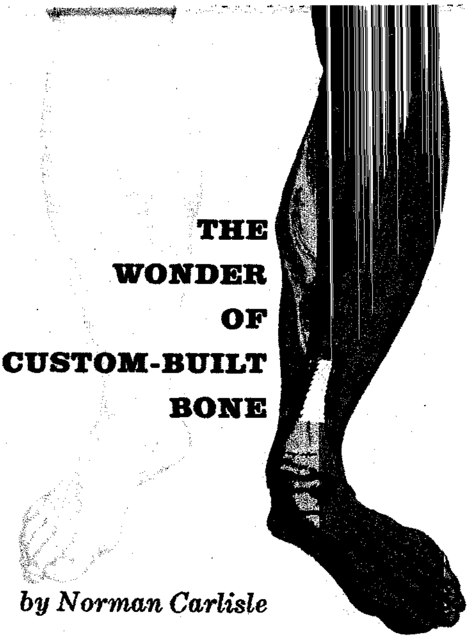
Presently, Goff is at work on a number of breathtaking projects, among them a dwelling for the flat, arid tornado country of west Texas. This one is among the finest representations of his theories for individualized architecture. The client family asked for a simple, understandable little world to live in. Goff is giving them one that has coal walls, black slate floor, and furry white-carpeted living areas.

Though bound to the plains, the family had dreamed of a country lush with water and greenery. Goff edged the interior of the home with plants, and made the center of it a lake. The pool, coupled with a great plastic skylight, serves to reflect the Texas moon onto the inside walls.

The family had lived in cramped apartments. They complained of "walls closing in." So Goff gave them living space 90 feet across, and canted the walls outward to create the illusion that they move away from the occupants. Further, the family was weary of violent Texas weather. Goff's solution was to put the entire house underground. Aside from assuring safety from storms, this simplified heating and cooling.

The husband works at home, and his wife has always yearned for a private retreat. This, together with Goff's desire to keep them from feeling like moles, led him to suspend two transparent plastic studios at the end of long tubular ramps which begin in a V over the pool. Thus the owners can walk up through their sprayed aluminum roof to remote chambers some 15 feet above ground.

Goff's clients can live in their houses more happily, they say, than ever before. One woman, in fact, keeps fighting off death from cancer, telling her amazed doctors, "I just have to have more time in my house." Which is why, regardless of controversy, Bruce Goff never doubts his course is set right. ♛ ♛ ♛



THE WONDER OF CUSTOM-BUILT BONE

by Norman Carlisle

Would the patient, victim of a coal mining accident, ever walk normally again? Doctors studying the X rays saw that his heel had suffered terrible damage. Part of the bone had been crushed and would somehow have to be replaced.

By ordinary procedures, they might have tried removing a piece of bone from somewhere else in the injured man's body, then grafting it into the place once occupied by the damaged bone. Or they might have obtained a human bone from one of the recently developed bone banks.

They did neither. Instead, they deftly shaped a piece of chalk-white, porous substance and fitted it into the gap in the heel bone.

A few months later, the miner was walking without pain or limp. This time, when the doctors looked at X rays, they could see that a fantastic thing had happened. The white material they had put into the man's heel had performed a miracle; it had enabled his body to grow brand-new, healthy bone in just the size, shape and place it was needed!

Thus medicine made the first surgical use of anorganic bone, a wonder substance developed by Dr. Fred Losee at the Naval Medical Research Institute in Bethesda, Maryland. Since that operation in 1956, it has proved its marvelous powers in hundreds of other cases. Safe, plentiful and easily used, it promises a revolution in peacetime surgery and dentistry, and a life-saving boon to the military doctor dealing with wartime casualties.

This new medical breakthrough came about because Captain Losee, a dental researcher at the Institute, needed a tooth from which all organic substances had been removed. To his surprise, Losee discovered that medicine had never gotten very far with removing organic substances from bone. True, a Swedish researcher had devised a process some 20 years earlier but it was unbelievably complicated.

Losee told himself that there must be some easier way. That conviction finally led him, after discarding a long list of chemicals, to one made by Eastman. It had a jaw-breaking title—ethylenediamine—a highly complicated formula, and some marvelous properties.

Chief among these properties was the one that interested Dr. Losee. The stuff would dissolve proteins, but it would not harm calcium.

Observing that the chemical had to be used at a high temperature of 118 degrees C. to accomplish this, Dr. Losee rigged up some apparatus, poured in some ethylenediamine, tossed a couple of pieces of bone and a tooth or two into it, and waited. When he took a look, he saw that bones and teeth were still solid, unchanged in shape, but chalky white in color and considerably lighter in weight.

Tests convinced him that he had found a way to get the organic materials out of teeth and bone.

Immediately, he thought of Captain Lloyd Hurley, an orthopedic surgeon at the Institute, who was conducting experiments in transplanting bones from one kind of animal to another. By chemical analysis, bone appears to be bone, whether animal or human. Yet when an animal bone is introduced into the human body, this bone, with rare exceptions, will simply refuse to "take." As often as not, it will cause violent reactions in the patient, and its presence can be fatal.

The cause is the fact that bones are complicated living organs, intimately related to bodily chemistry. They are very much alive, filled with blood, nerves and various protein substances. Put an ordinary nonhuman bone in a human body and the body objects to the alien protein as it would to a transplanted liver or any other organ.

Captain Losee told Dr. Hurley about his anorganic bone (bone from which all organic substances such as protein and fat have been removed) and the surgeon grafted a piece of what had once been a cow's bone into a defect in the leg of a lab animal, a dog.

No deadly reactions set in, and nine weeks after the operation, there was no sign of the anorganic bone he had inserted. Instead, healthy new bone created by the dog's body had grown in its place.

What happens when anorganic bone is implanted in a living body? The anorganic bone is honeycombed with tiny passageways—"calcium hallways." Into them the body sends a host of new blood vessels, which flood them with a rich supply of blood—a process called revascularization. This accomplished, the blood brings in a swarm of bone cells, manufactured by other healthy bone cells in the body, which attach themselves to the sides of the passageways. New bone grows from them.

As this new bone grows, the body no longer has need of the anorganic bone, and it is gradually dissolved and absorbed by the blood.

"The anorganic bone has provided nature with an architectural plan for rebuilding bone," Dr. Losee explains. Without such a matrix, growth is slower and not as uniform.

But how would anorganic animal bones work on human beings? Frequently, after extractions of large teeth, a patient's jaw bone is left with a troublesome hole which becomes a source of infection and inflammation. Dr. Philip Boyne, a dental surgeon at the Institute, tried filling these holes with anorganic bone. It quickly fused with the patient's jaw bone and was transformed into strong new bone that served the dual purpose of doing away with the gap as a source of irritation and of retaining the jaw's original shape.

Thus Dr. Boyne had dramatically proved that bones from animals, when all organic substances are removed from them, are accommodated by the human body with no bad effects.

Institute researchers felt it was now safe to go ahead with surgical operations requiring larger amounts of anorganic bone. The first was that on the heel of the injured coal miner. Others soon followed.

Dr. Francis Zeier of the Welborn Clinic, in Evansville, Indiana, had a child patient of five who limped painfully because of a cyst on his left femur. Dr. Zeier removed the cyst, filled the cavity with anorganic bone. The child was soon walking normally. In another case, he performed a spinal fusion, using anorganic bone to connect the vertebrae.

Dr. Losee's retort has not been able to keep pace with the demand for anorganic bone so it is now being made by Armour and Company and supplied to physicians in all parts of the world for study.

Doctors have reported only one drawback. In removing the protein substances, part of the strength of the bone is also lost. Therefore, anorganic bone can not be used in parts of the body which must bear much weight, or which are subjected to strain.

Dr. Losee, however, is working on the idea of making anorganic bone stronger by finding a chemical "selector" that will leave some strength-producing materials in when the bone is treated.

Anorganic bone will surely be a boon to plastic surgeons in remaking disfigured faces and unshapely features; and orthopedic surgeons predict its use in lengthening polio-shortened legs and correcting congenital deformities by growing bone where nature failed to.

University of Michigan researchers report they may have found an everyday use for anorganic bone. When they sprinkled powder made from it on the bleeding site of a tooth extraction, the bleeding magically stopped.

The structure of anorganic bone, even in powder form, causes blood to clot swiftly as it enters the microscopic passageways. Perhaps the day will come when you will have a can of anorganic bone powder on your medicine shelf ready to employ its magic powers on cut fingers and scraped knees.

Spring Training

THE BALL TEAM had hit a terrific batting slump and the coach called a special batting-practice session. Grabbing a bat, he charged out to the plate snorting, "Here, you dopes! I'll show you something!"

But the coach, it developed, was sadly out of practice. After seven or eight futile swipes, he flung the bat aside. "See?" he said. "That's the sort of thing you guys have been doing. Now, I want you to get in there and slug the ball!"

—*Two Minutes With You*

ELEMENTARY ACCOUNTS

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD girl came to kindergarten one day dressed in faded blue jeans, over which she wore a frilly petticoat and a party dress. Pinned to the dress was this note from her mother: "I hope you don't think this was *my* idea!"

—*National Parent-Teacher*

THE JUDGES of a school essay contest felt one nine-year-old's composition on the subject of "Manners" had special merit and awarded him first prize. Here it is in full: "I have good manners. I say good night and good morning and hello and good-by, and when I see dead things lying around the house I bury them."

—*Scholastic Teacher*

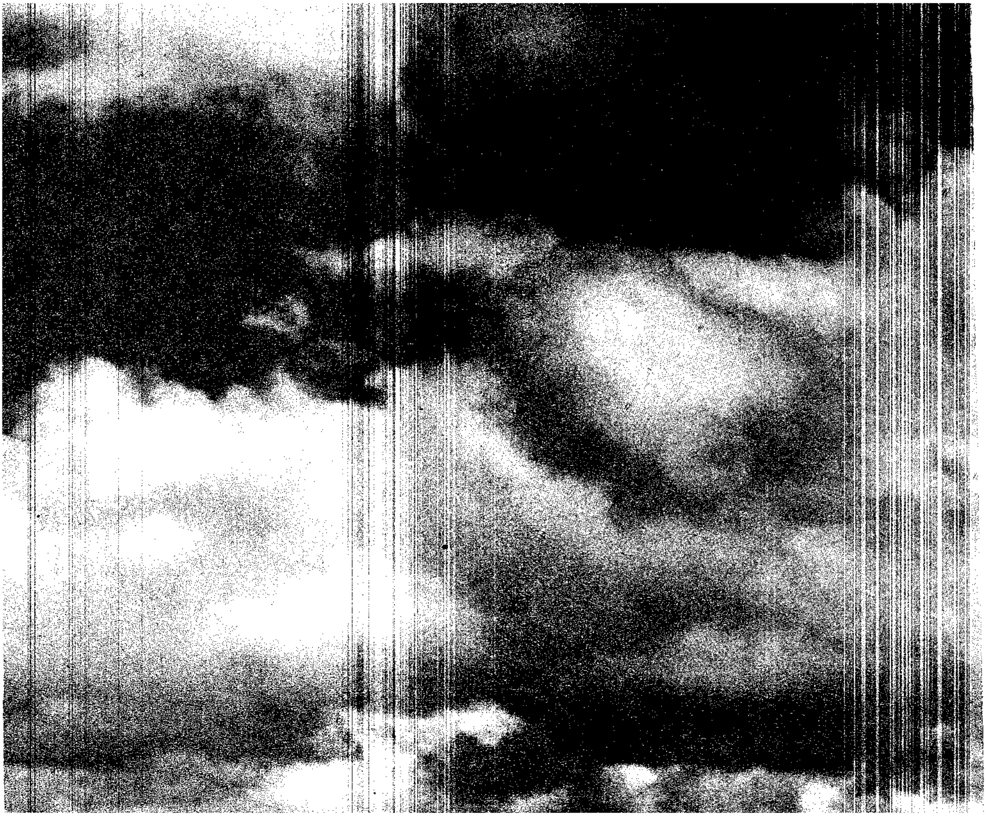
A YOUNGSTER came home after his first day at school and proudly announced he had learned to write, backing up his statement with a gold star he had won for penmanship. "Goodness, darling," beamed his mother, "and on your first day. What were you writing?" The youngster said smugly, "Ones."

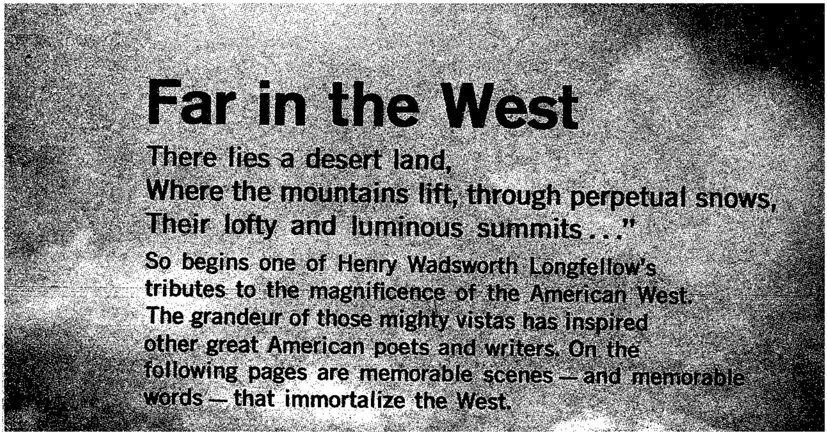
—*A.M.A. Journal*

MY FOURTH-GRADER son proudly showed his report card to a neighbor, who asked how he made such good grades. "I pay attention to the teacher," he said, "and don't turn around to look at pretty girls in class like some of the boys. When I come in in the morning, I take one good look at the girls—then I'm through looking for the day."

—MRS. W. WILLIAMS

ON THE DAY after Halloween, two parochial school nuns sat in to observe one of the elementary grade classes of a Minnesota public school. One little fellow eyed them somewhat suspiciously throughout the hour. Finally, when the bell rang, he walked over to the black-clad Sisters and asked in all seriousness, "Whatcha wearing your Halloween costumes *today* for?" — *St. Paul Sunday Pioneer Press*



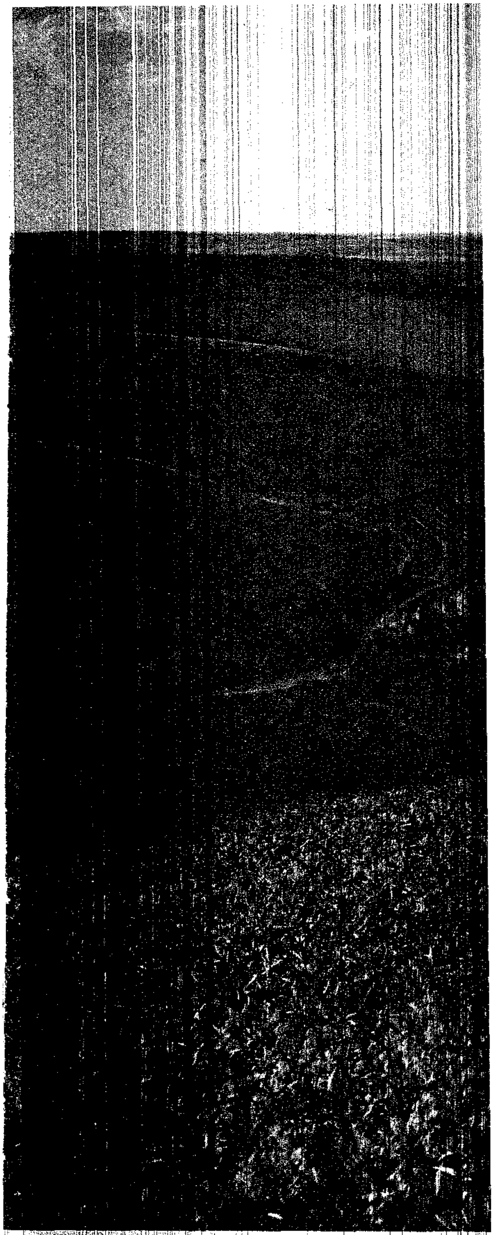


Far in the West

There lies a desert land,
Where the mountains lift, through perpetual snows,
Their lofty and luminous summits . . ."

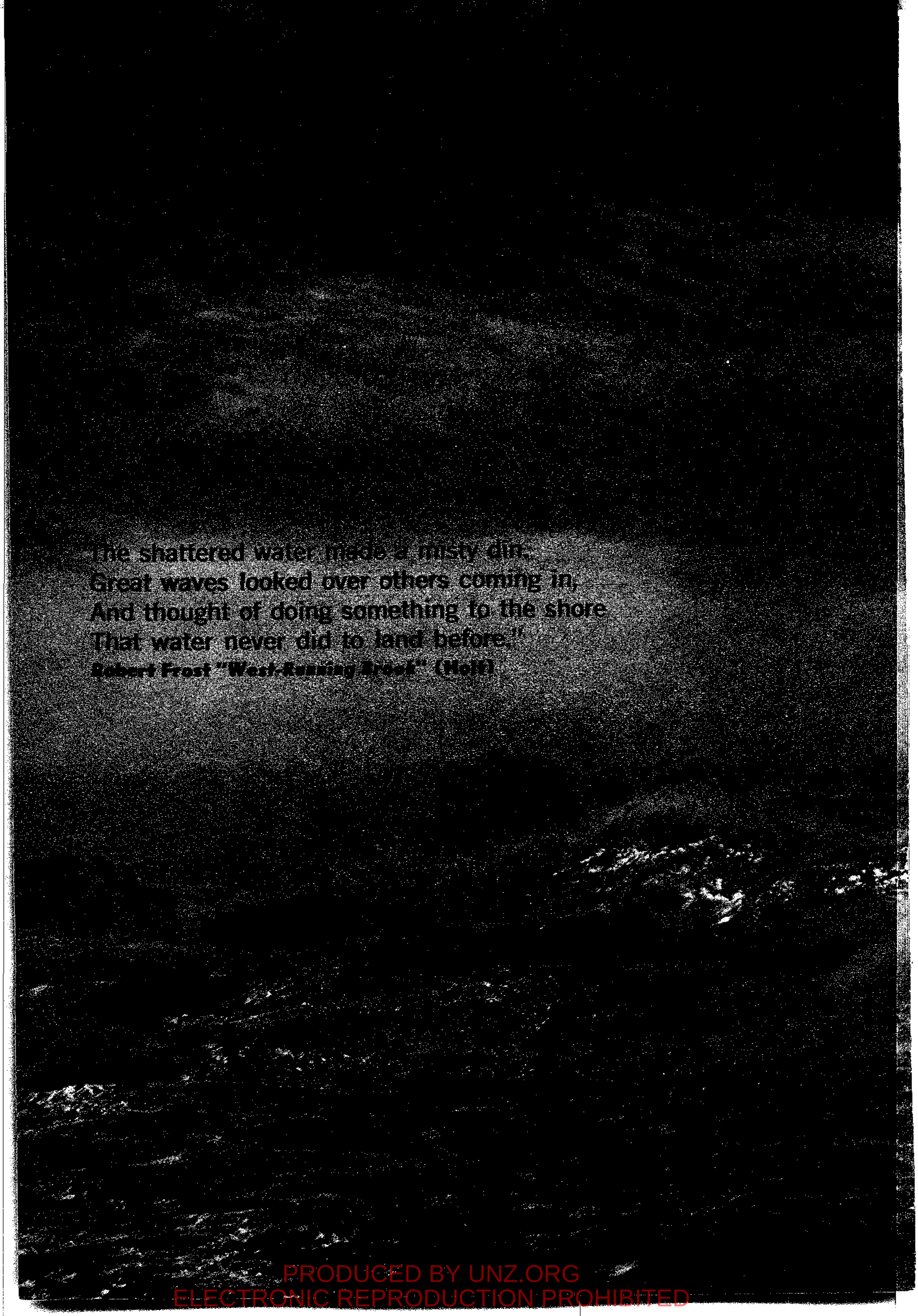
So begins one of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's tributes to the magnificence of the American West. The grandeur of those mighty vistas has inspired other great American poets and writers. On the following pages are memorable scenes — and memorable words — that immortalize the West.

‘Down from its lofty top rising two hundred feet high,
Out of its stalwart trunk and limbs, out of its foot-thick bark,
That chant of the seasons and time . . .”

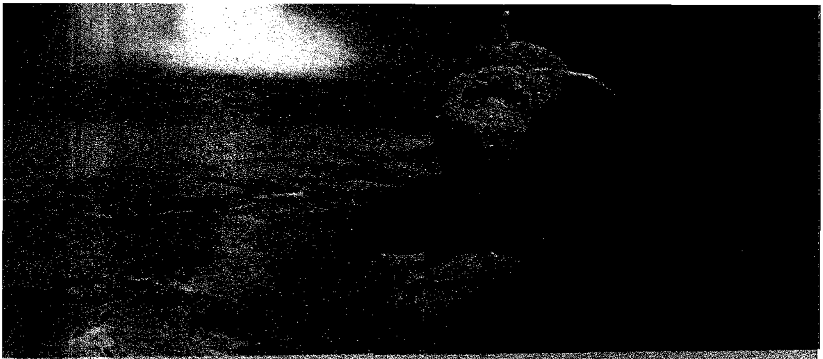


"The flashing and golden pageant
The sudden and gorgeous drama,

Walt Whitman "Song of the Redwood



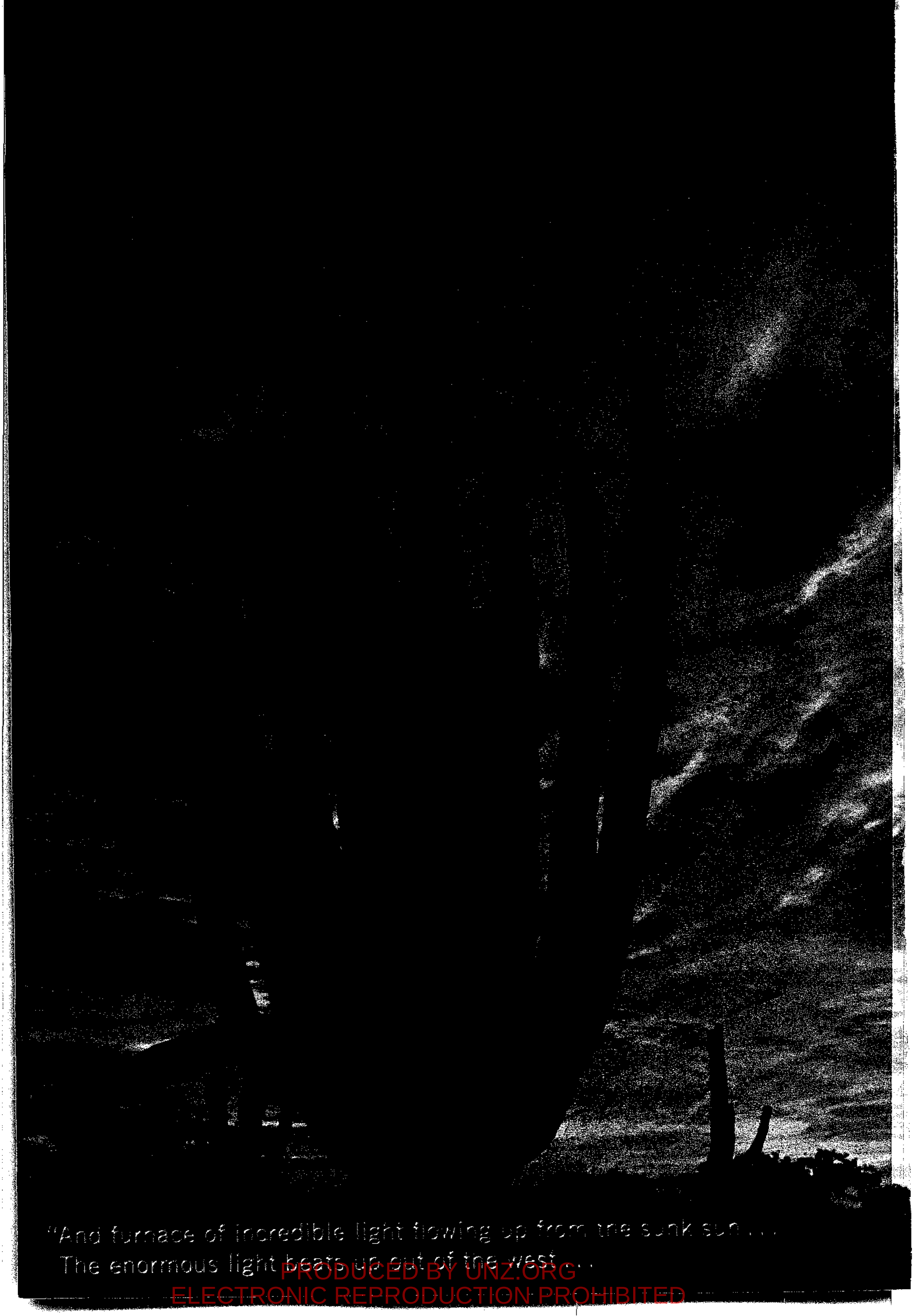
The shattered water made a misty din.
Great waves looked over others coming in,
And thought of doing something to the shore
That water never did to land before."
Robert Frost "West-Running Brook" (Holt)



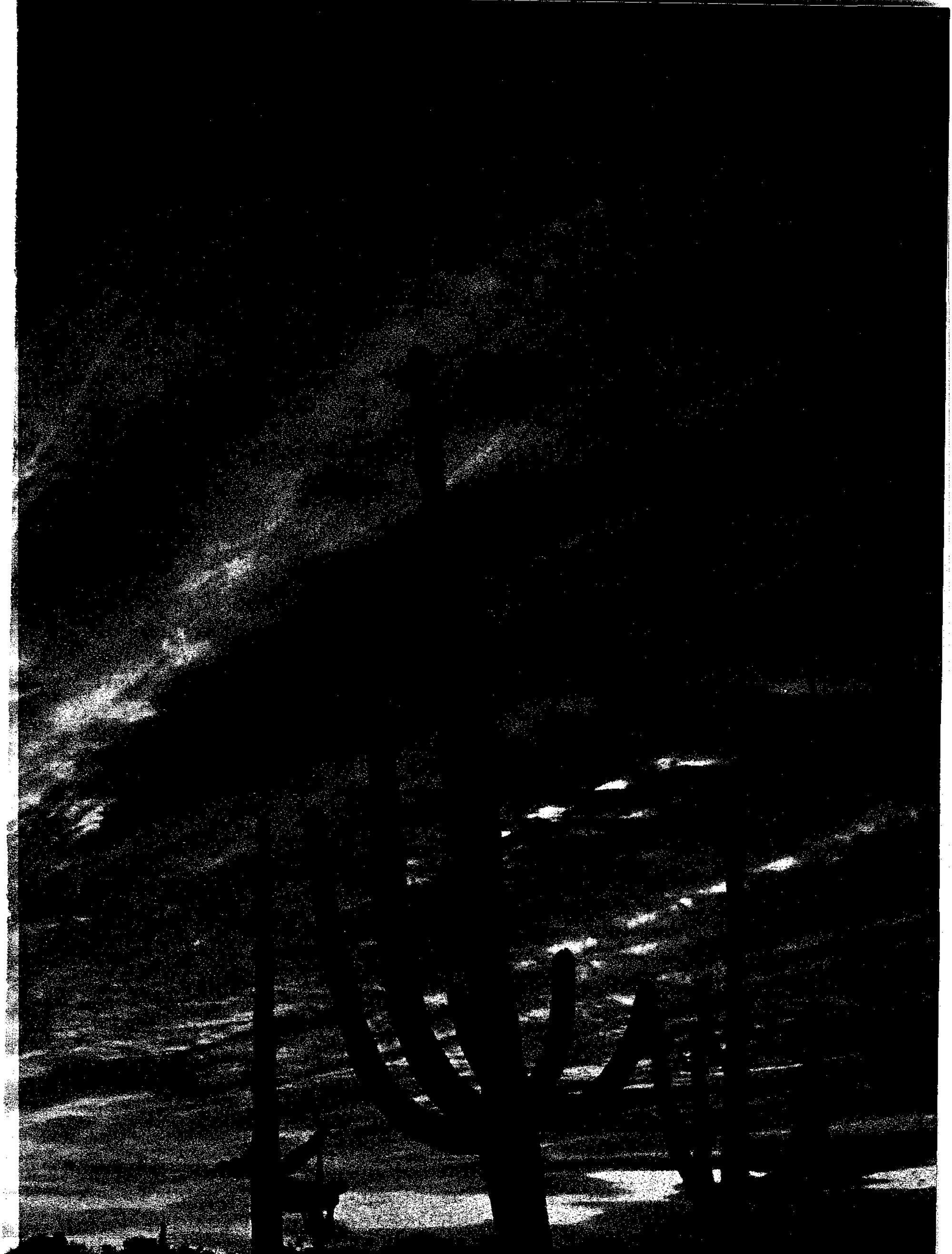
e gorge, all wonders, beauty, savage power of
e — the wild scream of water, from sources of snows . . . .
ling sun, and the morning lights on the rocks . . ."

"... the blazing whiteness of the sunlight now,
the piled cumulousness of snowy clouds ... that hot
dry immensity of heat and light so curiously warped ..."

Thomas Wolfe "*A Western Journal*"



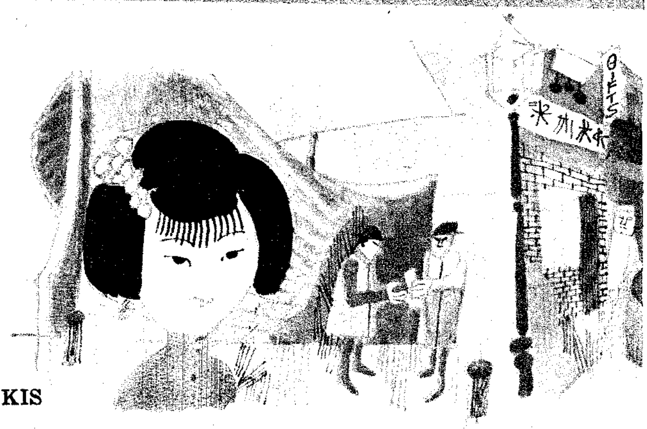
"And furnace of incredible light flowing up from the sunk sun. . . .
The enormous light beats up out of the west. . . .



". . . Unbridled and unbelievable beauty
Covers the evening world . . ." **Robinson Jeffers** ***"American Poetry and Prose"***
(Houghton-Mifflin)

THE LAST GREAT TONG WAR

by CARL SIFAKIS



Necks craned at Low Hee's beautiful slave girl. Later heads rolled

EARLY IN 1905, a venerable and very wealthy Chinese named Low Hee Tong stood at a San Francisco pier awaiting the arrival of a ship bearing the most beautiful girl in the Orient, who was his slave.

To Low Hee this was entirely fitting and proper. For a man of his financial eminence should lead in other fields as well. Thus, three years before, he had sent the word to slave merchants in China.

On several occasions, in response to glowing testimonials for their wares, Low Hee dispatched large sums of money to purchase a slave girl. On each occasion Low Hee was disappointed; and he freed his purchase from bondage and sent her on her way.

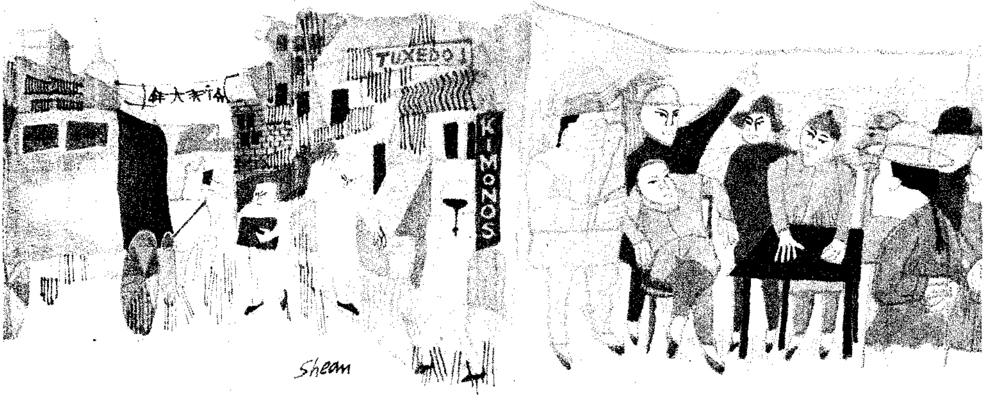
Mere beauty was not what he desired. He wanted a jewel so rare that all Chinatown would know it could belong to only Low Hee Tong.

Late in 1904, Low Hee heard from a slave dealer in Canton. This one told of a girl of 15 who truly would be the most beautiful slave girl in the world, for she was surely the most radiant in all China. Her name was Bow Kum, which meant "Little Sweet Flower." The merchant set his price at $3,000, an unheard of sum for even the wealthiest Chinese to pay for a mere slave girl. But Low Hee sent the money.

When the young girl descended the gangplank and approached him, joy flooded over Low Hee. Here indeed was the sweetest flower of Asia. Barely four feet tall and weighing just over 70 pounds, Bow Kum was the epitome of classic Oriental beauty with her brilliant jet black hair, soft ivory skin and doll-like smile.

Bow Kum bowed low before her master, kissed his hand and went obediently off with him to his residence above his shop.

The beauty of Bow Kum became the rage of Chinatown. For her part, the radiant little slave girl, sold by her poverty-stricken parents at the age of five, was happier than she ever dreamed she could be. Low Hee treated his tender treasure with loving care. She was the sort of



as hatchetmen took bloody revenge for the theft of her love

prized jewel that was to be put upon a pedestal and idolized.

To show off his kingly possession, Low Hee gave lavish banquets, and visitors came and admired Bow Kum. By the time she was 18, Bow Kum's beauty blossomed with an enhancing womanly quality.

The fantastic price that Low Hee had paid for his slave girl had become, in the white man's parlance, a steal.

Then one day police poured into Low Hee's shop and home. Somehow they had gotten the idea that Low Hee's fortune stemmed from the opium trade. They found no evidence of that, but they did find Bow Kum.

In answer to questions as to her identity, Bow Kum, who had picked up a smattering of English, explained: "Me belong to Low Hee Tong."

"Are you his daughter?"

Bow Kum smiled sweetly. "No."

"His wife?"

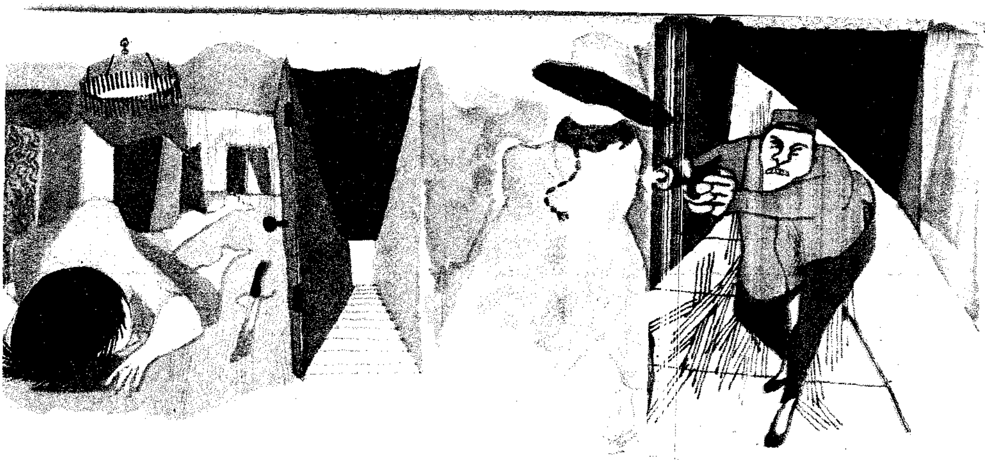
Bow Kum smiled and shook her head. "Me belong to Low Hee Tong."

Low Hee was advised to produce a marriage certificate. Low Hee smiled indulgently. He had something far better than a marriage certificate. He showed the police his receipt for the $3,000 he had paid the Canton slave merchant for Bow Kum.

He was still waving the paper frantically as the police took his treasured Bow Kum away.

It was all very puzzling to Low Hee. Surely the white man respected business contracts. He rushed to the mission house where Bow Kum had been placed by the authorities. But instead of satisfaction, he received a severe tongue lashing from the boss lady, and the bitter warning that he would never get his Bow Kum back.

Bow Kum was not happy in the mission house. She was treated well enough; but the food was different, and parties were not held for people to come and admire her. Then one of the ladies told her: "You can never go back to that wicked Low Hee's to live. It is illegal."



"Will I never leave here?" the girl asked.

"Not for the time being, unless perhaps you could get married to a man who would treat you properly."

Bow Kum promptly wrote Tchin Len, a wealthy truck farmer who had often visited Low Hee's home and was, like all Chinatown, enamored with her. He hurried to the mission and declared he would be more than delighted to marry Bow Kum. His offer was accepted and he went at once to inform Low Hee of the betrothal.

Low Hee was a practical man. Since the white man's law would never allow him to have Bow Kum again, he was quite willing to let Tchin Len have her for his $3,000 investment. Tchin Len returned to the mission house and informed the boss lady of this pleasant intelligence.

Now it was Tchin Len's turn to be perplexed by the odd ways of the white man. The boss lady fairly exploded, and told him he would not pay Low Hee so much as a thin dime or he would not get Bow Kum.

Utterly confused, Tchin Len decided that if he could not have Bo Kum for $3,000 he'd just have to have her for nothing.

Needless to say, Low Hee was frantic. He sent word to Tchin Len that he would get his money or he would kill Bow Kum and perhaps Tchin Len for good measure.

This threat galvanized Tchin Len to action. He and Bow Kum were married in a secret ceremony at the mission house, then took a train for New York. Within a matter of weeks, Low Hee had word that they were living at 17 Mott Street in New York's Chinatown.

Low Hee could not journey east to claim his property, but there were other means available. He was a member of the Four Brothers, a fraternal organization closely allied with a powerful Chinese tong, the Hip Sings.

Tongs were secret societies formed in America to look after the needs of members whose problems the white man's law did not appreciate. A member of the Four Brothers or Hip Sings could always call on other members for assistance; in fact, Hip Sing Tong meant Help Each Other

Society. Low Hee wrote to the Four Brothers in New York demanding that they force Tchin Len to either return Bow Kum or pay $3,000 for her.

It so happened that Tchin Len was a member of the On Leong Tong, or Protection Society, so the Four Brothers' spokesmen went to that tong's headquarters demanding satisfaction. The elders of the On Leong Tong agreed to give the matter a hearing.

On the day specified, Tchin Len and his bride appeared before the On Leong elders and told their story. Low Hee was represented by four leaders of the Four Brothers and Hip Sings. When all the facts were in, the On Leongs announced that Low Hee did seem to have a just grievance, but it was against the white man and his law. That law had taken Bow Kum and that was where Low Hee would have to seek compensation.

In Bow Kum's behalf, the On Leongs had committed the highly dangerous offense of causing the Four Brothers and Hip Sings to lose face. This called for vengeance.

ON THE DARK, rainy night of April 15, 1909, Tchin Len returned home from an evening of fan-tan to find Bow Kum on the floor in a pool of blood. She had been stabbed in the heart and four of her fingers severed. The murder weapon was left stuck upright in the floor beside her body.

The edict of the On Leongs had been defied. The tongs were at war.

The police, operating with white man's logic, arrested the most likely suspect—Bow Kum's husband. In due course, he was released. Then two *boo how doys* (hatchet men) of the Hip Sings were arrested, but nothing much came of that either.

One morning shortly thereafter, a member of the Four Brothers was found in an alley. He had fallen under flashing On Leong hatchets. The next morning two more bodies turned up; the next day there were three. The On Leongs made no distinction between Four Brothers and Hip Sings, and their foes matched them hatchet for hatchet.

Chinatown divided in two armed camps. Mott Street became the stronghold of the On Leongs while Pell Street belonged to the Hip Sings. Doyers Street was sort of a no man's land, with a certain sharp turn in the street winning the journalistic label of the "Bloody Angle." (The police later estimated that more men were murdered there than at any other spot in New York.) Only the foolhardy would venture past it after dark.

The Bloody Angle was ideal for an ambush, with too abrupt a turn for a pedestrian to see ahead. Armed with snickersnee and hatchet sharpened to a razor's edge, the *boo how doys* could strike before the victim had time to cry out, lay the weapon across his throat and flee through an arcade to safety.

Revolvers too were used, but the Chinese were not accurate with this weapon, a situation which held down casualties of combatants somewhat, even if it did claim a few neutrals. It was the custom of the tong warriors to point their guns in the general direction of intended victims, shut their eyes and squeeze the trigger until there were no more explosions.

The best at gunfighting was a Hip Sing leader known as Mock Duck, who fared above average if for no other reason than that he had two guns and thus had 12 chances to hit something.

Ah Hoon, the most celebrated Oriental comic of the day, performed nightly at the venerable old Chinese Theater on Doyers Street. Since he was a member of the On Leongs, he utilized his performance to poke fun at the foe. Angered, the Hip Sings notified him that on December 30 he would die for his indiscretions.

On the evening of his scheduled assassination, Ah Hoon appeared for his performance in the company of a police sergeant and two patrolmen who posted themselves on stage in full view of the audience. The theater was jammed as all Chinatown wondered if the Hip Sings would make good their threat.

After the performance, still under police guard, the comic was escorted to the safety of his room in Chatham Square. On Leongs took up positions outside his door (the room's only window faced a blank wall across a court) and jubilantly spread word that the cowardly Hip Sings and Four Brothers had failed their pledge.

However, the next morning Ah Hoon was found shot to death! The wily Hip Sings had lowered the killer in a chair by a rope from the roof, and he had shot Ah Hoon through the open window.

On New Year's night the Chinese Theater was packed to capacity, as it was reported that a truce had been arranged for this biggest Chinese celebration of the year. The performance went along smoothly until a celebrant in the audience suddenly heaved a bunch of lighted firecrackers into the air. This caused a brief commotion, then things quieted down.

As the audience filed out at the end of the performance, five men remained in their seats. They all had bullets in their heads. Mixed in with the banging of the firecrackers had been the revolvers of five Hip Sings behind five On Leongs.

The police estimated that casualties reached 50 to 100 killed and over 250 wounded before the tongs finally came to a peace settlement in late 1910 and the war over Little Sweet Flower, most beautiful slave girl in the world, was at an end.

Resourceful Folk

A PALERMO, MAINE, sheep farmer protected his flock during the hunting season by painting a broad red stripe around each sheep. Not one was lost to an over-eager hunter.

A CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas, policeman emptied his pistol at a fugitive and missed every time. So he threw the gun at him and knocked him cold. —HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

TWO NEW SHORTCUTS
to a delicious meal in minutes

MINUTE RICE
Package to plate in 5 minutes
MINUTE BRAND ENRICHED RICE
no cooking
Carnation
EVAPORATED MILK
VITAMIN D INCREASED • HOMOGENIZED

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1. NEW IMPROVED MINUTE® RICE

Adds its own natural rice goodness...picks up and blends the flavors as no other rice can.

2. CARNATION 3-MINUTE CHEESE SAUCE

Smoother, too. The secret is Carnation's special blending qualities. No other form of milk will do!

TUNA-RICE AU GRATIN

1½ cups water
½ cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
½ teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups (4⅝-ounce box) MINUTE RICE
2½ cups Carnation 3-Minute Cheese Sauce
1 cup (7-ounce can) tuna, drained and flaked

Bring water, pepper, onion, pimiento and salt to boil in saucepan. Add rice and mix just to moisten all the rice. Cover; remove from heat and let stand; ready in about 5 minutes!

Meanwhile, prepare Carnation 3-Minute Cheese Sauce (at right). Add tuna to sauce. Arrange hot rice mixture in mounds on plates. Serve tuna-cheese sauce over rice. Makes six servings.

Cheese Sauce

1⅔ cups (large can) undiluted CARNATION Evaporated Milk
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
2 cups (about 8 ounces) grated process American cheese

Simmer Carnation, salt and mustard in saucepan over medium heat to just below boiling (about 2 minutes). Add cheese. Stir over medium heat until cheese melts (about 1 minute longer).

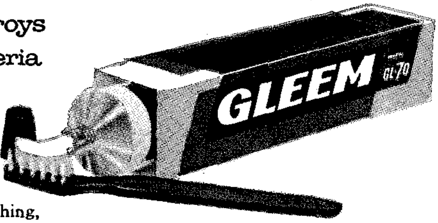
When you're out having fun...
can you always brush after meals?

Start your day with GLEEM ..*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

Mouth bacteria, chief cause of decay, build up overnight like this

After one Gleem brushing, up to 90% of these bacteria are destroyed



When you're bowling . . . or just having fun . . . you can't always brush your teeth after eating—even though it's best. So use Gleem each morning to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day.* Gleem with exclusive GL-70 is so effective just one brushing destroys most bacteria. Youngsters love Gleem's flavor! So always depend on Gleem!

ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

PUBLIC NOTICE

AN ADVERTISEMENT in the London *Daily Herald* read: "Sprinkle this magic mixture on your flower beds and nothing will grow at all, leaving you leisure for many other things." —*Type Talk* (*Baltimore*)

THE FOLLOWING situations-wanted ad appeared in the Kokomo, Indiana, *Tribune*: "Ex-Air Force tail gunner desires civilian counterpart of AF job. Experienced on B-29, B-36 and B-52 fire-control systems. Can operate and maintain .50-cal. machine guns and 20-mm. cannons. Wonderful opportunity for small airlines to eliminate their competition. Have parachute, will fly." —*United Mine Workers Journal*

SIGN ON A MUSIC SHOP in California:

"Out to lunch. Usually Bach by one. Offenbach earlier."

—*The Houston Post*

IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, a tea company holding a sales meeting included in the schedule of events listed on a bulletin board in the lobby: "10 A.M.—coffee break." —GENE SHERMAN, *Los Angeles Times*

DURING A TYPHOID EPIDEMIC in Germany caused by polluted water, U.S. Army officials insisted that high standards of water purification be maintained. One order stated: "All ice cubes will be boiled before using." —MILT WEISS

IN FRONT OF A MIDWEST CHURCH hangs this sign: "Support your church. You can't take your money with you but you can send it on ahead." —*Quote*

PRIZE-WINNING SLOGAN to explain torn-up streets in Corpus Christi, Texas: "When you gotta grow, you gotta grow!" —*Farm Journal, Inc.*

SIGN ON A DISPLAY of cherries at a California roadside stand: "This is not a snack bar. These cherries are 33 cents a pound and they are all sweet." —MRS. MARY EADS

THE QUEBEC LANDS and forest department is posting signs around district reserves bearing this caution: "Be Careful! Trees at work." —ROBERT NORRIS

IN THE GENESEE COUNTRY EXPRESS: "Members of the Day Unit of the Home Extension Service will receive their third lesson on sofa pillows next Tuesday afternoon in the Town Hall." —*Genesee Country Express*

Prince of poppycock

by **HY STEIRMAN**

Master of clogged chatter and double talk, Al Kelly's artistry convulses—and amazes—his fans

THE DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE listened respectfully to Dave Garroway's elaborate introduction of the guest speaker, Professor A. L. Carson, noted antitrust lawyer.

A dapper gentleman walked to the microphone, paused, brushed back hair graying at the temples and looked around at the judges, ambassadors, senators and distinguished members of the American Bar Association. Then for five minutes he extolled the virtues of "democracy and the due process of law."

Suddenly there was a shaking of heads and straining of ears. Several jurists leaned forward as Professor Carson said in measured, sober tones, "And it is important to the sacred statutes we serve how manistalling witerment we can get in our thinking today. The monopolies must heed the renticlus of our present laws."

Fifteen minutes later, someone finally caught on. There was a ripple of laughter, a polite hush, then a thunder of applause. Comedian Al Kelly had again demonstrated his magnificent command of mispronunciation.

Commented Supreme Court Justice Sherman Minton, "Mr. Kelly, if ever a man belonged in Washington, you do."

Al Kelly, a 5′4″ pixie, has perfected a patter of little feats of deceptive English which enables him to sound intelligible without making sense. His speech has been compared to a 45 rpm record spinning at 78 speed.

A Chicago psychiatrist, hearing Kelly for the first time, told humorist Harry Hershfield, "That man is sick and confused."

Hershfield replied, deadpan, "No, he only fumbles like that when he's excited."

"I disagree," said the doctor. "That man needs treatment."

The doctor did a double-take when the double-talk expert was reintroduced, and hurriedly withdrew his diagnosis.

There have been other double-talk artists, of course, but none has conveyed the believability that is Kelly's peculiar talent.

For the beauty of his banter is that his words actually sound as though they should mean something when in fact they are only gibberish.

Al Kelly, a lone isle of sobriety amid gales of laughter. (l. to r.) Frank Sinatra, Kelly, Phil Silvers, Earl Wilson and Mike Todd.

The late Willie Howard, Kelly's partner for 15 years, summed it up this way, "Al, you talk nice but nothing comes out—you have something wrong with your vowels."

Exactly how normal he does sound was indicated by Bernard Baruch's reaction to Kelly's gobbledygook at a City College of New York dinner honoring the elder statesman. Kelly launched into a discussion of the college graduate's role in America. After capturing his listeners' attention, he switched to his illogical lingo.

Baruch leaned forward, tuned up his hearing aid, shook his head, disconnected his battery, tapped the instrument, switched it back on again, shook his head again as he heard, "It is the duty of every man to brule the future in a kentor world of thankless derelence. This is a must."

When the hoax was exposed, Baruch laughed so hard he was in tears, and was probably quite relieved to learn he hadn't lost his mind.

Though Kelly is today in his 50s, he has the bounce and appearance of a man ten years younger. He has twinkling blue eyes, a battered nose and one of those familiar faces that everybody recognizes but nobody seems to place. Thus when he is introduced as a nuclear physicist, an economist, a banker or a Government official, he is immediately accepted as such.

"Over the years I've discovered that the more intelligent the listener, the more gullible he is," says Kelly.

This was demonstrated by Governor Happy Chandler of Kentucky. Chandler, then Commissioner of

Baseball, had suspended the Brooklyn manager, Leo Durocher. Kelly was introduced to the Commissioner as a member of the Brooklyn Borough President's office and denounced the suspension with scathing splintered sophistry.

Chandler listened, then remarked that the noise from the street was distracting. He lowered the window and added, "Now, would you mind repeating what you told me?"

Kelly did, ending with, "Durocher feltered that team like a granalist; he didn't deserve that suspension."

"Mr. Kelly," said the Commissioner, "you've got a point there. If you want action, though, you'd better put it in writing."

Kelly agreed and left. If Governor Chandler has ever wondered about the letter, he can rest easy now.

KELLY ENJOYED the Chandler episode because his all-consuming teenage ambition was a baseball career. Born Kalish, his name was shortened by baseball buddies who tagged him Kaly, then Kelly. He kiddingly boasts he is the only Kelly who keeps a kosher home. His one offspring, Jack, uses the name Kalish so as not to trade on his father's fame. Jack's fine imitation of his father led to a six-month vaudeville stint in Miami with Kelly and Willie Howard. But it was Kelly's wife, Mary, queen of the Kelly roost, who decided that a husband in show business was enough, and Jack entered the business world.

It is Mary's spirit and Kelly's sense of humor that has kept matters on an even keel during their 32 years of married life. Says Kelly, "She was the first and only girl I ever took out."

A stay-at-home who likes to putter around their Long Island apartment, Kelly is usually even-tempered. More than anything else, he wants everybody to love him.

Before every performance he worries that his act may not go over. After the show he worries that someday people will stop thinking he's funny.

Comedian Joey Adams, his present partner, says, "Al is always worried. After he pulls a double-talk gag on someone, his is afraid the guy won't like him for it. So Al doesn't rest till he makes up with him, even if it takes all night."

At Las Vegas, for instance, Kelly was asked to double talk to a man who was slightly tight. The man, highly indignant, shouted that Kelly was making a fool of him. The comic, followed by several friends, went after the man, tracking him through hotel lobbies and gambling palaces until they finally caught him.

But this time the joke was on Kelly. His friends had conspired to jolt him out of worrying and had put up the "drunk" for the chase.

The Borscht Circuit, that group of Catskill Mountain resort hotels which spawned great comedians like Danny Kaye and Milton Berle, also gave birth to Kelly, his comedy and double-talk. From being the life of every party, Kelly graduated to being a summer comic in the Catskills and a team with Lew Parker.

As Kelly explains it, "My scrambled language started by accident.

Lew and I were on our way to a hotel as weekend entertainers. We were two hours late. Finally, we arrived and found the angry guests waiting for us.

"I said, 'A cop stopped us on the road and asked what the frammis was all about. He neffframed us with a ball and chain.'

"I kept this up for about ten minutes. Suddenly everybody was doubled up laughing. I turned to Lew to ask him what I said that was so funny, but he was leaning against the side of the car with tears streaming down his face.

"I couldn't figure out what was so funny, but they made me jabber gibberish all weekend while they continued to laugh their heads off. From then on it was double talk for me."

Kelly eventually earned enough money to buy a hotel in the Catskills where he was entertainer, bell boy, desk clerk and waiter. When the Depression came, the hotel went.

One day in the mid-'30s, his fortune changed. It came in the guise of Willie Howard who was working with his brother Eugene at the time. For a dozen years, Willie had laughed at Kelly's antics on the Borscht Circuit and kidded him by calling him "partner" and saying, "One of these days we're going to work as a team."

Kelly took it as a gag, for Willie Howard was one of the greatest comedians in America. But in 1935, he joined the Howards and, six months later when Eugene retired, Willie and Kelly became a team. During their 15-year partnership, Kelly played every hamlet and city in America. He also worked in five Broadway shows.

Only after Howard's death did Kelly branch out into radio, TV and the movies. Steve Allen, Ed Sullivan, Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra, to name but a few, have bounced a thousand miles of gags off Kelly.

Personally he is regarded with such affection that last October a Friars Club banquet in honor of his 35th anniversary in show business attracted over a thousand celebrities from the world of politics and entertainment—and hundreds more had to be turned away from the packed hall.

When it comes to politics, Kelly is a Republican-Democrat. Ask him which party he belongs to and he'll say, "Definitely."

During the 1952 presidential campaign, Kelly spoke at a Madison Square Garden rally for Stevenson. Adlai Stevenson and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt lowered their reserve and roared as he double talked, "The issues are clear. First let's flebber the grathe and insist on planthum in every state." After ten minutes he ended up with, "and I'm the only Republican who makes sense." This brought down the house of Democrats.

Then he addressed the Republican Victory Rally in New York a few months later. Introduced as Ike's confidential aide, he said, "After all these years, the Republican granthum is wiveling on the rothe. Let's do it proud and cantle flear, the Democrats have picked up their lumps."

Kelly doesn't consider himself a practical joker. "In a practical joke," he says, "there is usually a victim, and everybody laughs at him. What I do is a spoof, a lampoon, a satire on solemnity. The people who are the butts of my kidding are the ones who laugh the loudest."

The late Fred Allen remarked, "It's a pleasure to be the victim of Al Kelly's double talk; you become the center of attraction without losing face."

Though it is well known that many comedians use blue jokes in nightclubs, Kelly refuses to do so.

His greatest thrill was being asked to address "Operation Remember," a reunion for the combat commanders of the Navy and Marine Corps. Among those present were Admiral "Bull" Halsey and Secretary of the Navy Thomas Gates. After the Secretary of the Navy made a stirring speech on the leadership role played by these men during the war, Professor Kelly, Dean of the Department of Nuclear Physics at Rutgers University, was introduced.

After five minutes of straight talk, and with his audience "hooked," Kelly stated, "Now I am going to reveal some confidential information about our newest weapons."

There was a startled turning of heads. A waiter made a dash to close the door, two men stood up uneasily and then sat down again.

Said Kelly, "Our newest jet can carry three—not two—three travtiles at speeds up to snively-stooth miles per hour. Threap bombs, catapulted at smerton rates in excess of all klist."

Admirals and generals leaned forward trying to hear what was being said and trying to act polite. They finally caught on to the fact that Kelly was spouting hokum, and the heroes had a hearty laugh.

Kelly's greatest asset is his ability to ad lib, with nothing more than a few names of people present in the audience and the subject he is to speak on. One thing he will definitely have to study, however, will be the music to a record album he is about to make, entitled, "Rock 'n Roll From Outer Space." But the obscure oratory will be composed as he goes along.

Pixie Al Kelly's little arrows will continue to puncture the bubbles of seriousness as he spouts no sense for nonsense sake—his garbled gibberish crashing through the glossy veneer of pomposity for a laugh—the golingrate, rackinslite way.

Signs of the Times

NOTE WRITTEN by nine-year-old Tulsa, Oklahoma, boy after a tornado warning:

"I leave everything I own to my friend George Draper, Jr., if he isn't blown away first."

SIGN IN FRONT of an Alexandria, Egypt, library: A Hospital For The Mind.

SIGN IN A Washington, ~~D.C.,~~ restaurant: The Only Thing You Get On The Cuff Here Is Gravy.

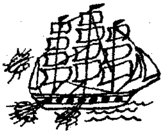
—HAROLD HELFER

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Military maneuvers, and the men who directed them, are part of America's glorious history, reminds Guest Quizmaster Johnny Carson who, incidentally, served as a Navy ensign in World War II. The host-emcee of "Do You Trust Your Wife?" (ABC-TV, Mondays through Fridays, 3:30 p.m., EST) challenges you to match the military men listed below with the major war with which they were particularly identified. Proceed to the front lines at your own risk, he cautions, and aim carefully. Check for accuracy on page 172.

Men at war

A REVOLUTIONARY WAR



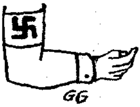
B WAR OF 1812

C MEXICAN WAR

D CIVIL WAR

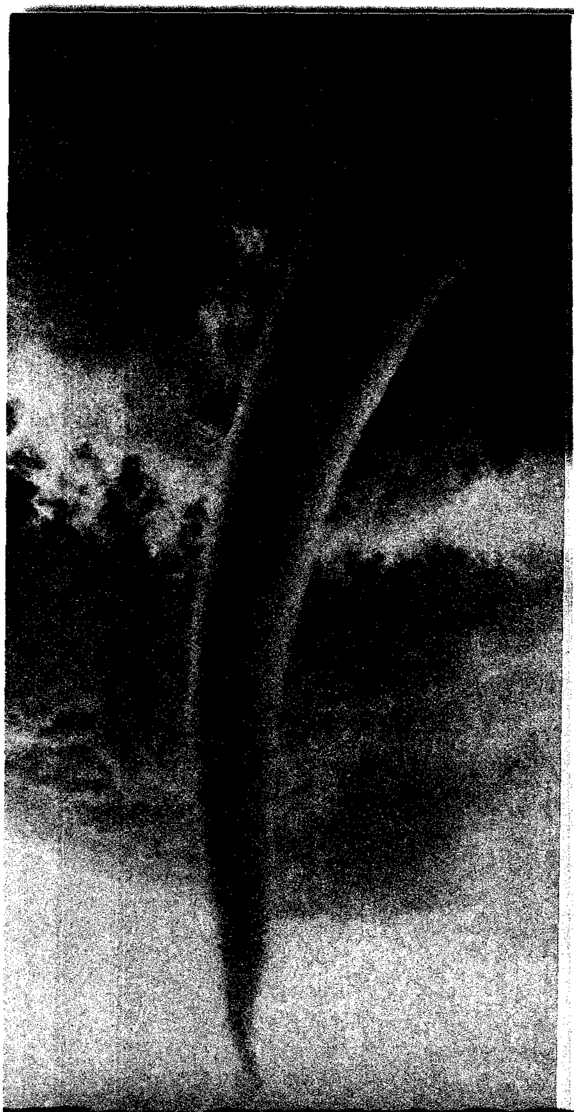
E SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

F WORLD WAR I



G WORLD WAR II

1. Anthony Wayne...
2. P. G. T. deBeauregard...
3. Paul Von Hindenburg...
4. George A. Custer...
5. Omar Bradley...
6. Ethan Allen...
7. Ferdinand Foch...
8. Oliver Perry...
9. Zachary Taylor...
10. Andrew Jackson...
11. Jonathan Wainwright...
12. John Paul Jones...
13. George Dewey...
14. Erich Von Ludendorff...
15. George S. Patton...
16. Nathanael Greene...
17. George Pickett...
18. Philip Sheridan...
19. Artemas Ward...
20. Bernard Montgomery...
21. John Pershing...
22. John C. Fremont...
23. Franklin Pierce...
24. Douglas MacArthur...
25. William Henry Harrison...
26. Mark Clark...
27. Simon B. Buckner...
28. Winfield Scott...
29. William Sherman...
30. George McClellan



the TORNADO TOWN that wouldn't die

by PHIL DESSAUER

From the rubble, the human spirit arose to rebuild Fremont, Missouri

TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1957 is a date that Fremont, Missouri, will never forget. It was one of those still, sultry days that make uneasy sky-watchers out of people who live in tornado country. The folks in Fremont (pop. 207) were jittery anyway; Kansas City had been hit by a twister the day before, and tornado alerts were being broadcast around the state.

At a few minutes before 4 P.M., there was a big black belt up in the sky to the west. Then a streak of light appeared and the cloud seemed to rise. Folks in this little valley town ringed by forested Ozark hills thought the danger was over. But it started to roll together and the funnel formed.

Some insist there were two tornadoes—this one, and a bigger twister that struck in a sneak attack over a hill farther south. The two-story brick schoolhouse, sitting on the side of a slope well above the valley, was the first big target; and the building (mercifully closed for the summer) literally burst apart. It sounded like a blast of TNT.

Then the furious funnel swirled across the highway and into the valley, smashing the Baptist Church, a sawmill and a number of other buildings on the way down the hill. At the bottom, it swept eastward along Main Street, cutting down everything in its path like a mowing machine.

"The two twisters came together just east of the business section," says Charlie Lowe, 54-year-old rural mail carrier. "They began whirling along like two people waltzing, just spinning around and around, always to the right, cutting down everything in front of them. The air was so full of lumber and tree tops and everything else you could think of that you could hardly see."

By ducking below the front seat of his pickup truck, Lowe escaped serious injury. But his house was carried off by the tornado.

Lowe counts himself lucky, for Delmar J. Jones, a sawmill operator, lost his wife, a daughter-in-law and a five-year-old grandson—not to mention two houses and his mill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Alley were killed when their house was blown away. Ironically, the Alleys had been rescued from the roof of that very house only 11 days before, when Pike Creek flash-flooded the valley without warning.

The blow could not have come at a worse time for Roy Wasserman, operator of a small cafe on the highway. He had just decided to return to Iowa to live, and had loaded practically all his possessions in a house trailer—on which his insurance had lapsed. The twister picked up the trailer and tore it into a thousand pieces. Bits of the aluminum were later found at Van Buren, ten miles to the east.

As the storm roared away, the people, dazed and despairing, pulled themselves out of cellars and from under beds to find their town a shambles.

The devastating tornado had killed six of its residents, injured about 40 more, flattened 30 homes and damaged virtually every other building. All communications were cut off and the roads were blocked by fallen trees and debris; the Fremont Baptist Church and the Church of God were blown to bits. Giant trees were uprooted as if they had been saplings; a once luxuriant maple in the middle of town was left without a leaf, its stumps of branches reaching grotesquely to the sky, seeming to symbolize what had happened to the whole of Fremont.

On its scarred face, there appeared to be more excuse to pick up and leave than to stay in Fremont. The town wasn't much before the twister came; certainly it was close to nothing now. In earlier days, the valley had been a lively spot; the sawmills were thriving and there was an iron mill and chemical plant nearby during World War I. But in recent years the community had drifted and dwindled, its industry dried up, and little was left except log-cutting to keep its people busy.

Some of the residents were pensioners staying in the valley because living was cheap. Quite a few of the homes were small and flimsy—hardly worth rebuilding. The railroad station in the center of town was ancient and dingy, still serving the spur track from Willow Springs, but not enough to build a town around. All in all, it appeared unlikely anyone would care much whether Fremont lived or died.

But its people did. They seemed to draw together by instinct. When the neighboring town of Winona sent school buses to bring the homeless back to Winona for shelter, they returned empty. The Fremonters would not leave their town. Storm victims moved in with relatives or friends; some slept in empty boxcars—so they could stay close to home.

Soon all kinds of help began to arrive. The Red Cross sent disaster experts and a mobile canteen which served hot meals to the hungry.

Women volunteers came from Eminence, Van Buren and Winona to help the Red Cross. The people of Poplar Bluff sent truckloads of furniture. Church groups and other sympathizers dispatched supplies from such Missouri towns as Willow Springs, Patterson, Birch Tree, West Plains and even Hannibal, 200 miles north of Fremont. A postal worker from Festus drove in with a car loaded with clothing. A suitcase full of clothes came by mail all the way from Peru, Indiana.

Lester A. Walker, publisher of the *Fremont* (Neb.) *Guide and Tribune,* challenged all towns named Fremont to a per capita fund-raising contest to help their namesake community in Missouri. It was won in the United States by an $11 contribution from Fremont, Minnesota (pop. 6), and outside the country by Freemont, Saskatchewan (pop. 32), with a $236.50 contribution.

The Mennonite Church's disaster service sent crews of volunteers, and bearded members of the sect became familiar figures in Fremont as they worked tirelessly to help clear debris from the streets and stack salvageable lumber for use in rebuilding.

But would the town build back? Rumors spread that its people were too discouraged. But these reports did not emanate from Fremont.

Local leaders called a town meeting in the Methodist Church—which had become disaster headquarters—the first Saturday night after the tornado. Eighty-six Fremonters showed up to discuss the future of their town—if it had any.

Red Cross representatives assured them they were "here to help you—all that we give you and do for you is a gift from the American people." Then L. D. Smith, the red-haired postmaster and Methodist minister, rose and declared emphatically, "Fremont is going to rebuild. . . . Let's stamp out completely any idea that we can't do the job. Our friends and former citizens have come back to see us, and they expect us to go on. The outside world is depending on us to come back, and we must not disappoint them. If we use our own resources, together with the help which the Red Cross has come to give us, we can get back on our feet, and with God's blessings, we will."

This was what they had come to hear, and they greeted Smith's talk with spirited applause. A committee was named to handle relief funds and plan the community's rebirth, and the meeting wound up with talk about going after a factory to bring industry to the town.

Next day, Sunday, all denominations held a joint service in the Methodist Church. It was a strange setting, but a fitting one. No flowers decorated the pulpit; instead, it was surrounded by rows of coffee urns, fruit baskets and portable milk refrigerators from the Red Cross canteen. Racks of clothing, bedding and miscellaneous supplies framed the crowded pews. And the service was accompanied by the ringing of the Red Cross emergency telephone, still the only communication line in the town. When the collection plates couldn't be found, a dishpan was pressed into service.

None of these inconveniences bothered any of the churchgoers. As one of them expressed it later, "We were all too happy just to be able to be there."

The community meeting and the joint worship service helped cement the belief that Fremont could beat its way back. The two congregations that had lost their churches pushed ahead with plans to rebuild, and new roofs and homes soon gave proof that the town was still very much alive.

Why didn't the ones who collected insurance money seize the chance to go elsewhere to a better life?

Fremonters have a simple answer. Mrs. L. B. Greene sums it up this way: this is a little town, where everybody loves everybody else. We want to stick together. It is our home; we like it here.

Mrs. Greene, a widow, emerged from a hillside food cellar after the tornado to find her house leaning on three walls, roofless and with most of her possessions gone. She used her insurance to rebuild, with the help of the Red Cross.

Delmar Jones, who lost more than anyone else in the twister, admits he thought about leaving the town, but changed his mind when the Red Cross gave him about $3,500 for a new frame house. He decided to rebuild his sawmill with proceeds from his insurance.

"I'm here among people I know," he says simply. "That counts for something."

Roy Wasserman, the Iowan who was ready to leave Fremont when the tornado robbed him of his trailer, was the ironic choice to head the rebuilding and finance committee.

He smiles at himself as he recalls: "When I came out of that cellar and saw what had happened to my belongings, I looked over at my car still sitting there—about the only thing I had left—and thought, 'The thing for me to do is get behind that wheel and go on up to Iowa just like I'd planned, and forget this town.'

"But then I saw what had happened to Fremont, and I just couldn't go. I felt a kind of responsibility to help get the place back on its feet—so here I am."

Wasserman figures the town will benefit by more than $7,000 from the collections by the other Fremont towns, and from other sources. The committee hopes to build a community center, which can be used for a factory if one is found.

Fremont leaders also made plans to rebuild the school with their $52,000 insurance money and some help from the Federal Government. Meanwhile, homes and buildings have been repaired and restored so that the town literally is rising, phoenix-like, from its own ruins.

The tornado victims are the first to pour praise on their friends and benefactors outside, especially the Red Cross, which spent some $72,000 in the Missouri disaster area, about half of it in Fremont. Along with this appreciation, Fremonters have learned adversity's first lesson—that people discover what good neighbors they have when they share a common crisis. Helping each other, they developed a deeper feeling for their community because it belongs to all.

If the Fremonters are more aware of each other now, they are also a little more conscious of the whims of Mother Nature. Although their chances of catching another tornado are mathematically slim, they keep a sharp eye on the sky and their storm cellars.

A few days after the twister, a mill worker whose home had been destroyed was looking over a house for rent. When a sudden storm cloud came up, he decided he'd better see if the place had an adequate tornado shelter.

His inspection convinced him the storm cellar was not only adequate but quite handy—12 of his prospective neighbors were in there ahead of him.

The Bird and the Beast

(by a child of 10 years)

THE BIRD that I am going to write about is the owl. The owl cannot see at all by day and at night it is blind as a bat.

I do not know much about the owl so I will go on to the beast which I am going to choose. It is the cow. The cow is a mammal. It has six sides—right, left, an upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns, and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with and the mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell—one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country. The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much but what it eats it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos and when it says nothing it is because its inside is all full up with grass.

—*The Atlantic Monthly*

by Mark Nichols

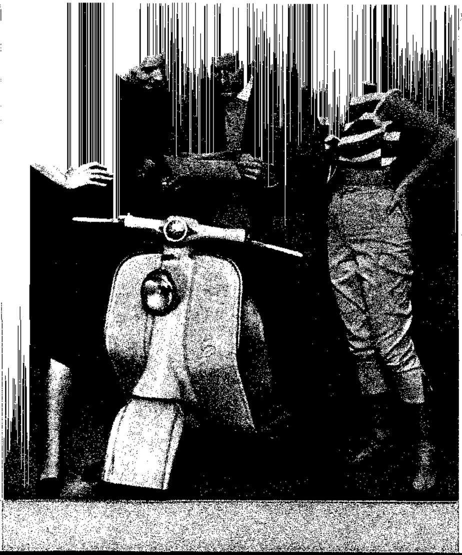
Child stars who came back

The five child stars of a few decades ago (at left) were heart-tuggers extraordinary, whose smiles and tears touched millions of American movie-goers. These children were riding high in Hollywood until they reached the perilous period called "the awkward age"—that time when voices change, gangliness sets in and seemingly odd personality traits arise. To a child actor, growing up means startling loss of the adulation which followed him everywhere. And there is a big question, too: is a child's acting really acting—or is he carefully coached to play a single role, without thought of versatility or true acting technique? This hurdle these five young stars had to face eventually. What happened to them is revealed on the following pages.

Jackie Coogan was figuratively born in a trunk in 1914 to vaudeville actor parents in Los Angeles. Charlie Chaplin discovered him in vaudeville at the age of four, and cast him in "The Kid" (above). This silent movie launched Jackie on a Hollywood career, which grossed him $4,000,000. A long Dutch bob—calculated to keep him looking young—became his trademark. But Jackie's heyday ended at ten. A dozen years later, he discovered he was broke, and sued his family for a financial reckoning. The resultant scandal impelled California to enact a law that places child actors' earnings under court supervision. After five years as an Army pilot in World War II, Coogan returned to a closed-door Hollywood: "I got big hellos and backslaps, but no jobs." He went into business, but recently began acting again to support his wife Dody, a former dancer, and their three children. Now almost bald at 43, Coogan is making a second career as a character actor, busily working in television and movies.

For [illegible]

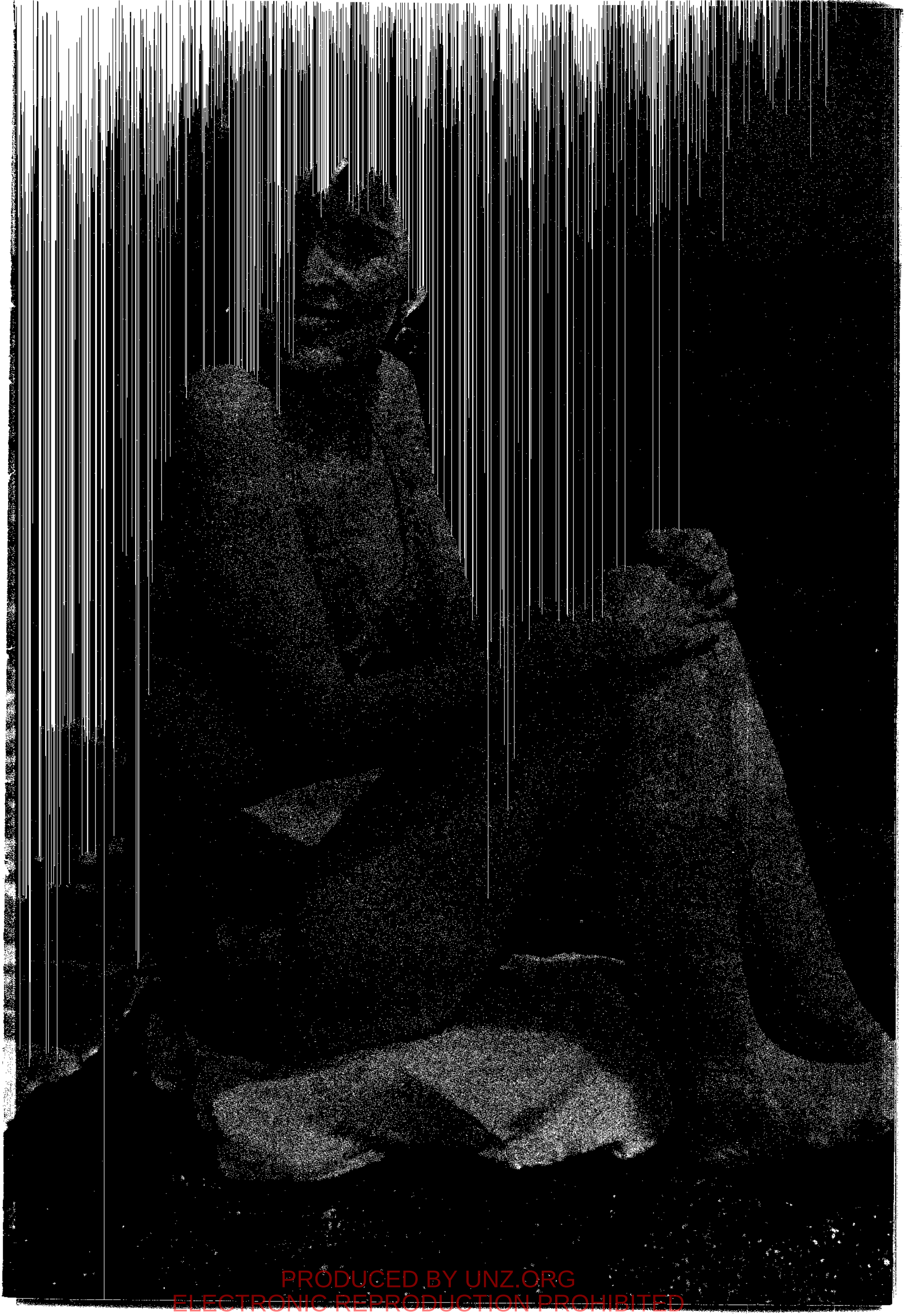
Roddy McDowall pooh-poohs the "Terrible Teens" theory about child actors. "Neither Judy Garland nor Elizabeth Taylor had trouble," he points out. But he admits, "There is an unspoken conspiracy against your growing up. I was playing 14-year-old parts until I was 23, simply because I'm bedeviled by looking younger than I really am." This British-born actor, who migrated at 12 to America with his family in 1940 and promptly landed in "How Green Was My Valley," also had to fight type-casting as an Englishman. Summing up his movie career, he laughs: "I made four pictures with animals and 38 with humans, but I'm remembered for those four, because they were successful." Among them: "Lassie Come Home" (above). To learn acting technique, Roddy moved to New York in 1953, and surprised Broadway playgoers with his versatility in Shaw's "Misalliance" and "The Doctor's Dilemma," and as a Southern recruit in "No Time for Sergeants." Currently he is co-starring with another ex-child star, Dean Stockwell, as a teenage killer in "Compulsion," the play based on the Loeb-Leopold case; he gives a vigorous, multi-faceted performance.



Bachelor Roddy McDowall, 29, checks photo proofs with Ina Balin and Barbra Loden of the "Compulsion" cast, before leaving the theater on his motor-scooter (left). As a rich, spoiled college boy in the play (below), he tries to hide his tenseness by teasing girls at a party.

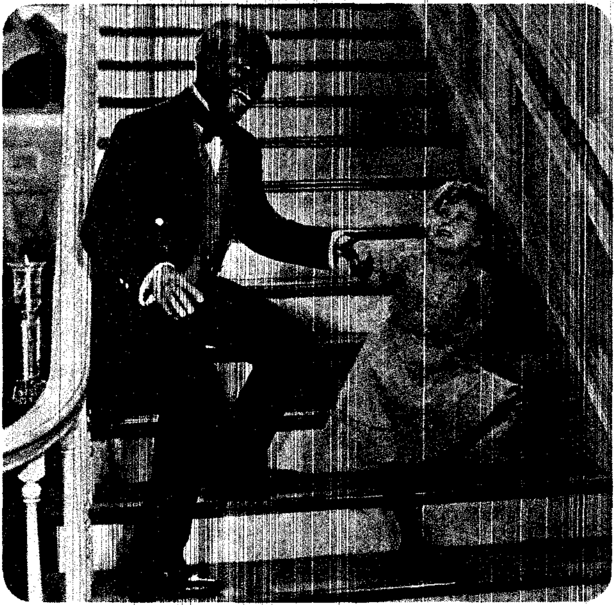
Margaret O'Brien has hardly stopped working since she posed as a photographer's model at two. Spurred on by an ambitious mother—her father died before Margaret was born—she wept her way to movie fame at four as a pigtailed war orphan in "Journey for Margaret." Christened Angela Maxine Hymberg, this girl of Spanish-German extraction adopted her Irish name for the film, and weathered her "awkward age" on the stage. Today, at 20, she is a svelte, attractive brunette (opposite page). Yet she is still groping for maturity, dependent on her mother for career decisions, money matters and companionship. Her years as a child star taught her, she says, "that I want to stay in show business."

For her clever work in films (above, with ex-child star Judy Garland in "Meet Me in St. Louis"), Margaret O'Brien won a special Academy Award in 1944. At 21 she will inherit a $250,000 trust fund from movie earnings. Today she keeps busy playing ingenues (left) on TV shows like "Playhouse 90," "Climax."



Jackie Cooper credits psychoanalysis with ridding him of complexes stored up in his child-star years when "I lived in an all-adult world, studied at the studio and seldom met kids my own age. I wasn't given an ounce of responsibility or taught the value of money. It makes you emotionally ill to be treated like an enlarged infant." Jackie began acting in movies at three—in the same studio where today, at 35, he films his TV series, "The People's Choice," of which he is part owner. Graduating from "Our Gang" comedies (above) to starring roles in "Skippy," "The Champ" and "Treasure Island," Cooper earned $1,500,000 as a child actor. He served three years in the Navy, mostly as an orchestra drummer, then found that Hollywood "wanted me to play a grown-up Skippy. But I was tired of sticking out my lower lip." Like Roddy McDowall, he moved to New York to study acting. "Kids don't act; all they need is a disarming smile, a pathetic kisser and an underprivileged look," he says. Three Broadway plays and a tour in "Mr. Roberts" restored Jackie's confidence and acting career.

Jackie Cooper directs his TV show, "The People's Choice"—now in its third year—and shares the acting spotlight with Cleo, the "talking" dog. During filming he consumes quarts of milk and ice cream (left). In his third marriage, Cooper has found happiness with former advertising executive Barbara Kraus, their son Russell, one, (below), and new-born daughter.



Shirley Temple, thanks to her parents' sensible planning, looks back fondly on her acting childhood. "No one ever had more fun," she says. Her career began at four, but studio publicity releases insisted she was three. Shirley's dimples and golden curls became world-famous, and in movies like "The Little Colonel" (above, with the late Bill "Bojangles" Robinson) she intrigued audiences with her precocious charm. Amassing a $5,000,000 fortune by 13, she later worked intermittently in movies until her retirement — and second marriage in 1950 to Charles Black, a business executive. Her first husband was actor John Agar. Last January, at 29, Shirley returned to show business as narrator and occasional star of a TV fairy-tale series, a job usually demanding only one day a month from her regular chores as an Atherton, California, housewife.

Re-issue of her old movies on TV has brought a revival of the 1935 Shirley Temple doll (seated in the photo at right, along with the standing 1957 model). The Black family enjoys singing (opposite page) around the piano. The children are Linda Susan, nine, daughter of John Agar; Charles Jr., five, and Lori, three.

Human Comedy

While on duty as a nurse at our local hospital recently, I was busy caring for my patient when I heard the voice of the page operator coming clearly over the P. A. system: "Dr. Stopp, Dr. Stopp, Dr. Stopp."

With a twinkle in her eye, my patient asked: "*What* is the doctor doing?" —MRS. VICTOR C. CACCAMISE

A boyish-looking minister, serving his first mission in the Kentucky hills, noticed that one of his flock had been absent from services several Sundays in a row, so he decided to go see her and ask the reason.

The good lady shook her head and looked at him pityingly. "Son," she said, "you ain't old enough to have sinned enough to have repented enough to be able to preach about it." —*United Mine Workers Journal*

Our teenager has a close friend next door who goes to a private school about ten miles away, boards there and comes home weekends.

They write each other every day for fear they may forget some Critical Confidence as the week drags by.

One day my daughter received her usual letter. On the envelope in the upper left-hand corner was designated: From: You Know Who. At: You Know Where.

The postman handed me the letter with a twinkle in his eye. No stamp had been attached. In its place, the postman had pencilled: You Know Who Left The You Know What Off This Envelope. You Owe Me 3 Cents. —HELEN G. SUTIN (*Pen*)

The following ad appeared in a Southern newspaper: Found—Bird or hat, which flew or blew into Murphy's Service Station. It's sort of round with green and red feathers or quills on it. If you've lost a bird or a hat, or even if you haven't, drive by and see it; it's worth the trip. —*Capper's Weekly*

Note received from an 11-year-old camper who had been urged by her parents to act more like a "little lady":

Dear Mother and Daddy:

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Love,
Linda

—*Wolf Magazine of Letters*

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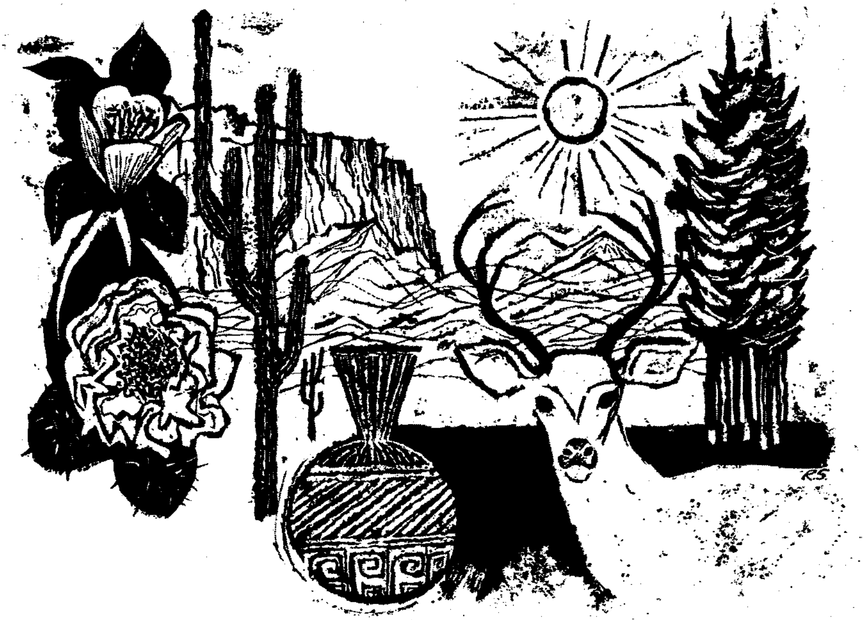

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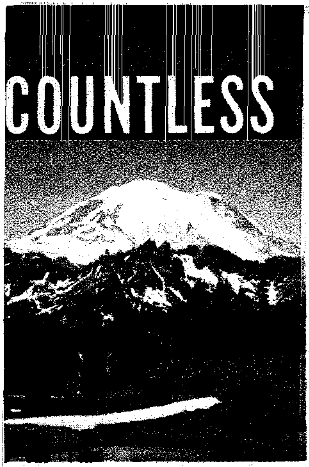
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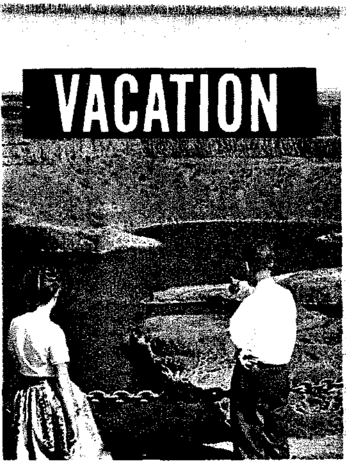
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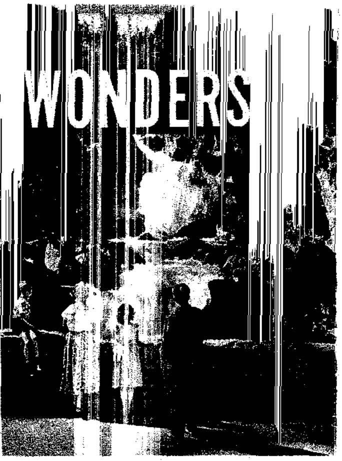
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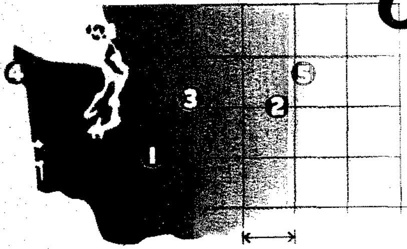

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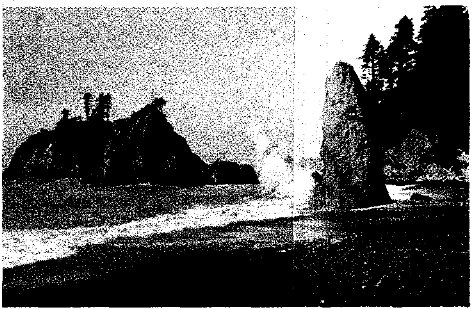
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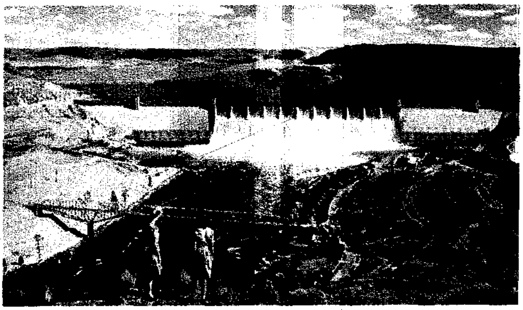
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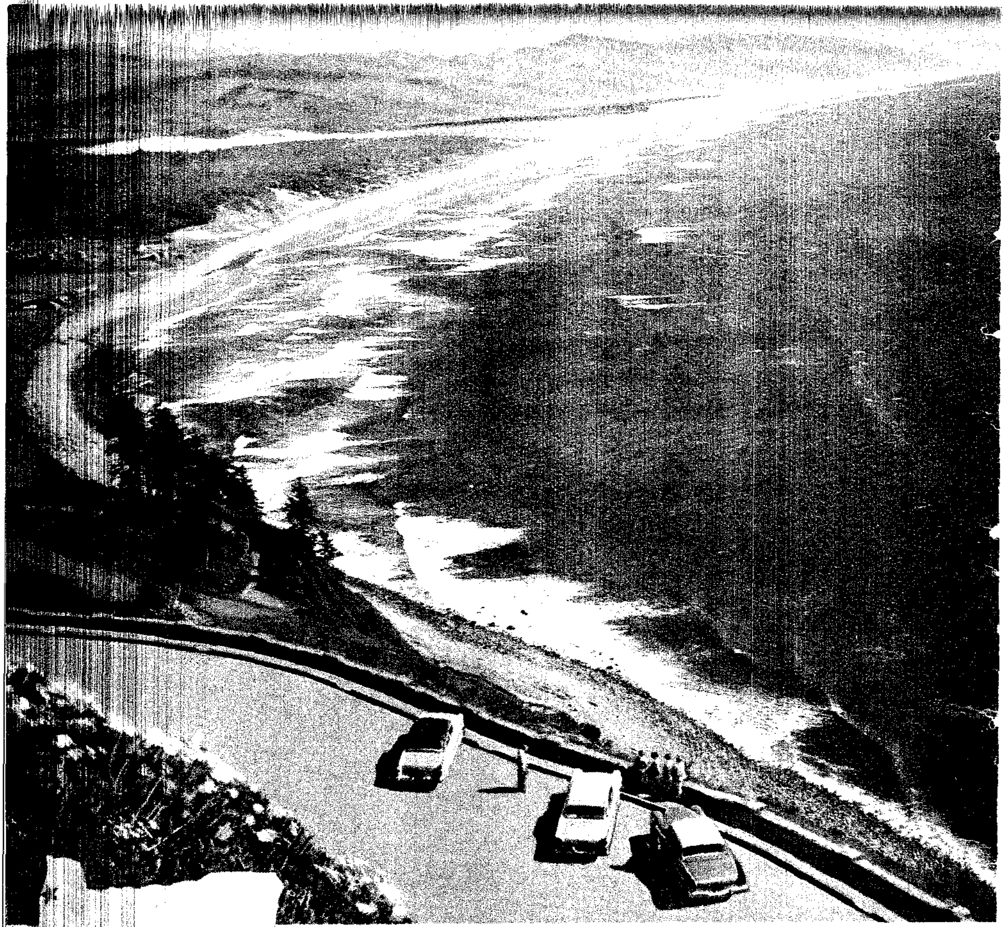

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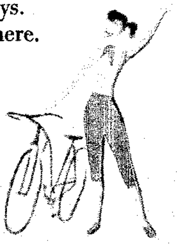

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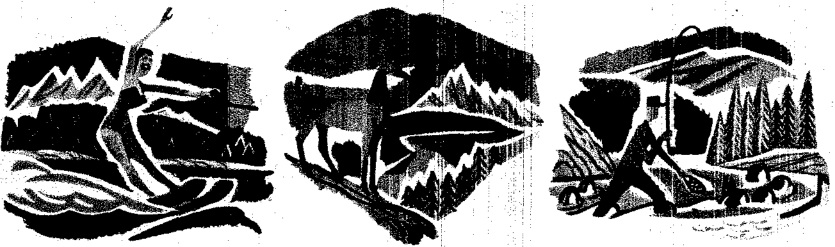

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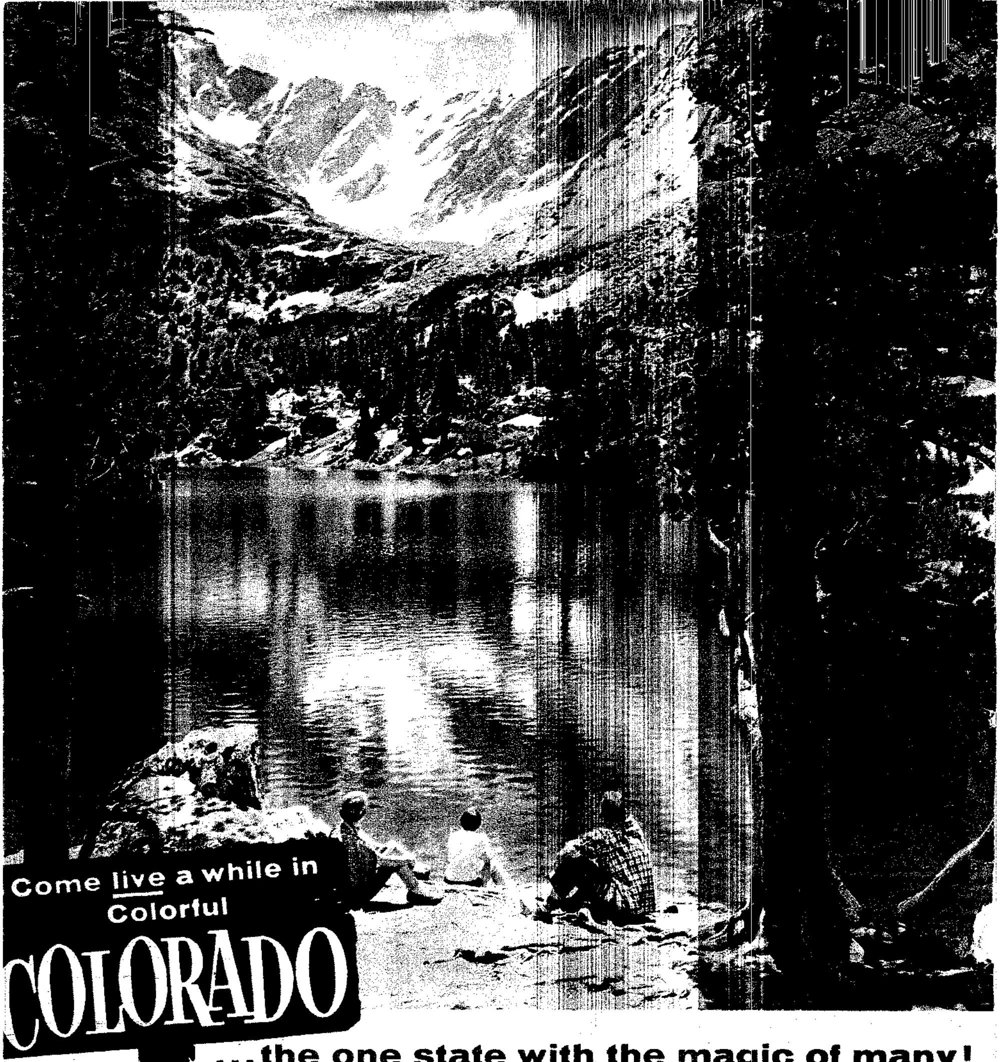

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THE MENACE OF

THE WOMAN HAD TAKEN pill after pill, and still she tossed in an agony of wakefulness, reliving in minutest detail all the distressing and humiliating moments she had known. Some were utterly trivial, but as F. Scott Fitzgerald once said about insomnia, "at three o'clock in the morning, a forgotten package has the same tragic importance as a death sentence."

It was indeed a tragic night, for through long and heavy use of barbiturates the woman had acquired what doctors call a "tolerance" for them—they could no longer put her to sleep. At least they couldn't until that last pill. That put her to sleep forever.

The woman's grieving family knew of no reason why she should kill herself. They could only conjecture that the pills she took that awful night fogged her mind until she eventually swallowed the final fatal one.

There is hardly a practicing physician who has not, at one time or another, encountered a similar case. And in 1955 the publication *Post-graduate Medicine* announced that a poll of doctors showed most of them eager to get rid of barbiturates and "waiting only for the advancement of medical knowledge" to do so.

What has soured the medical profession on barbiturates? The answer is found in the nature of the barbiturate itself. Based on barbituric acid, a coal tar derivative, it gets its effects by depressing the central nervous system. This is a tricky business. If used in medically prescribed doses, sleep follows. If the depression is too deep, the result can be coma.

"The barbituric acid derivatives produce severe pathological changes in the organism when given in large doses over any moderate length of time," Dr. Prior Shelton explained in *The Journal of Medicine.* "Even the small therapeutic doses when frequently repeated cause a moderate amount of tissue destruction. The barbiturates have an affinity for nervous tissue cells, and destruction is most marked in the higher centers of the central nervous system."

The barbiturate addict may not know what is happening to his nervous tissue cells—to his brain, to put it bluntly—but his family does know what happens to his personality. Domestic relations court judges hear almost as many stories these days about sleeping pills as they do about alcohol. The symptoms, insofar as they affect family life, are not too different. There is the same harsh irritability and impatience, the

THE SLEEPING PILL HABIT by Ralph Bass

Seeking slumber, many have found addiction—and even death—from barbiturates. Now, at last, science can offer safer remedies

nerves stretched to the breaking point and the inevitable hysterical scenes, the refusal to eat, the wandering mind, the incoherence, the obsession with pill or bottle.

The chief difference seems to be that whereas alcoholism, for the most part, appears to affect the male, a growing number of women are taking to the pills when they can no longer find a way to cope with their problems.

Undeniably these problems do exist. And people must sleep. So, in a troubled era, billions of pills containing barbituric acid are prescribed in the United States annually.

Knowing what the pills can do, doctors are usually conservative in prescribing them; but even so, two-thirds of the barbiturate addicts questioned in one large Midwestern hospital said they had become acquainted with the drug through a doctor.

These people were in the hospital because of certain peculiar characteristics of barbiturates. Some had been discovered on the point of death because of respiratory failure—overdoses had depressed their breathing to the point where it had just about stopped. Others whose kidneys and livers were not up to par had shown serious toxic symptoms when these organs had not been able to get rid of the barbiturates.

Still others were suffering from the general weakness and debility that follows prolonged fasting, a common incident of barbiturate addiction.

Even though doctors try to be cautious in the matter of prescriptions, the barbiturate addict will find a way. For he is a true addict, with all of the addict's devilish ingenuity. He may go from doctor to doctor, collecting prescriptions. (One user, for instance, was found to have obtained prescriptions from 11 different doctors; all of them were dated the same week!)

Many pill-users, when they start, do not know that their tablets are not only very powerful but also habit-forming. This is not their fault because doctors, too, were late to recognize the fact.

Drs. Louis S. Goodman and Alfred Gilman, outstanding authorities on drugs and narcotics, in their 1955 work "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics," report: "In fact, although addiction to barbiturate resembles that to morphine in that tolerance and emotional and physical dependence develop, barbiturate addiction is a more serious public health and medical problem because it produces greater mental, emotional and neurological impairment . . ."

But despite all this, thousands are still moving toward the time when their craving for barbiturates will be no different than that of the morphine or heroin addict. Sometimes this process takes years of steady use, but there are individuals whose make-up is such that they become addicted after a few months.

There is no way of telling in advance which way it will be, but the person who takes pills every night for many months is naturally more likely to become addicted than one who uses an occasional pill and then gives his body a chance to get rid of the drug. Traces of barbiturates can be found in the system as long as nine days after pills have been taken.

Those people who gradually increase their dose, and there are many, eventually approach dangerously close to the fatal point of no return. Every year several thousand reach and pass that point and their names are duly recorded in the obituary columns. In fact, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, barbituric acid stands first among the causes of death due to accidental poisoning. Furthermore, a large number of *all* accidental deaths are due to barbiturates. (Police in every state of the Union are familiar with the dazed automobile driver, the pedestrian weaving crazily into a car's path—barbiturate addicts both.) And when the deeply addicted barbiturate user tries to quit, he faces the agony of withdrawal delirium, and possible death.

Fortunately, for those who need artificial help in sleeping, safer methods have recently been developed. Like so many other medical advances, this one, too, came about quite accidentally. Doctors were searching for new drugs with which to treat bronchial asthma, hay fever and other allergic diseases when they came up with a sensational newcomer—the antihistamines.

Researchers determined that these drugs were not habit-forming and had no serious reactions except one —they caused drowsiness. Doctors warned patients against driving their cars too soon after taking antihistamines, and let it go at that. But soon researchers came up with a natural query: why not make a virtue out of a drawback and use antihistamines as the basis of a safe, effective sleep inducer?

Work was begun with an antihistamine known as methapyrilene hydrochloride, and it soon developed that a 50 milligram dose had good sleep-inducing qualities. This was only one quarter of the daily dosage normally prescribed in the treatment of allergy. Thus the insomniac would take two pills before retiring instead of the eight pills allergy patients were taking every day.

Further examination indicated that the antihistamines produce drowsiness by their sedative action on the cerebral cortex, commonly known as the gray matter of the brain. The sedative action also extends to the lower brain centers which control the mechanism of sleep.

In 1955, the *Annals of Internal Medicine* carried a report of a study on methapyrilene conducted with the help of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration at the Veterans Administration Hospital in the Bronx, New York. Tests were performed there on 54 patients. Observing nurses thought that methapyrilene was more effective than barbiturate phenobarbital in inducing sleep.

Another important question had still to be answered: was methapyrilene safe for elderly people, who are the chief sufferers from insomnia?

A clinical study was conducted on 25 elderly insomniacs, using methapyrilene to which a small quantity of the drug scopolamine hydrobromide had been added. Scopolamine is a tranquilizer which acts as a sedative on the brain and especially upon the sleep regulating mechanism, to produce mental calm and induce sleep. It produces a drowsy condition in which consciousness is blunted but not abolished.

After three months it was reported that the combination had brought satisfactory relief in 88 percent of the cases. The subjects fell asleep, on the average, an hour and 20 minutes sooner than they usually did, and gained an average two hours and 18 minutes of sleep. There were no important side effects.

With these facts established, the methapyrilene-scopolamine combination appeared on the market under the trade name *Sleep-Eze*. It is claimed that its two ingredients reinforce each other in a "synergistic" association familiar to pharmacologists. Put in everyday terms, this simply means that the medicine combines the best features of both drugs.

Although the methapyrilene and the scopolamine in *Sleep-Eze* are well within the safe medication zone, the pills obviously should not be eaten like candy. The recommended quantity is two tablets before retiring. However, it would be unwise to take them before knowing whether or not you are allergic to them. A drug is a drug, and common sense is a necessary ingredient of any dosage. Even aspirin can be deadly if misused.

By and large, doctors are not enthusiastic about drugs that can be sold without prescription. But many agree that if you take the new kind of pills, you are not likely to wake up groggily in the middle of the night and unwittingly dose yourself to death. In fact, an increasing number admit that a gleam of light has broken through the clouds—a beacon of hope for the horde of the sleepless.

IN APRIL CORONET

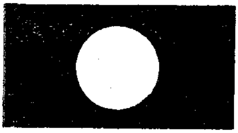
ORAL ARCHITECTURE

Malformed teeth in children or adults can cause serious physical and psychological problems. Here are the facts everybody should know about orthodontic care.

BABY SITTERS CAN SUE YOU!

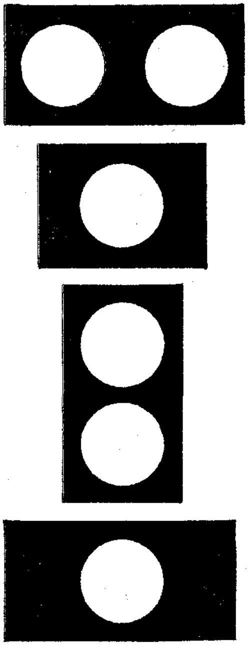
You can wind up in court fighting a damage claim if your baby sitter is injured on the job. Learn to avoid the pitfalls that can make your home a legal booby trap.

Automatic projectors, self-adjusting movie cameras, films developed by heat, and pictures taken with no film at all—these are but a few of the amazing innovations that herald . . .



A REVOLUTION IN PHOTOGRAPHY

by *Madelyn Carlisle*



ONE OF AMERICA'S most popular hobbies—photography—has undergone some amazing changes in the past decade. But these are as nothing compared to what is coming—and soon.

Already in production is a fantastic new kind of film that for the first time in the history of photography develops, without chemicals, entirely by heat. It promises an era in which you'll whisk a full color negative and print from your camera a few minutes after you've shot it. Another development tops even that: it's a way of taking pictures with no film at all—by electronics!

What has caused these dramatic innovations? Part of the answer is breakthroughs by researchers. Chemists at Eastman Kodak and Ansco wound up years of experimenting aimed at creating incredibly sensitive new films. Light wizards of General Electric Co., Sylvania Electric Products, Inc. and other laboratories completed work on new sources of illumination.

The startling changes in cameras themselves came not so much because of new discoveries, but because of a speed-up in applying long known advances to popular cameras.

At least one reason for this goes back to the Korean war when an American news photographer lost his lenses. In desperation, he picked up some Japanese lenses in Tokyo. When his first pictures came through they were sharper than any he had ever taken with high-priced German lenses. Soon there was a demand for these Nikkor lenses all over the world.

To make them, the Japanese had capitalized on a kind of sand found only in their country. It makes a clear, flawless glass which, when polished by patient Japanese lens grinders, becomes an optical marvel. The Japanese were also building remarkably good cameras, including some which top experts insisted were equal if not superior to the best made by German manufacturers.

Among the American experts who turned up in Japan to look into its optical industry was Joseph Ehrenreich, the proprietor of a large New York camera store. He got a quick surprise when he found bunches of Japanese tourists of obviously small income calmly using cameras that would be in the $300 price class in the U.S. There wasn't a box camera in the lot.

He got another surprise in the camera factories, where it soon became clear to him that anybody who had spoken slightingly of Japanese ability to make highly exact pieces of equipment like cameras just hadn't visited Japan.

Ehrenreich came back to the U.S. with a contract to distribute Nikon cameras. Japanese cameras imported to the U.S. had hitherto been presented with a sort of apology, and an effort to play down the fact that they were made in Japan. Ehrenreich started boasting about the fact, and all over the U.S. the Nikon, Canon, Minolta and other fine Japanese cameras suddenly became prestige items. Today the Nikon SP is considered by most professionals as the century's most advanced 35-mm.—in short, *the* camera to beat.

Most of the innovations that the Japanese had applied to cameras had long been known, and most had been tried out on experimental models made in other countries. Their significance was due to the Japanese camera industry's unique ability to make quick changes on production models.

Some camera parts were made in "home factories," where a single skilled worker turned them out on a machine provided by the central company. If a change was needed, no expensive factory shutdowns had to occur. The workers turning out the affected parts could simply be given new machines. This curious blend of mass production and old-time handwork in the home also, of course, plays a big part in lower Japanese costs.

"That peculiar industrial capacity," says one camera distributor, "rocked our business on its heels. It took us out of the 19th-century handicraft era and put us in the 20th. Like the auto business, we are now talking annual model changes. Used to be, a connoisseur bought a quality German camera and used it 15 years. Today he trades. What's the result? Mass sales, mass production and better stuff. Today for $100 you can pick up a Japanese 35mm. camera with lens and mechanism infinitely superior to a pre-war German job that used to go for $250. And, as the Germans really get into the battle to catch up with the dozens of new Japanese brands, the prices will go down more and the quality up."

While the Japanese and Germans lead in quality cameras, it still takes American ingenuity to create new means of viewing slides made with those very cameras. To make that automatic and easy there is the amazing Airequipt Magazine. Its aluminum box holds 36 slides and permits projecting them in sequence, though they stay permanently indexed and protected in individual metal frames.

Beyond this there are the completely automatic projectors. You just load up a slug of slides—as many as 40—set a timer, which will determine how many seconds each view will remain on the screen, push a button, sit back and relax.

In the midst of all the hullabaloo about "advanced" cameras, the work horse of popular photography, the ultra-simple box camera, has been enjoying a boom of its own. In this field, Americans have no worries about foreign competitors.

Americans have kept their championship too in motion picture cameras. Among them is the camera that does its own adjusting, a miracle accomplished by a photo-electric cell built into the camera. It judges existing light, then itself adjusts the proper lens opening. All this takes place in a split second, so you can pan the camera swiftly from dark shadows to brilliant sunlight.

In another area, Americans are also contributing to the new era in photography. Eastman Kodak, View-Master, Stereo Realist and others have improved their stereo cameras, at the same time reducing prices. Stereo cameras that just three years ago cost $150 have now dropped to below the $100 price level.

The viewers that enable you to look at the lifelike three-dimensional pictures have come in for their share of improvements. For those who don't want to bother shooting their own pictures, scores of slides on every conceivable subject can be obtained in drug and photo stores and used in an ingenious, inexpensive viewer by View-Master.

The chemists have racked up some sensational accomplishments and are hinting about others just ahead. Take that new super-sensitive color film, for instance, which is ten times more sensitive than films of a few years ago. With it you can take a brilliantly sharp picture by the light of a 40-watt fluorescent tube, or the light coming in a window. This film has produced a first-rate picture with the light supplied by a candle.

Photographers who would once have been unbelieving if they had been offered film with an ASA rating (indicating film speed) of 100, now find themselves trying out film with a rating of 600. On the same scale of sensitivity, films have been pushed clear up to 8,000.

After years of success in making a "picture in a minute" black and white film, Polaroid has come up with full color film, to be used in the Polaroid camera. Just as does the present black and white film, it will develop itself by the release of chemicals after the picture is taken. Well out of the lab stage, but not yet in general production, it may be adapted by Eastman Kodak for use in other than Polaroid cameras.

Since photography began, all picture taking has been based on the chemical fact that light darkens silver chloride. Let light strike a substance coated with silver chloride emulsion and you get a latent image, because the particles absorb light in proportion to the amount of light reflected from the object in the view of your camera.

To bring out and fix the image we use the chemical process we call "developing," which consists of applying wet chemicals to the film on which the image has been recorded.

Photographers have always dreamed of a dry process in which the image would appear and be fixed without the use of chemicals. It seemed like a wild dream until some years ago when Al Moran, the head of a New Orleans printing firm, got to thinking that there must be a new way of making printing plates. Researchers, working on a plastic plate process, eventually reported a curiosity which they felt might be of value: a chemical whose molecules simply exploded when they were hit by light.

Moran turned over the material to Dr. Robert Nieset of Tulane University. The scientist, with his associates, went to work on it, and emerged a few months ago with Kalvar, a dry process film.

With a Kalvar film in your camera, you snap the shutter. As light hits the film, the molecules in the emulsion start exploding in a pattern like that of the view seen by the camera lens. You take the film out, press an electric iron down on it for an instant and you have a picture. For Kalvar is developed and fixed not by wet chemicals but by heat.

For a print, you lay the negative against a sheet of Kalvar treated paper and apply heat. You can make as many prints as you want.

Used in a special camera, you can remove both a negative and a print. For just the friction of pulling out the pack-type film and paper will produce enough heat to develop the image.

At present, Kalvar, with its extremely slow speed rating, is not available to the camera enthusiast. But its developers promise that in time its speed rating will be successfully stepped up. This wonder film is already in use in government and engineering work for fast copying of vital plans and blueprints, where film speed is not important.

Dr. Ernst Leitz, American distributor of the German Leica camera, says, "The improvements in the immediate future are in the hands of the chemists rather than engineers."

But engineers of a different sort may take over where the chemists leave off—electronics men who believe we will do away with film altogether.

"The camera of the 1960s," says Don Mitchell, President of Sylvania, "will use electronics to adjust the lens, cock the shutter and wind the film. You will be able to take motion pictures on magnetic tape and play them back through your television receiver." Dr. Irving Wolff of RCA believes that such an electronic camera will also "permit prints to be made on paper from a specially designed TV-type tube" which will project an image on sensitized paper.

All this can certainly assure photography of keeping its place in the future as one of America's favorite do-it-yourself hobbies.

Think It Over

ONE MACHINE can do the work of 50 ordinary men, but no machine can do the work of one extra-ordinary man.

—ELMER LETERMAN

There is less conflict between the confessional box and analyst's couch than is popularly assumed

What do CATHOLICS *believe about* PSYCHIATRY?

by *W. G. Houseman*

WHEN SIGMUND FREUD declared, a half century ago, that all religion was an "obsessional neurosis," one of history's most spirited battles of the mind was joined. Anyone who leaned vaguely toward *any* religion promptly jumped on the mild-mannered Viennese neurologist.

His biggest and most formidable antagonist was the Roman Catholic Church. To Catholics, more than most, the all-important stress he placed on man's infantile sexual instincts had the horrifying impact of a rock flung through a stained-glass window. Those who were not plainly outraged by Freud's revolutionary psychoanalysis made derisive jokes about it.

But neither outrage nor jokes crushed psychoanalysis. Today it is a legitimate, inseparable branch of psychiatry—and psychiatry has been entrusted with one of medical science's most critical healing tasks in an age of mounting mental illness.

What do present-day Catholics think of psychiatry? A few fear it. Most are suspicious of it. Some give it qualified approval. Another few are militant champions of it.

Those who fear psychiatry often are appallingly ignorant of its purposes. Those who are suspicious, think psychiatrists may be godless men bent on usurping the Church's power to absolve sinners. Those who give it qualified approval believe psychiatry may help unfortunate and anonymous patients in mental hospitals. And those who champion psychiatry would like to see every parish priest thoroughly grounded in its fundamentals.

Basic conflicts certainly exist between Catholics and psychiatry. For the goal of psychiatry is to teach people to view themselves objectively, and this goal cannot be attained without self evaluation and a partial re-education. In the course of this growth, people may come to question many things they have previously taken for granted, including their religious beliefs.

Furthermore, because a psychiatrist is by training and temperament a scientist, not a moralist, he may view a particular patient's problem in a quite different light than a priest would. What is guilt to a psychiatrist may be sin to a priest, and the occasions for complete disagreement are many.

A Catholic can be expected to accept the idea of psychiatry only when he understands why it poses no threat to his religion. Why doesn't it? Because its aims are entirely different. And nothing dramatizes these differences better than two contrasting symbols—the psychoanalyst's couch and the confessional box.

When a Catholic enters the confessional box, he must come to grips with the sinful acts he has consciously committed since his last visit. The priest who listens to him may be a familiar person or a total stranger. In either case, the priest's duty is to hear the confession, consider the violations of divine law and, if convinced the sinner is truly repentant, then grant absolution. The relationship between priest and sinner is—by design—an impersonal one.

Compared to the uncompromising atmosphere of the confessional box, the psychoanalyst's couch may seem a bed of roses. The patient may reveal whatever moral transgressions he chooses, confident he will be neither rewarded nor punished. For while the priest is an impersonal voice soberly judging moral behavior from behind a screened partition, the psychoanalyst serves as a confidant who does not pass moral judgments.

The paralyzing fears and morbid guilts that are laboriously brought forth on the analyst's couch would never reach the ears of a priest in a confessional box. Even if they did, the priest would be unable to cope with them. For the neurotic person's problems do not stem from conscious sins. They are hidden deeply in the unconscious. It is the analyst's job to help the neurotic bring to the surface unhealed emotional wounds so that the patient may see for himself that his present irrational behavior is based on emotional hammer blows he thought he had forgotten. Psychoanalysis has proved over and over that a person who has suffered severe emotional shocks in early life may commit hostile and objectionable acts without the slightest knowledge of why he does so.

A man who follows a compulsion to score sexual conquests over numerous women, for instance, flagrantly violates not only God's law but also common rules of decent behavior. But a visit to the confessional box will rarely cure such a compulsion. He is mentally ill, and may become a responsible person only when the source of his illness is discovered.

On an analyst's couch, he may find that his physical contempt for all women traces back to a shocking childhood experience, perhaps long since forgotten by his conscious mind, but still seething. He may, for instance, have interpreted in his child's mind an act by his mother as a total rejection of himself. Thus, though no single, isolated blow is likely to create a neurotic condition, the adult seeks to recapture his mother's love by mastering every woman he meets.

The patient expects to be punished, because the elaborate neurotic structure he has built rests on a sense of guilt. By reassuring him that they will track down the causes of his illness together, the analyst seeks to gain the patient's confidence. Together, they examine past thoughts, acts and even dreams, as valuable clues—never as sins.

Despite sharp conflicts in specific areas, psychiatry and Catholicism are learning, amazingly enough, to live together. Pope Pius XII has expressed approval of it several times. His most comprehensive statement of the official Catholic position was delivered nearly five years ago when he stated that this medical field "is capable of achieving precious results for medicine, for the knowledge of the soul in general, for the religious dispositions of men and for their development."

In a discourse a year earlier, the Pope referred explicitly to psychoanalysis and objected only to the "pansexual method of a certain school of psychoanalysis." The "pansexual method" would seemingly apply to the early Freudian stress on infantile sexual instincts to the exclusion of all else. By implication, it denied that man's basic urges include endowments that make him superior to animals. Freud never actually equated man with other animals, nor does any analyst today. A few Catholics have interpreted the Pope's statement as a condemnation of present-day "orthodox" Freudian psychology. But a clear majority of Catholic psychiatrists feel the papal view does not apply to psychoanalysis as it is now generally practiced.

Nevertheless, Catholics in all walks of life continue to be wary of psychiatry. Illustrating their attitude is the experience of a parish priest in a university community who had lunch recently with an undergraduate to listen to a family problem.

"My older brother is a senior in med school," said the student, "and my mother and father are broken up."

"Why?" asked the priest.

"Because he has decided to specialize in psychiatry."

The student's parents were intelligent, well-educated, even sophisticated persons. "But," recounts the priest, "they simply refused to believe there are personal troubles that cannot be resolved by a visit to the confessional box."

If this particular medical student becomes a psychiatrist, he will join one of the truly exclusive Catholic clubs. According to the latest Church census, the United States has 33,574,017 Catholics—roughly 20 percent of the nation's total population. But this vast religious body is represented by over 450 psychiatrists. Of these, about 220 belong to the militant Guild of Catholic Psychiatrists, formed in 1950 to impress on the general public that "there is no discrepancy in being both a good psychiatrist and a good Catholic."

This kind of education is a slow process because even the most ardent Catholic exponents of psychiatry concede Freud, not the Church, threw the first rock. Actually, he threw several, including his theory that much of an adult's behavior pattern may be traced to the sexual attachments he develops as an infant toward a parent.

But none of Freud's theories, however controversial, seriously conflict with Catholic doctrine. It is his most authentic discovery—of the unconscious—that created the basic confusion. Freud's contention—subsequently confirmed by psychotherapists—that man can not always be held accountable for his behavior seemed in the minds of some to threaten a primary Catholic tenet: that men are born sinners, but are endowed with *free will;* that they can choose between good and bad, between divine law and the ways of evil.

"But the neurotic is anything but a free person," says Father William C. Bier, of Fordham University's psychology department.

A Catholic psychiatrist, like any other, acknowledges the difference between conscious sin and an unconscious guilt. The Catholic priest, however, might not be equipped with enough psychiatric training to see where the dividing line runs.

"Some men," says Father Bier, "may need psychotherapy and they may also have moral problems—they may be sinners. The psychiatrist, by freeing people of neuroses, can make them religiously free."

What happens when the Catholic needs a psychiatrist's help? Many insist on having a Catholic treat them, feeling this is a guarantee their faith "won't be taken away." But one psychiatrist, active in the Guild, vigorously opposes the idea. "I don't think my being a Catholic eases the problem—or even alters it," he says.

As a group, Catholic psychiatrists have been plainly irked by clergymen who have chided their work in public. Many feel that a great deal of misunderstanding and suspicion is generated by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, one of American Catholocism's most influential personalities.

Bishop Sheen in books and TV appearances has devoted an enormous amount of attention to psychoanalysis and Communism.

"The prophet of one," says Bishop Sheen in 'Peace of Soul' "is Marx, whose philosophy centers in social conflict; the prophet of the other is Freud, whose main concern is with individual conflicts. In both conceptions, the chaotic and unhappy state of man's affairs is said to spring from the tension between the surface appearance, on the one hand, and, on the other, from the hidden, dark, irrational forces which, though unknown, are the true determinants of all that happens."

Catholic psychiatrists regret the inference that Freud was the sworn enemy of society, that he and Marx are two peas in the same philosophical pod.

Leaders on both sides of the issue, however, believe the difficulties dividing Catholicism and psychiatry have already passed their most bitter stage. The idea, for instance, of gathering the two forces for college seminars and short courses of orientation has caught on firmly. Since 1954, an Indianapolis businessman named Edward F. Gallahue has sponsored the Gallahue Conference on Religion and Psychiatry at the Menninger Foundation at Topeka, Kansas, where 20 or 30 specialists are brought together to exchange viewpoints. They include clergymen of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths; psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, philosophers and psychologists.

In New York, the National Academy of Religion and Mental Health serves as an instrument for bringing together psychiatrists and clergymen of all faiths to work out their common problems. Such Catholic institutions as St. John's University in Collegeville, Minnesota; Fordham University in New York; Gonzaga in Spokane, Washington; and Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa, have held summer sessions in psychiatry for the clergy.

Perhaps most encouraging are the cash grants colleges have received from the National Institute of Mental Health to develop a mental health curriculum for theological students. Separate grants have gone to Loyola of Chicago, Harvard and Yeshiva Universities.

An important Catholic leader has stated that a number of American bishops privately declare their willingness to support a greatly accelerated program of psychiatric training in seminaries. They also think all seminary students should be given stiff tests to determine their emotional fitness.

In a general sense, both the Catholic Church and psychiatry aspire to bring man a measure of happiness. But the Church leader will immediately point out that earthly happiness is not the main objective. "The psychiatrist," says Father Bier, "is trying to alleviate human misery—and he should be encouraged. The Church, too, is concerned with man's happiness in this world, but it is even more concerned with his happiness in the next."

* * *

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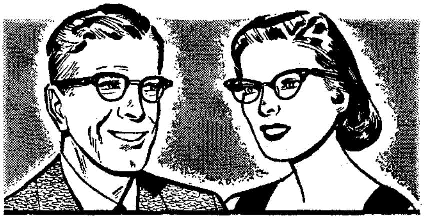
By S. F. Posen, *Director of Beltone Electronic Research Laboratories*



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TERROR IN A CAVE

by John Pfeiffer

It was a gay adventure for the man and three boys. Then suddenly, shatteringly, they knew they were lost

It happened eight months ago, on a muggy Sunday afternoon. There were four of us: myself, my 11-year-old son Tony, and his classmates Norman Ganter and Chris Ingham. We drove up a hill in Raubsville, Pennsylvania and parked in a clearing at the top.

A couple of car lengths away was a hole in the ground, a vertical shaft about as big around as a manhole. That was the entrance to the cave. I looked at my wristwatch. It was 2:30 P.M.

"All ready?" I said. "Let's go. We have to be back at 5:30." Our homes were at New Hope, about 30 miles away.

We clambered down a rough wooden ladder, into the earth. Our equipment included a floodlight, three flashlights, two new batteries, a battered candle, some matches, and candy bars.

At the foot of the ladder we found ourselves in a large chamber. From there a low tunnel ran slightly downhill, and we had to stoop to avoid the rocks overhead. Soon we were crawling.

The tunnel had narrowed to a tube. "Just like a rathole," Tony muttered.

The rathole ended with a drop of three to four feet into a basin-shaped depression where we could stand up. Our lights revealed white crystals of limestone folded like high frozen draperies, and conical columns of stalactites hanging from the roof.

What gave me my first flash of fear was the sight of crevices barely wide enough to squeeze through. Those dark slits were the only way to go deeper into the cave. If I'd had sense enough to obey that premonition—but I was as anxious as the boys to see what lay beyond.

So we started exploring, sidling crabwise along the crevices. We ran into several dead ends, and I said, "We'd better blaze a trail to follow on the way out."

I took my car keys and scratched a crisscross mark on a wall. As we went farther in, through a particularly narrow passage called the "Lemon Squeeze" and a beautiful grotto and more crevices beyond, I made four or five similar marks.

After an hour or so, we decided

that it was time to turn back.

We retraced our steps, through the grotto and the Lemon Squeeze. Then the trouble began. We hit a thick fog that threw the light back in our faces, and wandered along until it lifted. Now we couldn't find the basin and the rathole.

"Hey! Here's one of our marks!" Chris called and we scrambled to where he stood. The crisscross lines were clear-cut in a film of mud on a bulging rock. I could have kissed the spot. We weren't too far from the entrance—it was the first mark I'd made coming in.

Then Norman, up ahead in a crevice with the floodlight, shouted, "I think this is it!"

We'd be out of the cave in a little while now. I thought how, on the way home, we'd have fun talking about almost being lost.

A minute later we stopped short, and looked ahead without saying a word. The crevice narrowed to a slit a couple of inches wide. There were other dead ends, and letdowns, after that.

By about 5:30 we'd found our way back to a small grotto near our first mark, the only familiar thing in that underground maze, and held a council of war.

"We're lost," I said, "but there's nothing to worry about. Someone will find us soon. Don't forget that on the way up the hill we signed in with Mrs. Hart, the woman who owns the property.

"Around supper time she'll probably wonder why we haven't checked out and see our car parked near the entrance. All we have to do is stay put, stick together and save light."

"I wish she'd hurry," Chris commented. "It's cold down here."

It was very cold, and we were dressed in dungarees and thin short-sleeved sport shirts. Still, it wasn't so bad at first. Tony told a joke. I mentioned that the boys might get home too late for school the next day.

"That's all right with me," Norman said.

"How about you?" I asked, turning to Chris. (I asked questions frequently, hoping to make the time pass faster and to help keep the boys' minds off our situation.)

Most of the time it was pitch dark. As we waited, the blackness seemed to pile up, to get thicker and heavier as if it were going to press us down. When the feeling became too intense, one of us would call for the lights—and light would flood into our grotto like a burst of fresh air. Then lights off again, as long as we could take it.

All the time I was worrying about what would happen if we were in for a long stretch. There'd be little sleeping, for one thing. The grotto was like a torture chamber designed so that you couldn't lie down comfortably. I tried a dozen positions and there was always a jagged rock or two digging into me. Also, it was wet everywhere with icy underground water. Yet without sleep we'd grow weaker, colder, and more and more scared.

I took stock of our group. Chris and Tony were high-strung, but in different ways. Chris would speak out and give his feelings full rein; Tony would hold it all back, under tension. Norman, a solidly built farm boy, would be calm and wouldn't talk much. I knew I'd control myself. I had no other choice.

Around 9 o'clock it was clear that something had gone wrong outside.

"Why doesn't Mrs. Hart come?" Chris blurted. "She's probably finished her supper and getting ready to go to bed, damn it!" (Actually she didn't know whether or not we'd left the cave, and told the state police so when they phoned during the night.)

"All right," I said, "this is a tough spot. But I'm proud of you and glad I'm with you. They may not find us tonight, but they'll be out in force in the morning. Our families have phoned the state troopers, this cave is in a thickly settled area, and they'll have the news on the radio. We've nothing to be afraid of. It's time to settle down and rest."

BUT WE COULDN'T REST. First came fits of shivering. I found my legs, knees and arms shaking violently though I tried with all my might to stop.

We had plenty of water. People can go more than three weeks without food, and our car stood outside as a marker to ensure that we'd be found long before that. But in what state would we be when they came?

Suddenly I jumped as a panicky cry shattered the stillness. It was Chris: "Oh, why did we ever go down here? We'll never get out, I know it."

I felt exactly the same way, and told him so as I came over and sat next to him. He recovered quickly; and a little later, when we were feeling even gloomier, he was the one who kept up a running chatter of encouragement.

Then Tony called me. I went to him and put my arms around him as he sobbed: "I hate it here. It's so cold."

Norman cried last. In some ways he was the toughest member of the group. When he murmured, "Oh, my poor parents!" and burst into tears, I realized the full seriousness of the strain we were under.

There were occasional crying spells after that. But no two boys ever cried at the same time.

The more tired we became, the colder it seemed. We had strange waking dreams. We lost all sense of the sequence of events.

"Shh!" Chris cried. "I hear something, a voice I think!"

We strained to listen, but all we heard was our own tense breathing and the plop of water from hollow places in the cave. Several times we heard muffled sounds, something like a car pulling up to the cave entrance. (There was a thunderstorm outside.) Our most persistent illusion was the "nightmare" feeling that we were really dreaming, that if it would only stop we'd find ourselves home. But it didn't stop.

Around four in the morning I had the flashlight on, and saw a peculiar expression on Norman's face. He was staring straight ahead, a kind of sleepwalker's look in his eyes.

"I had a mirage," he told me later. "I was in a prison cell, and behind me was a window with bars. The sun was shining brightly, coming through the window. Someone was looking through the window, speaking to me. I don't remember

what he said, but it was soothing. I felt uplifted."

Tony noticed a bat, hanging upside-down on the wall, reddish-brown and ugly and about the size of a boy's fist. He wanted to wake it and let it lead us out of the cave. The bat awoke itself. I stood up to see where it was going, ready to follow. It fluttered swiftly into a high crevice, and disappeared.

"I'm going to do some exploring," I said. "Who'll come part of the way with me?"

Chris volunteered. We crawled under a wall, through a shallow pool, and up into a crevice on the other side. Chris stayed there, as a link between me and the boys.

I squeezed my way ahead, twisting through a hole and into another crevice which went uphill. I got my ankle stuck. I didn't call for Chris; he might not have been able to get to me. My hands were white and sweating from fear. "Take it easy," I told myself. "This is no time to panic." Finally, I pulled my ankle loose and inched backwards to Chris.

I climbed a sloping wall in our grotto, and forced myself through a hole. The light revealed a pit below, but I didn't dare slide down into it. The sides were slippery and steep, and I couldn't have climbed back to rejoin the boys. Besides, that wasn't the way we'd come in.

By 8:30 A.M. our two flashlights were completely dead and the third was working feebly. The floodlight was beginning to get dimmer.

I held my head in my hands, and felt like banging the walls of the cave. Instead, I prayed a little, and wondered how I'd act if the boys hadn't been with me. I would have screamed, just to break the silence. I know I would have cried.

I thought of a story I'd read about someone who fell off a boat in the middle of the ocean, and managed to stay afloat. But by the time rescuers found him some hours later, his mind had cracked from the terrifying loneliness.

Then, at 9:30 Monday morning, came the most exciting sound any of us will ever hear—a faint shout. We couldn't tell whether it was man, woman or child, but it was a human being. I shouted back. An answering shout, and I shouted once more.

The pressure was off. We thanked God; we hugged each other. Chris had been crying, and stopped. Tony, who had been dry-eyed, began crying out of sheer relief.

The next shout came in about half an hour, a man's voice, then other shouts at intervals as our rescuers kept exploring dead ends and starting afresh. (It took four attempts before they found the right passage.)

Finally we heard: "Hello there. I'm State Trooper John Hahn. Is anybody hurt?"

"No. We're all fine!"

"Good. Can you see my light?"

"No. But wait a minute."

I climbed up to that hole in the wall where I had seen the pit. Trooper Hahn's light was shining at the bottom. I still don't know which way we had entered, but that was the way out. We had been lost about 150 feet from the entrance.

My wife had started rescue operations, it turned out, with a phone call to the state police. Searchers had been busy all night.

At nine Monday morning, the woman who ran a grocery store-gas station about a mile from the cave, turned on her radio. She heard we were missing and remembered we had dropped in for directions. She promptly phoned Mrs. Hart, who walked to the top of the hill, saw the car and called into the cave. Hers was that first shout we'd heard.

The horror faded quickly. Tuesday morning the boys were back in school, telling the story to classmates and teachers.

Looking back, I'd certainly go cave-exploring again. But never without telling people exactly where we were. For those on the outside suffered as much as we did. At least we knew we were alive. They spent the night not knowing.

How's That Again?

"WELL, BLESS MY WOOL," said the ram as he plunged over the cliff. "I didn't see that ewe turn."

—*Colorado Motor Carrier*

EVOLUTION is what makes the chimpanzee in the zoo ask, "Am I my keeper's brother?" —GEORGE HART

WHAT'S IN A NAME? In Sligo, Ireland, there's a firm of lawyers with the name of Argue and Phibbs.

—*Irish Digest*

BIG TAX TIPS

for small taxpayers

by Aaron M. Diamond, Esq.
and Roy Katz, C.P.A.

AT INCOME TAX TIME, Uncle Sam wants you to pay only what you owe him—nothing more, nothing less—and the Internal Revenue Service will be only too happy to help you do just that. It means less work for them in the end.

First and foremost, they want you to make the most of your exemptions and deductions. IRS regulations have been written to anticipate almost every possible tax situation, and IRS experts will help you apply them, to your benefit.

With good enough reason, you may lag three months or longer beyond the April 15th income tax deadline, depending on the return you file. All that is required is an advance note to the District Director of Internal Revenue of your area telling him your reasons for needing a delay. If you are sick, out of the country, or cannot get all the figures you need to complete your return, he will probably grant it. The penalty is a small interest charge.

If you are eligible to file Form 1040A, you may simply mail this punch-card form, without computing the amount due, and the District Director will subsequently send you a bill for the amount of your tax. However, you may lose several important benefits if you choose this method over Form 1040 (the long form). For instance, the lower head-of-household tax rates are not available; the 4 percent credit for dividends cannot be taken; the sick pay exemption is not allowed; the deduction allowed in computing adjusted gross income as, for example, salesmen's traveling expenses, are lost; the retirement income credit cannot be taken.

Joint or separate returns

It generally costs less for a married couple to file a joint return. The reason is that your income is split in half and two smaller taxes, each in a lower bracket, are assessed, instead of one in a higher bracket.

Death of your spouse during the year does not deprive you of the additional exemption. An unmarried widow or widower who maintains a household which is the home of a dependent son or daughter can claim the benefits of the split income for two years after the deceased spouse's death.

In certain special cases, however, you can pay a lower tax by filing separate returns. For instance, since there is a limitation on the deductibility of medical expenses (in the case of taxpayers under 65) of 3 percent of adjusted gross income, it may be more advantageous to file separate returns where one spouse has paid more medical expenses than the other.

If you and your spouse each has an adjusted gross income of, say, $5,000, and you paid medical bills amounting to $800, your deduction would be $650 ($800 less 3 percent of $5,000). The deduction on a joint return would be only $500 ($800 less 3 percent of $10,000).

Another example is the $1,000 deduction resulting from a capital loss allowed against ordinary income. On separate returns, the deduction can amount to $2,000.

Make the most of exemptions

There are five different types of $600 exemptions which may be available to a taxpayer: 1) for the taxpayer himself; 2) for his spouse; 3) for the 65-year-old or over taxpayer, and for the wife or husband who is 65 or over; 4) for the taxpayer, and for his spouse, if blind; and, 5) for each dependent.

These exemptions are normally taken in full. There is no prorating. Thus, if a child is born, say, on December 31, 1957, the father, on his 1957 return, generally can claim the full $600 for the child. The death of a child during the year does not prevent the father from claiming it as a dependent that year.

Aside from the taxpayer and his spouse, the most common exemption is for dependents. Under the law, a dependent is any person: 1) whose gross income is less than $600; 2) over half of whose support is furnished by the taxpayer; 3) who has not made a joint return; and 4) whose relationship to the taxpayer is that of child or other descendant, parent or other ancestor, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, nephew or niece.

There are also special dependents such as children who are students. These dependents can receive more than $600 of gross income and still qualify. The income requirement means taxable income. Thus, the receipt of social security benefits by your mother will not prevent you from taking her as a dependent on your return.

In deciding whether to use a joint return or a separate return in making the most of your exemptions, a problem is the possibility that one spouse could advantageously be the dependent of another taxpayer. To illustrate: if the husband has a salary of $3,580, the tax would be $404 on a joint return. But, if the husband filed separately and his son, who had a salary of $13,200, could claim his mother as a dependent, there would be $108 saving in tax. (The father's tax would be increased to $524, while the son's taxable income would be reduced by the dependency exemption of $600 with a resultant decrease in tax of $228.)

Standard deduction or itemize

Before you choose the standard deduction, add up the deductions that can be itemized: charitable contributions; interest, including carrying charges on installment purchases; state and city taxes; medical and dental expenses; losses from theft, storm, fire or other sudden destruction; periodic alimony; union dues; working clothes and equipment.

Employees' business expenses, such as traveling expenses for salesmen, are deductible from your gross salary so as to arrive at your adjusted gross income on page one of the return. It is much more advantageous to be able to take deductions at this point, rather than on page two, in arriving at net income.

For example, Andrew and Hillary, both married and having two children, are independent salesmen each having a gross income of $10,000 and business deductions of $775. Andrew computes his tax as follows:

gross income	$10,000
less travel expense	775
adjusted gross income	9,225
less standard deduction	922
	8,303
less personal exemptions	2,400
net taxable income	5,903
tax	$1,218

Hillary computes his tax as follows:

gross income	$10,000
less travel expense	-----
adjusted gross income	10,000
less standard deduction	1,000
	9,000
less personal exemptions	2,400
net taxable income	6,600
tax	$1,372

Furthermore, your allowance for the medical expense deduction will increase as your adjusted gross income goes down.

Bunched income and back pay

Say you are an employee for whom a union has obtained a back-pay settlement going back over a period of many months. Under our system of graduated tax rates, taxpayers who receive income in one year for services they had rendered for several years would, ordinarily, be required to carry a heavier tax burden than if they had been paid at the time they worked.

The law, however, permits a taxpayer to spread the income rateably back over the period during which he earned it. The sole requirement is that the back pay must exceed 15 percent of the gross income, including the back pay for the year.

Take the example of a machinist with a wife and two children who receives a payment for back wages for work done in two prior years. For the past three years his salary has been $6,000 a year. At the end of 1957, he received a back-pay award attributable in part to 1955 and 1956 amounting to $5,400 additional. On a joint return claiming the standard deduction, his income tax would normally be computed as shown in the list below:

Year	*Regular salary*	*Tax*
1955	$6,000	$600
1956	6,000	600
1957	11,400	1,680
	total tax	$2,880

Taking full advantage of the law, the worker would report his income and compute his 1957 tax as follows:

Year	*Augmented salary*	*Tax*
1955	$7,800	$936
1956	7,800	936
1957	7,800	936
	total tax	$2,808

With this method, the tax saving is $72.

Prize money

All TV and radio quiz show awards are taxable, your income being the fair market value of the prize. If you receive cash, however, you may be able to reduce your tax by getting the program sponsor to spread the payment of the prize over several years.

Sick pay

Pay which you may have received while you were absent from work due to illness or injury, up to $100 per week, is excludable from your income under certain conditions. You are entitled to this exclusion whether you itemize your deductions or not.

Medical expenses

Often deductible under the category of medical expenses are such expenses as transportation incurred primarily for an essential to medical care. Thus, if your doctor says you must go to another part of the country for treatment or alleviation of an illness, your fare is deductible.

Child care deduction

If you are a working mother or a widower, who must pay others for the care of your children or other dependents who are incapable of self-care, you may be entitled to a deduction up to $600 for your expense.

Casualty losses

A casualty loss may result from a theft, fire, storm or other sudden destruction, as an automobile accident. If the loss is so great as to exceed your income, you can carry back the excess loss to the two prior and then to the five succeeding years until it is used up. This means getting a refund of taxes for the earlier years and reduction for the later years.

Apt Observation

A PILOT in the Air Force sent home a picture of himself in his plastic helmet, space suit and oxygen hose.

"He looks," observed his mother, "like a gasoline pump."

BILL VAUGHAN
—*V.F.W. Magazine*

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North American
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Nort

I Went to Fort Wayne, Indiana to Cover the Thrilling Story of

PEOPLE ON THE GO!

by ALEX DREIER
NBC—Monitor's "Man on the Go"

NORTH AMERICAN
VAN LINES, Inc.
FORT WAYNE

"MAN ON THE GO" in a big North American van! This cab is "a traveling home" for the expert safety-minded driver.

They call me "Man on the Go" with good reason. Roving the world for news behind the news is my job. I've traveled to assignments by luxury liner and bus—by train, jet plane and helicopter. I thought I knew about all kinds of transportation.

But it took only a quick flight from Chicago to Fort Wayne to brief me on an amazing phase of this business of going places: the moving of families.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

NBC
We're goin', places and doing things with
We're going places and doing things w
MONITOR MONITOR

At annual Agents' Convention, Alex hears about North American Van Lines growth in talk with Pres. J. D. Edgett.

Until then I hadn't realized how many Americans change addresses each year. It's almost 40 million. Over half move to a different city; some, to a different country. Industries shift their key men from plant to plant, branch to branch, and their families follow. Older folks retire, seek sunnier climes. Military personnel and civilian officials transfer to new posts here or abroad.

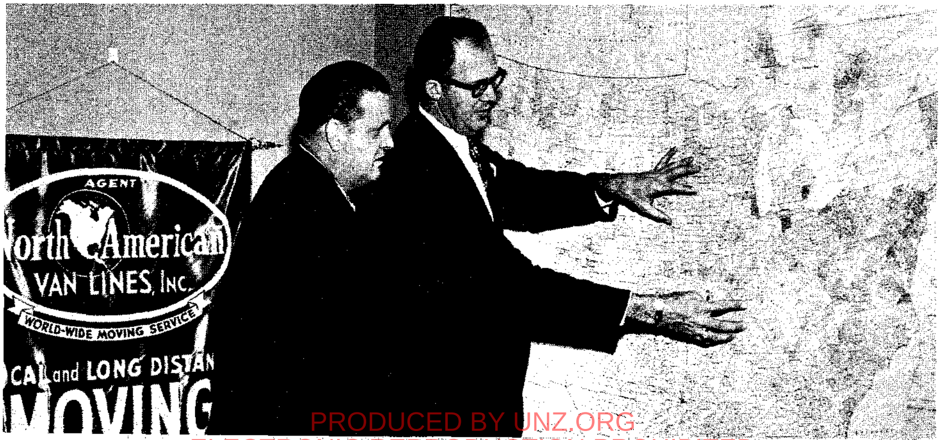
Ours is truly a nation on the go.

This vast migration, I learned, has created a need for dependable moving service—not just in town, but to the far corners of the world.

How well the demand for safe long-distance moving is being met, I discovered when I was asked to report on the news for a new sponsor, North American Van Lines. Before accepting, I had to get familiar with their services. Hence my trip to their World Headquarters at Fort Wayne.

I had my eyes opened! Not so long ago, I knew, anybody who wanted to move to another city had to "shop around" and find a mover willing to let his van go out of town. The chances were, it would have to come back empty. Today firms like North American own thousands of vans which are routed from city to city. One may criss-cross the continent two or three times before it

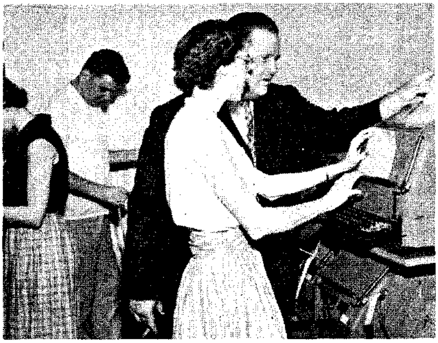
Sales Director W. L. Sneltjes shows Alex how North American's local agents—over 1100 in all—assure personal service at both ends of move anywhere in U. S. or Canada.


AGENT
North American
VAN LINES, INC.
WORLD-WIDE MOVING SERVICE
LOCAL and LONG DISTANCE
MOVING

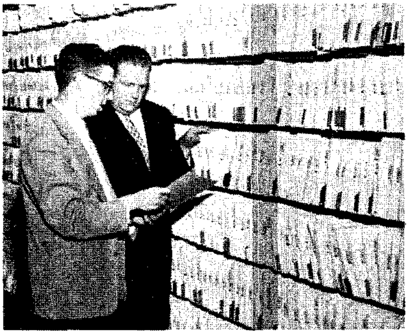
PEOPLE ON THE GO!

WORLD HEADQUARTERS
NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES

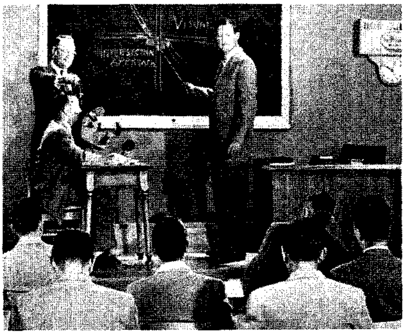
Alex before World Headquarters of North American Van Lines, Inc., serving "People on the Go" all over the globe.



Like electric traffic cops, North American direct-wire dispatching network efficiently controls 2200 vans all over U. S.



Over 100,000 moves a year! Data on each active order is held for instant reference by Contract Department at Fort Wayne.



Classroom of the driver training school. North American also has an actual home where trainees practice packing.

A successful move takes teamwork! Here's a typical group—local agents, packers, traffic experts, etc.—that may be required on a single long-distance operation.

North American
VAN LINES

North American
North American VAN LINES INC.
WORLD WIDE MOVERS

Examining pads and covers in this demonstration van, Dreier is amazed to see what soft, yet durable, protective wrappings North American provides for every article.

returns for reconditioning. North American's nationwide leased-wire network moves vans about like an electronic traffic cop.

It's a teamwork operation, I discovered. That efficient nerve-center in Hoosierland trains drivers who earn numerous safety and courtesy awards. Here too are set the standards of service that have won for North American that enviable title—the "Wife-Approved" movers.

Without taking anything away from Headquarters, though, those local North American Van Lines agents really carry the ball for you. They're all experienced furniture warehousemen—experts at household moving and storage. They do your estimating, packing, storage.

Getting ready for the move—(1) North American agent prepares written estimate after actual inspection of your goods. Estimate will include list of all articles to be moved. (2) Small, bulky objects are skillfully packed in new cartons. (3) Dishes are kept safe and clean by revolutionary "Sof-Pak" method of wrapping.

North American
VAN LINES INC.

PEOPLE ON THE GO!

(*Left*) Special wardrobes deliver all clothing clean, wrinkle-free. (*Right*) Alex's parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Dreier, were delighted by their "Wife-Approved" North American Van Lines move from San Francisco to Larkspur, Calif. "Best yet," they say.

And they're all proud to be affiliated with North American, the leader in world-wide moving.

And this is important to you: North American has more agents in more cities than any other van line, over 1,100 altogether. Wherever your move starts, there's a North American agent to speed your treasures to your new home—all the way in the same van. When the van arrives there's another agent *nearby* to see that all's well.

The experience, efficiency and equipment I saw at Fort Wayne—as illustrated on these pages—sold me up to the hilt. That's why I can say on Monitor, in all sincerity, "If you want to be sure, make sure it's North American Van Lines!"

THE BIG DAY ARRIVES—and (4) the North American mover spreads floor runners where needed for neatness. (5) Larger articles such as the television set, sofa, range and refrigerator, are wrapped in custom-fitted padded covers. (6) At destination, all items moved are checked off on inventory sheets, North American's standard method.

North American
VAN LINES INC.

PEOPLE ON THE GO!

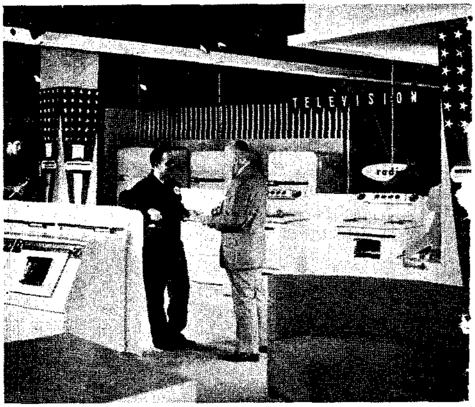
"I learned that those big North American vans also perform many vital services for leading industries."

—ALEX DREIER

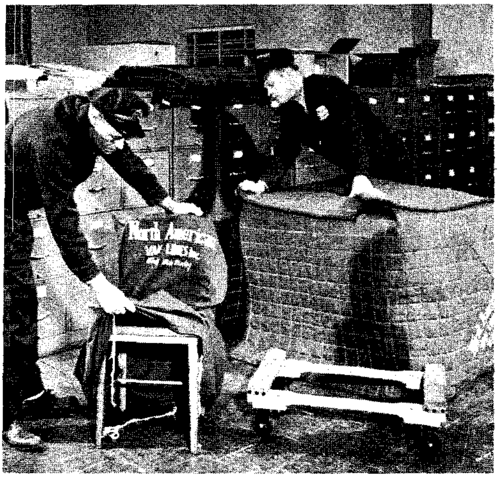
Business firms everywhere save time and money—eliminate extra handling—with North American's specialized industrial services.

These include the transporting of high-value products like electronic brains, X-ray machines, and other sensitive equipment, *uncrated;* trade show displays and traveling exhibits; relocated offices, stores, factories.

If I were a traffic manager, I'd sure appreciate the kind of "package deal" North American offers! It's almost like a supermarket. Only you don't push a wire cart; you just dial your North American agent!

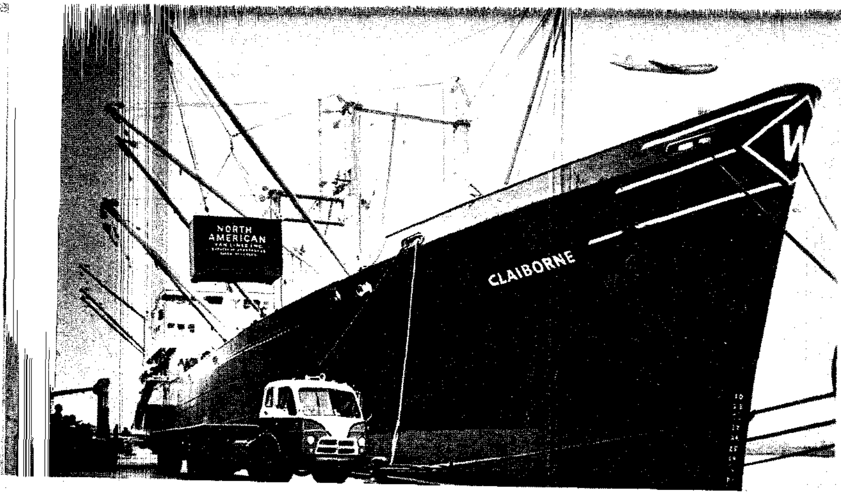


(*Above*) Exhibit displays and many sales training "road shows" travel swiftly, safely, uncrated in North American vans.



(*Left*) Relocating office or factory may require many vans. North American has ample capacity to handle any type of job.

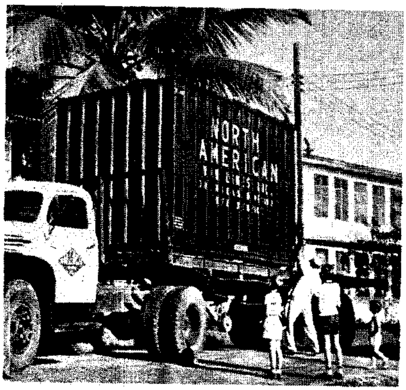
(*Below*) High-value products—lab equipment, electronic brains, etc.—need no crating, via North American Van Lines.



"This 'Wife-Approved' moving service is world-wide . . . via land, sea and air . . ."

I was tremendously impressed to hear that my sponsor, North American Van Lines, not only covers the entire U. S. and Canada, but also Alaska, Hawaii, Latin America—in fact, the entire Free World.

Over 100 agents in foreign lands help button up those transoceanic moves. You get the same "Wife-Approved" service whether your new home's in Frankfurt, Germany, or Frankfort, Kentucky!



(*Above*) Watertight "sea-tote" full of household goods goes from ship to a U. S. family's new home in foreign land.

(*Below*) Uncle Sam's a big customer, too. Alex examines North American shipment for Navy man in his native Hawaii.

MOVING? *Get this Giant Rand McNally Road Atlas FREE!*

120 Pages, Big Maps of All States and Canadian Provinces—$1.75 Value—Given by Your North American Agent with Estimates on Long Distance Moves!

Are you planning a long-distance move? Then call your local agent for North American Van Lines and take advantage of this great offer.

When your North American man submits his estimate on your long-distance move, he'll also present a wonderful Rand McNally Road Atlas *absolutely free.* It will be so handy in picking the best route to your new home, as well as every time you take a trip.

Only authorized North American agents make this offer. Find your dependable agent for North American Van Lines in the Yellow Pages under "Movers." Call him before you make a move. Get his estimate, the FREE Atlas, and a move that's "Wife-Approved!"

LISTEN TO ALEX DREIER "MAN on the Go, for the VAN on the Go" Sundays, 3:50 and 6:05 PM-EST, NBC-Monitor (Radio).

Your North American man offers the finest in local moving, packing, storage. Make him your "Moving Counselor."

Find Your NAVL Agent In The Yellow Pages

NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES, INC.
Dept. C, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana*

Please send name and address of my nearest North American Van Lines agent, and literature as marked. This does not obligate me.

☐ **Long-Distance Moving** ☐ **High-Value Shipments**
☐ **Overseas Moving** ☐ **Exhibit Display Moving**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE

DON'T MAIL THIS COUPON—if there's a North American Van Lines agent in your phone book. He can supply complete information on all our services.

"WIFE-APPROVED" MOVES ®
North American VAN LINES, INC.
WORLD-WIDE MOVING

**In Canada: North American Van Lines Canada, Ltd., Toronto*

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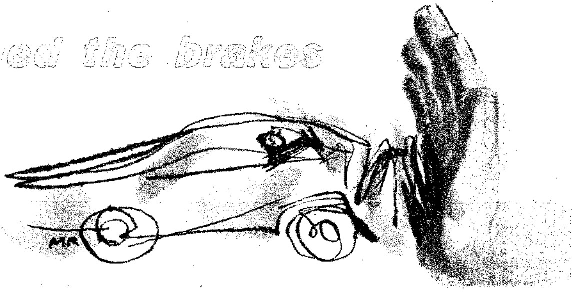
Destiny slammed the brakes

by David Wise



On a dark December night in 1931, at Fifth Avenue and 77th Street in New York, a lone figure alighted from a cab. He hesitated an instant, then plunged across the street through the traffic.

At the wheel of a battered jalopy, driving up the avenue, Mario Contasino, a jobless truck driver, had only a nightmarish split-second to realize that the man had darted directly in his path. He slammed on the brakes but there was a bone-jolting collision.

With the help of a policeman, Contasino gingerly lifted the dazed victim into a cab which raced to nearby Lenox Hill Hospital. In the emergency ward, the man was found to be suffering from a sprained shoulder and multiple lacerations of the face and nose.

The doctors were shocked when they learned the patient's identity. A VIP, he was hustled to a private room and his wife quietly summoned. Throughout the night, two doctors kept close watch over the injured man.

Recapitulating the accident the next day, the man remembered telling Contasino, "It was my fault," before lapsing into semi-consciousness. A distinguished Englishman visiting the United States on a lecture tour, he had forgotten that Americans drive on the right side and had been looking the wrong way when he attempted to cross the avenue.

The injured Briton had a rugged constitution and, as it developed, amazing powers of recovery. Unbelievably, considering the force of the collision, there were no bones broken; and on the fifth day, he was able to sit up.

Later, the man described his experience as "the hardest time I have had in my life." He also said, "I do not understand why I was not broken like an egg shell. I certainly must be very tough, or very lucky, or both."

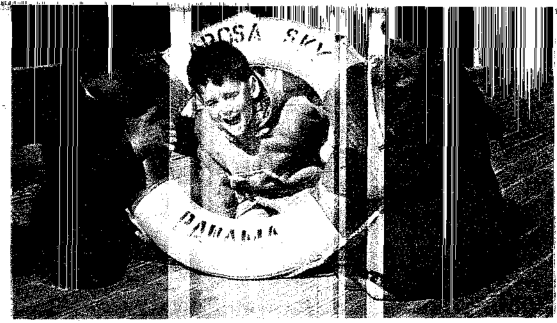
Eight days after the accident, after fighting off an attack of pleurisy, the durable Englishman, bruised, weak, but out of danger, left the hospital in a wheelchair. The very next day, New York newspapers, which had briefly reported the patient's release, carried a curiously related news item from Europe: a rising young German political leader had been thrown violently against the windshield of his car when it smashed into another car on a slippery road near Kyritz, Germany.

But like the tough Englishman, the German's luck held; he escaped with only a broken finger. Destiny, it seemed, had other plans for Winston S. Churchill and Adolf Hitler.

kids in Wonderland

photographs by **EILEEN DARBY**
text by **JAMES A. SKARDON**

Nothing's quite so wondrous as the dream of a child. This is a story of how such a dream came true for Bobby, 7, Ginny, 8, Johnny, 6, (l. to r.) in a real-life visit to Grimm's fairy tale land



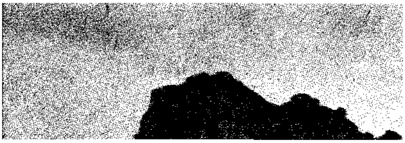
Kids play aboard ship. They had the most fun meeting the captain and watching the gulls.

It all started when two German girls, Lucie and Leni Faninger, were hired by New York photographer Eileen Darby to care for her children. Lucie and Leni not only proved to be wonders at their jobs, but they charmed the children with tales of their native village of Sulzburg in the Black Forest, reputedly the scene of some of Grimm's fairy tales. When the German girls decided to go home for a visit, they asked to take the children with them. Mrs. Darby gave in, and went along to photograph the adventure. Last May the party sailed on the Arosa Sky for Bremerhaven, Germany. From there they drove 450 miles to Lucie's and Leni's beloved Sulzburg. The adventure included many side trips and visits to neighboring lands.

Romping in colorful Sulzburg's market place. The Faninger home is in the center.

Pitching hay on nearby farm. The kids liked the work so much that they kept at it for three hours, despite the heat. Cattle, wheat and wine are major products of the area.

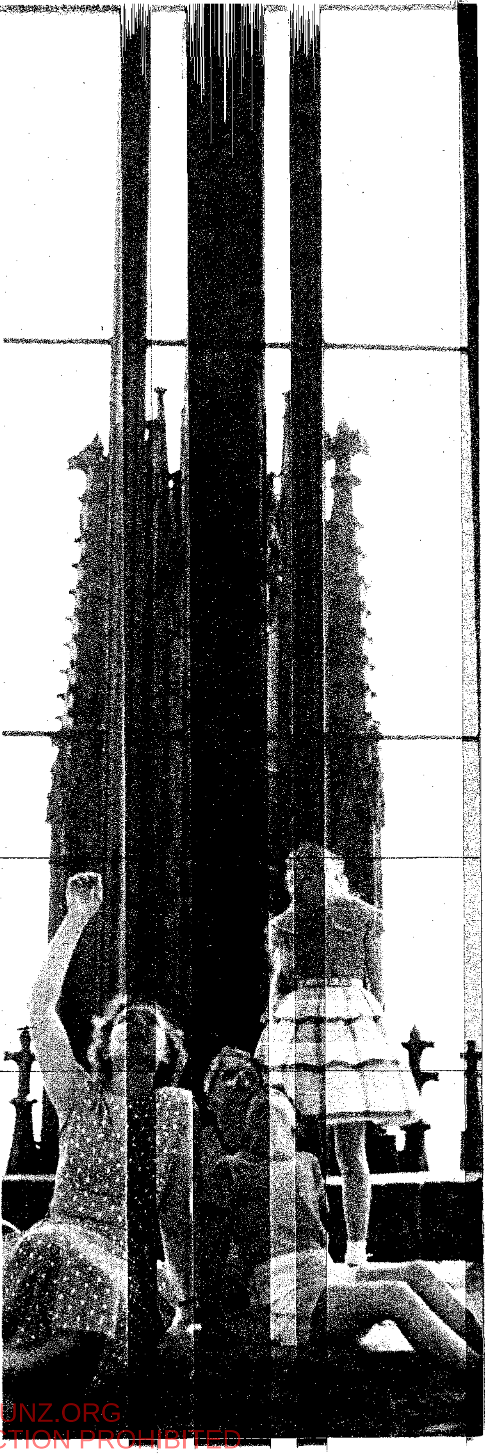
In a neighboring village, famed for its cuckoo clocks, the kids discovered a store full of them set so that there was always at least one bird popping out.



In old Elizabeth church (left) at Marburg, children listen in awe as Leni tells about stone image of ancient German warrior.

They played hide-and-seek among the crumbling ruins of Hochburg castle (lower left).

Leni (below) points to dates on walls of Freiburg church going back to the 1400s.

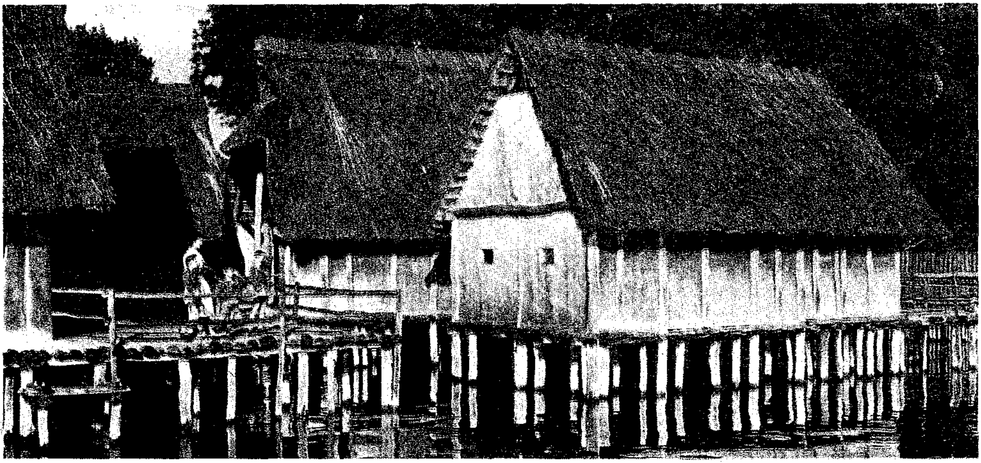


Because Leni and Lucie knew the area intimately, the youngsters learned much more about the places they visited than the average tourist would. Excited from the start at the prospect of visiting this "magic" land, the children became increasingly enthralled. They listened, they looked, and they learned. Beyond this they lived as they learned. They dressed in native clothes and thrived on the solid local fare of bread, fruit, potatoes and green salads. Like Leni and Lucie, they came to love the famed Forest and the rolling meadows and developed a native's reverence for the great Rhine River. Visiting it took on the aspects of a pilgrimage. When they stood in awe on its banks, their mother asked them whether they liked the Rhine better than the Hudson River, which flows not many blocks from their New York town house. They answered: "What's the Hudson, Mommy?"

Sharing a big moment in Sulzburg, Bobby (left) samples the season's first grapes.

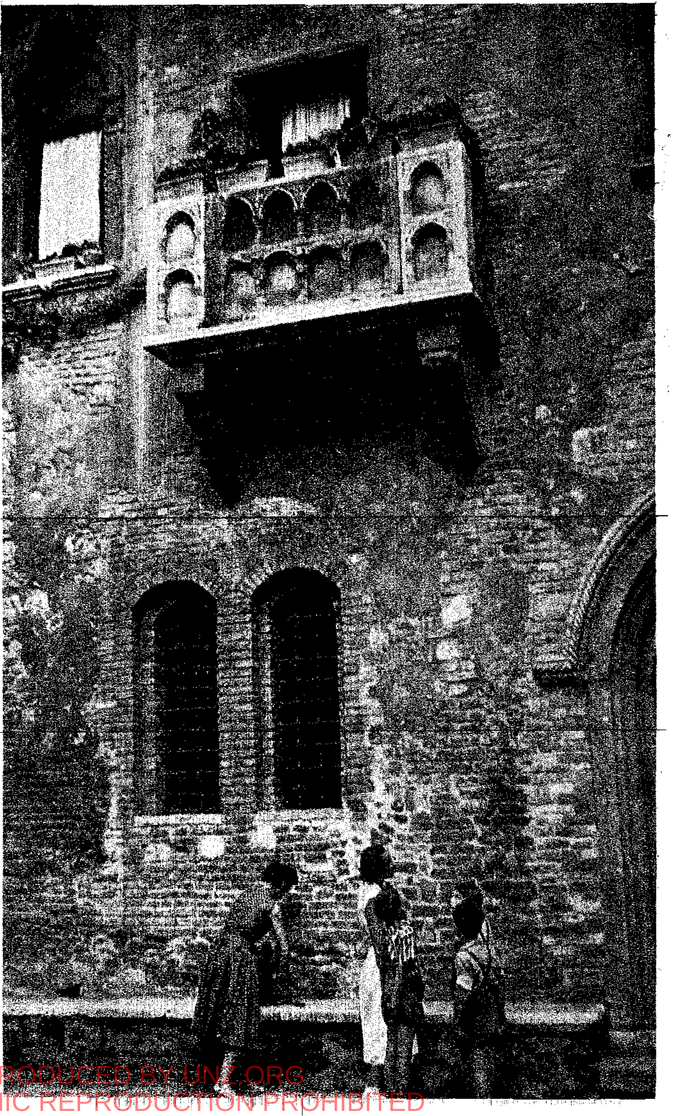
Camping on lake called Bodensee, the children retreat from hungry, aggressive swans.

They view replicas of Stone Age dwellings at Ueberlingen, resort town on the Bodensee.

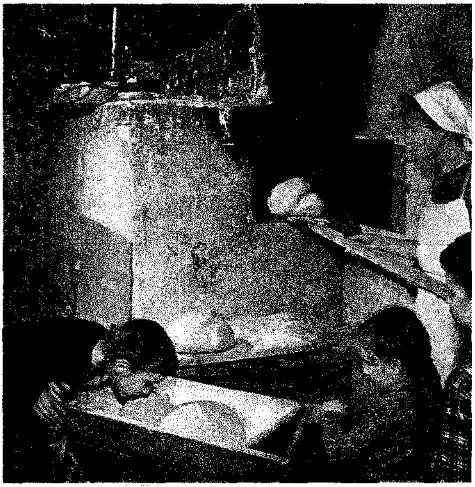


Ginny is "rich" with millions of marks made worthless by German inflation of the '20s.

On trip to Italy, children gaze at Romeo and Juliet balcony in Verona. "Romeo climbed up there?" the boys asked incredulously.

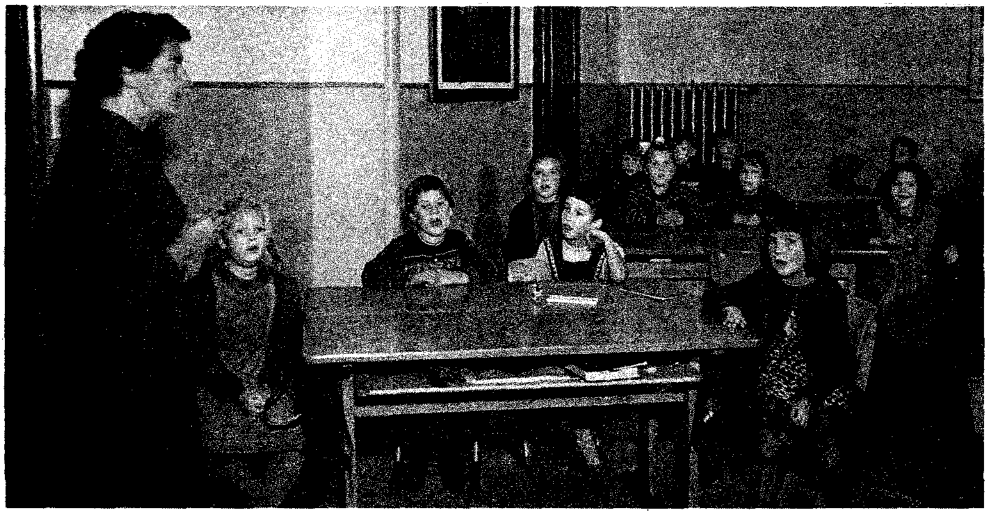


The children merged with the life of their adopted German town even to the extent of going to school. Ginny had already finished the third grade in New York with high marks. But when she was placed in the third grade in Sulzburg, she found most of the work new. She went to school six days a week. And she learned much about local folklore, and music. All three children also learned to read and speak German. But Bobby and Johnny frankly announced that they liked playing German football, similar to soccer, a lot more than going to school.



Children get leave from school to watch Lucie bake "farm" bread in family oven.

Ginny (center) enjoys major German school pastime—singing colorful local folk songs.

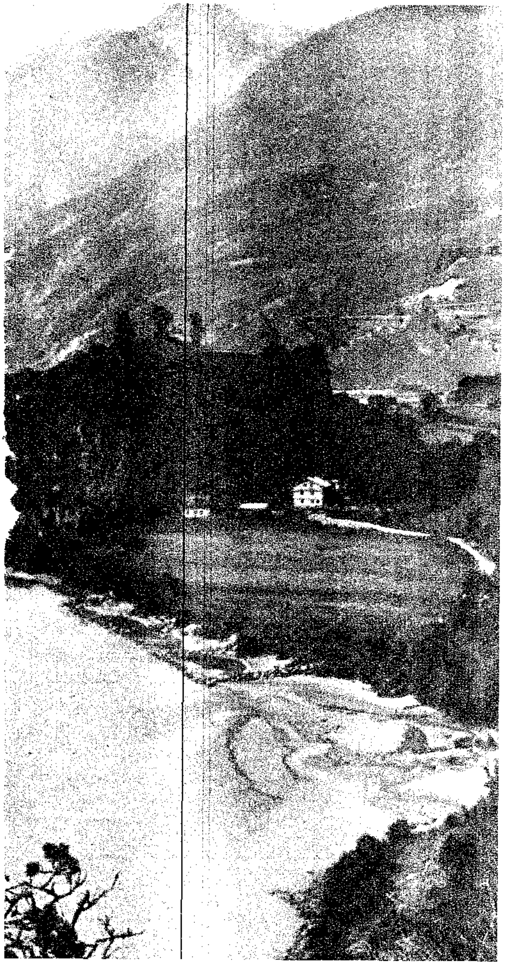


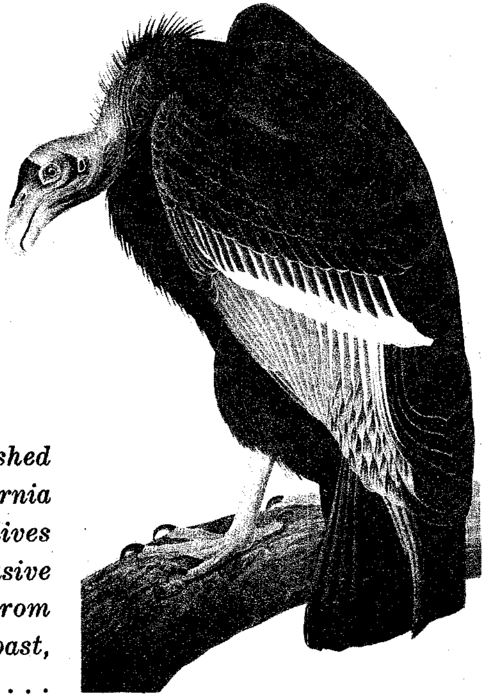
The group, traveling in German car, stops at St. Gotthard pass, Switzerland, to view monument to a flier who crashed near by.

Side trips to Switzerland added thrills and color to the adventure. The children were tremendously excited at the chance to sleep and eat outdoors. At the same time, camping proved an economical way to travel in Europe. Pitching a tent on government-supervised sites cost 75¢ a night, while food added up to about $25 a week for a party of six. During their adventure Ginny, Bobby and Johnny not only had a wonderful time, but they gained great understanding and knowledge of other people and other lands.

In Offenburg, near Sulzburg, Bobby, Ginny and Johnny are intrigued as they watch a *parade of costumed groups from various towns. It was all part of a music festival.*

(Right) Their visit nearly over, the kids gaze pensively at Inn River, in Tyrol, Austria.





On a wind-lashed California mountaintop lives a rare, elusive creature from the dim past, a wily . . .

FEATHERED GIANT OF THE SKIES

by Reed Millard

A VISITOR TRUDGING through a rugged canyon in the mountain wilderness of Southern California's Los Padres National Forest halted in startled amazement as a dark shadow floated across his line of vision and came to rest on the ground almost at his feet. Bending forward he saw that it was a giant black feather over *two feet long*.

He looked up incredulously to see a great black bird with an orange-red head sweep across the sky above him. It was a California condor, the largest bird that flies, and now one of the rarest. There are probably no more than 60 left, most of these in a single lonely stronghold, the Sespe Wildlife Preserve, in the Los Padres Forest.

A prehistoric predecessor of this flying behemoth bears the scientific name *Teratornis incredibilis,* a title which might also be remarkably appropriate for the modern California condor, known simply as *Gymnogyps californianus.* For in size alone he seems just what scientists say he is—a survival from the dim past.

This king-sized monarch of the skies has a wingspread that may reach *ten feet.* And when his huge wings are folded back against his body they give him an impression of bulk far beyond his weight of up to 25 pounds. His spread foot is almost 12 inches wide.

The condor's array of giant feathers gives him awesome prowess in the air, particularly the ability to fly with only a slight motion of his wings. Carl Koford, University of California zoologist who has spent years studying the condor, reports observing one bird which, by tacking and changing direction to take advantage of thermals, soared for more than an hour without flapping his wings.

Getting off the ground at all is a process that can present the condor with an aeronautical problem. He may simply run with great strides and then spring into the air. Or he may start with a series of hops and then run and hop for from 15 to 40 feet, flapping his wings furiously for extra lift. Once airborne, he alternately glides and flaps his way upward in ascending spirals.

A condor often solves the problem of take-off in an ingenious and surprising manner. One of the oddest sights in this high mountain world is to see a condor *walking* up a long slope in order to reach a high point from which, especially in a strong wind, he can merely spread his wings and hop into the air.

The condor is a carrion bird rather than a bird of prey, and many a hunter has hung up a deer, carefully covering it with branches, yet has returned to discover that a condor had pierced the camouflage and fed on the carcass. On the other hand, Edward Harrison, a naturalist who has spent thousands of hours seeking photographs of condors, once tried using a stuffed deer as a bait. Not a single condor came near it.

Since the big bird has no natural enemies except man, who is now forbidden to disturb him, and since his life span averages 12 years and may run up to 45, it might be expected that there would be more condors now than ever. The fact that there aren't has been attributed to a variety of causes.

Some scientists facetiously suggest that the trouble may be in the condor's love life. A condor mates only once every two years, and then the female lays but a single egg. And that egg requires 42 days of careful tending before it is hatched.

After that, the young bird spends five months in the nest, during which time his voracious appetite must be satisfied by the hard-working parents. For two more months the young bird hangs around in the vicinity of the nest, making only short practice flights. All his food must still be carried to him.

"I figure they breed as seldom as they do," says one naturalist, "because they need a year's rest after bringing up junior."

With this slow breeding rate it can be easily understood why the death of a single condor by the gun of a hunter, or the theft of a single egg by a collector, could cut the number of condors. Naturalists think that this accounts for the decline of the condor. Only a few destroyed here and there over a period of time would cause a slow decrease in their numbers.

Though there are a few cases in which condors have permitted a human being to approach within a few feet, usually the huge bird is highly allergic to the presence of man. According to one source, "Adult condors witnessing a person as far away as half a mile from their nests have been known to leave their young to starve."

Just how cautious they can be, however, is best illustrated by a recent condor hunt. It began when Mrs. Belle Benchley, director of the San Diego Zoo, decided that establishment should have at least one specimen of *Gymnogyps californianus;* or better, a pair, which might be induced to breed. Perhaps under carefully controlled conditions the numbers of condors might thus actually be increased.

Would the California Fish and Game Commission grant her permission to trap a condor in the Sespe preserve? Go ahead, the officials told her—if you can find anyone who thinks he can actually catch a condor.

"I'm your man," said Lewis Walker, who had trapped nearly every other kind of animal and bird for zoos and museums. He saw no reason why he couldn't catch a condor.

Walker climbed into the high country of the condors and, after days of studying their comings and goings, set his first trap. It was a pit, roofed with boards cunningly covered with sod. Near it he placed the carcass of a deer.

Thereupon, he descended into the pit to wait, planning to seize a condor through cracks in the cover of the pit, which was the way to catch other large carrion birds. But the trouble was, the condors wouldn't cooperate. The big birds would come gliding toward the tempting bait, then, within 50 feet of it, they would turn and circle skyward.

After waiting four days, Walker quit trying that method. "Condors apparently have a photographic memory of the terrain," he reported ruefully. "If it has changed in any small respect they become suspicious and shy away."

Walker next tried using a network of cleverly contrived nooses on the ground, all around suitable bait. They were completely indistinguishable to a person walking right into them.

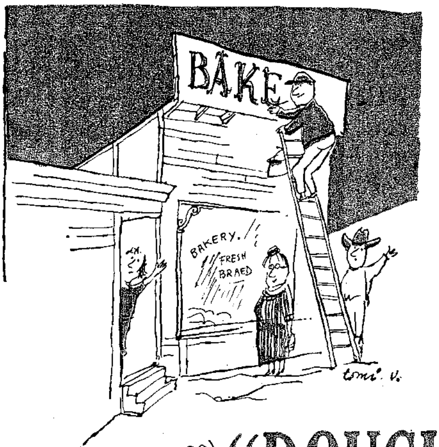
When condors appeared, several alighted near the nooses without hesitation and walked straight toward them. For a moment Walker was elated, then he got the shock of his life. These astounding birds walked right over the loops. But not on their feet, which would inevitably have tangled in them. Instead, they had drawn up their legs and were walking on their tarsi, the "elbows" of their wings!

Dazed, but still undaunted, Walker kept trying for months with every kind of trap he could devise. He caught ten turkey buzzards and several golden eagles, but not a single condor.

Simple Courtesy

"WHEN YOU are driving at night and see an approaching car," says George Gobel, "dim your headlights. If you don't have headlights, turn the radio up real loud."

—*United Mine Workers Journal*

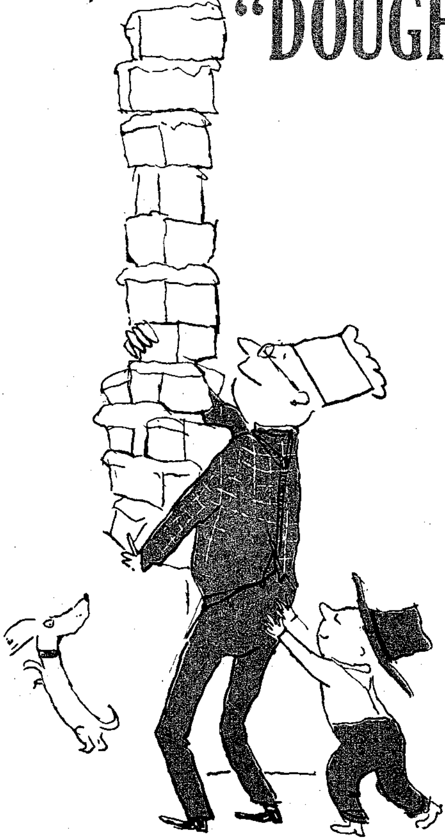


CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

The hilarious adventures of a family who went West with their yeast—and found a new taste for life as bakers to a breadless town

"DOUGH, RAY and ME"

by Pat Kilmer



"TOMORROW WE BAKE," my husband Ray exulted as he unwrapped the package, and sniffed the yeast ecstatically.

Yes, I thought, tomorrow we bake—or else. We had used the last of our coffee that morning. All we had in the world was $2.36. I was full of anticipation and dread. It was going to be wonderful baking, being in business for ourselves. But what if it didn't turn out well? What if Ray had more confidence than ability?

Until four months ago, we had been Mr. and Mrs. Average Automotive Tool Engineer living in a rented house in Detroit (where else?) with our brighter than average (at least *we* were sure of this) children—Boots, a ten-year-old edition of his dad, with his dark eyes

From *"Dough, Ray and Me"* by *Pat Kilmer.* © 1957 by *Pat Kilmer.* Pub. by William Sloane Associates, Inc.

and long legs, and Jean, a blonde, blue-eyed charmer of four.

Then Ray had strode into our living room shouting, "How would you like to be a baker's wife?" This was his greeting to me upon returning from a three-month absence in Arizona. He had gone there to get rid of a sinus infection and had been bitten by the baker's bug while working for pastime in a bakeshop.

"Pat, baby," he urged me, excitedly, "the West is full of little towns wide open to new business—we could be our own bosses—let's do it!"

Hadn't he mastered the art of breadmaking? Wasn't the number of tasty items that could be created from one basic sweet dough limited only by the creator's ingenuity? Of course, he would need a little help from me on cakes and pies and cookies, he went on, happily.

"I'm really sick of working for other people, baby. I'm tired of being laid off. We could have our own bakeshop. No hurry, no pressure. The kids could ride horseback—"

"We want to ride horseback!" Boots and Jean shrieked together.

"W-e-l-l-l," I hedged.

"Out West we could build a house and have several acres for the kids to run in. I can swing it, Pat. Have I ever let you down?"

"No, you haven't," I said. "I'll go along."

Naturally we didn't plunge into the venture without some planning. We must have spent at least an hour balancing our assets. The assets consisted of around $1,500 in savings, whatever we could sell our furniture for, and Ray's limited though confidently evaluated experience as a baker.

We bought a used two-wheeled trailer, new spark plugs for our old car, new tubes for our tires; and got $700 for our furniture.

Ray visited a big yeast company and got a load of "How To" books. Also, he found out that we could set up shop in any town that had a post office; moist yeast in pound bricks was mailable. In the middle of a hot and humid July, we Kilmers started for Somewhere, Arizona. We stopped in Kansas City long enough to spend too much on used bakery equipment and tons of baking ingredients—all to be shipped to us as soon as we were located. It was after we left Clovis, New Mexico, in the rain that the car began to burp blue smoke, and with the motor banging out a one-two-miss-three rhythm we were glad to see a so-called town ahead, even if it wasn't in Arizona.

We pulled up in front of a two-storied wooden building with plate-glass windows and a sign reading: HOTEL. Mr. Walker, the hotel proprietor, came out to meet us. A big fellow nearing 50, he was a person to like at first sight.

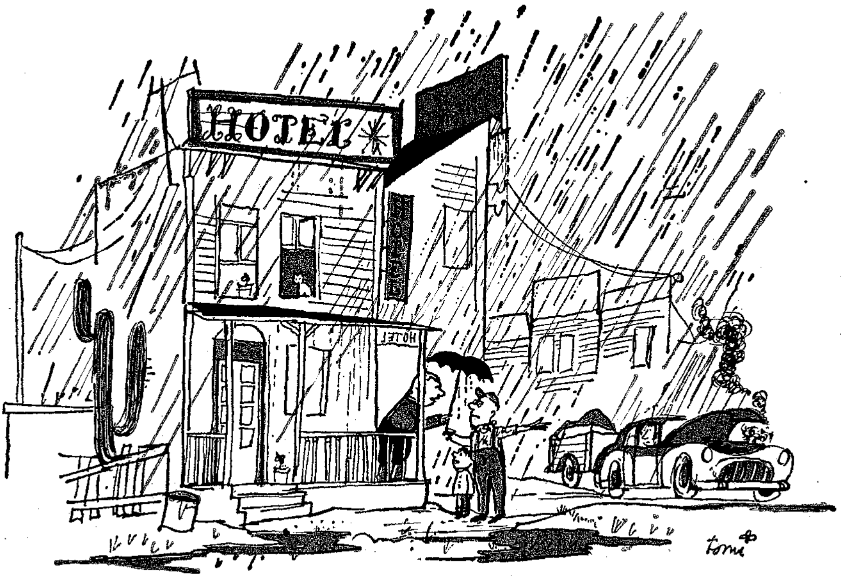
"Howdy, folks. Light down," Mr. Walker yelled.

"I hope you can let us have a couple of rooms," Ray said, as he lit down.

"Jeezabell, yes," Mr. Walker roared. "How long you goin' to stay?"

"Just tonight." Ray was a little on edge. "I don't suppose there's a mechanic here who could do some work on our car—is there?"

"We have the best automobeel



"We have the best automobeel man in New Mexico," Mr. Walker shouted. He always shouted.

man in New Mexico right here in Cabeza," Mr. Walker shouted. He rarely spoke in a normal voice, it seemed.

Our host became aware, finally, that we were standing in the rain. "Jeezabell! Get them children in before they get drowned." He herded us inside.

The combination dining room-lobby was cheerful. A wood fire was blazing in a fat stove. An eyeless antelope head hung above the door and several gorgeous Navajo rugs were scattered about.

On coming down to dinner, we were shown to a large table. The Walkers joined us. Much younger than her husband, Mrs. Walker had a wholesome kind of blonde beauty. Their permanent hotel guest, Roger Padilla, also ate with us.

Roger, the son of a sheep rancher, was the school principal in Cabeza.

Mr. Walker had a way of getting information without making his informant feel interrogated. In no time he knew where we were going (as nearly as we did) and why. Neither Ray nor I tied his suddenly thoughtful expression in with what we had told about ourselves. We sensed no tie-in when he left the table and went outdoors. When he returned, he asked Ray if he was ready to talk to the mechanic.

It must have been a little after nine when I got the children in bed. After I turned off the light I stood for a few minutes looking out the window.

The clouds were gone. Stars were admiring themselves in puddles. Little squares of yellow light marked the windows of adobe houses. Not a harsh street light in sight, nor a garish neon sign. The whole scene had an unspoiled naturalness. Somehow it made me feel content.

For breakfast we had bread with chartreuse polka dots.

"Walker must be making his own penicillin," Ray commented.

"That's mold!" Mr. Walker yelled. "It's the way bread is when it gits here from Albukerk. Comes by mail three times a week."

"Albuquerque isn't so far away," Ray said. "The bread shouldn't be moldy when it gets here."

"It's packed hot—sweats on the way."

That was not true. Bread could arrive from Albuquerque in excellent condition, we found out. Mr. Walker had to dig around to find what he served us that morning. But it was the starting gun in his campaign, and he saw nothing unethical about shooting it off.

"You folks could do good openin' a bakery right here," Mr. Walker bellowed. "We need one bad."

"But is the town big enough to support a bakery?" Ray asked.

"You can't judge by the town, Ray. You gotta figure on Mail Days. Folks come for miles to get their mail."

"I'll think about it, and look the town over," Ray said.

MR. WALKER knew when not to press. After breakfast he walked us down to the garage. Ed Jepson, the mechanic, had the car in fine working order . . . except for one thing. The windshield was smashed.

"Sorry about that," Ed Jepson said. "Wrench slipped. It'll take a couple of days to get the glass from Magdalena, the nearest town."

I expected Ray to blow up. When he didn't, I asked why.

"Because I know a delaying action when I see it," he grinned. "Shush, here comes the strategist."

Mr. Walker faked surprise when he saw the windshield. "That's goin' to hold you up some, Ray. Might's well take a walk around town. Got a place I want to show you."

He led us down the street—er—road to a vacant building, then remembered something he had to do, and left us standing in front of it. Ray peered through a dusty plate-glass window, and said, "It's big enough, anyway."

"It's a trap," I said.

"I know. Wonder what he'll use for bait."

Mr. Walker came right back, bait in tow. Roger Padilla, owner of the building, and T. G. Turner, postmaster and owner of the general store in which the post office was housed, were with him.

Roger unlocked the door and flung it open. The store was much too large for the modest bakery we had in mind, but Roger, undoubtedly coached in advance, immediately pointed out that rooms could be partitioned off.

"I'd be glad to wall off two rooms for you to live in," Roger said.

T. G. Turner came in right on cue. "I'd stop taking bread from Albuquerque, if you settled here."

"We use right much bread at the hotel," Mr. Walker yelled, discharging another bullet from his campaign gun.

"We were planning on Arizona," Ray said, though not very strongly.

Roger produced the clincher. "You can have the first three months rent-free, Ray. After that the rent would be $30 a month."

We had figured on $50 a month at least, and no free rent or living quarters. I could practically hear Ray's brain doing arithmetic.

"It's a nice offer," Ray said, finally. "We'll talk it over."

The three civic-minded gentlemen left us to talk it over.

I knew the trip and the bakery equipment had already cost more than we had thought they would. The sooner we got on an earning basis the better. But this town? From where I stood I could see all of Cabeza, more a concentration of buildings than a town. The building we would occupy, if we stayed, was at the end of the business section, if one could call a garage, a hotel, a general-store-post-office, a vacant store with a barber pole in front, a business section. There were about a hundred little houses, mainly adobe, scattered around.

I had no clear picture of Arizona in mind, but even my foggiest conception was no relation to Cabeza. Certainly, I had not considered settling in a town with no sidewalks, no paved streets, no planned layout. Yet the very lack of those things seemed to emphasize independence rather than suggest backwardness. People strolling by looked happy and *unhurried.*

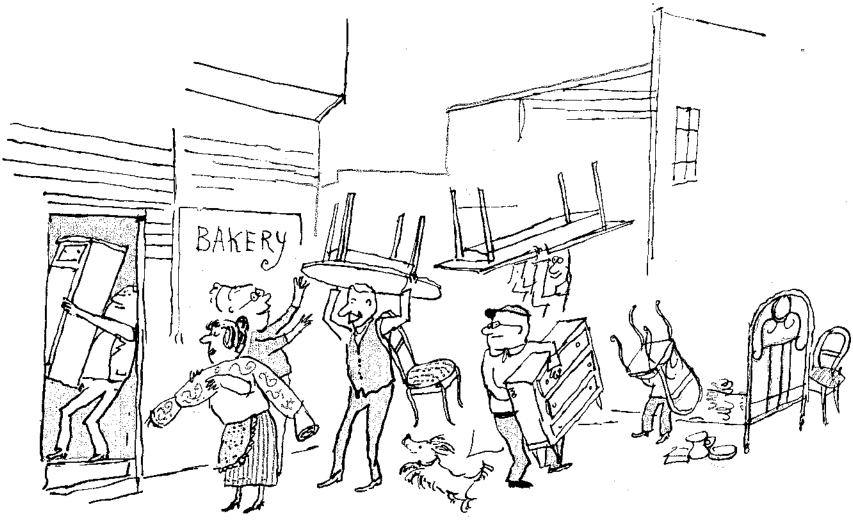
"I like it, darling," I said.

"Me, too. I think it's a good spot."

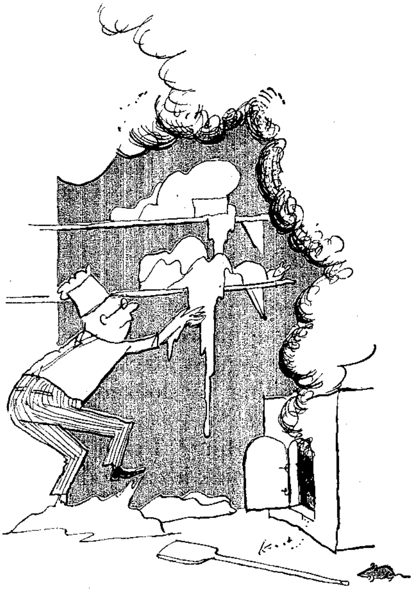
A woman stopped to speak to us. "Nice you're going to open a bakery here," she smiled.

"We're not sure yet," Ray said, bluffing.

Experienced people would have been basing their decision on hard, cold questions like how available were utilities, and how much extra



It was a furniture shower, as Mr. Walker promised—tables, bedstead, even a Navajo blanket!



That bread dough rose . . . and rose . . . again!

was it going to cost to have all of our baking supplies hauled from Magdalena. . . . But we were not experienced people. We were kids with a lemonade stand.

"WHAT'S ALL the excitement?" Ray hailed a man getting out of a wagon that afternoon.

"Mail's in! Say—I expect you're the new baker. Give it to him, Sade." Sade reached under the wagon seat and brought up a mason jar filled with gray stuff.

"We brought you a startin' of yeast," Sade said, and handed it to me. Her face was glowing with neighborly intent. I hadn't the heart to tell her that we would be using commercial yeast. I thanked her and accepted the jar.

Everybody was trying to get into the post office, which was already crowded. Nevertheless, an aisle automatically opened up for Ray and me.

T. G. was busy opening sacks and distributing the mail. A big percentage of the addressees were on hand to receive theirs. Then T. G. opened the bread cartons. Loaves were snatched from his hands as fast as he could get them unpacked. Later we found out that not all of those people bought "light bread" regularly; in fact, not all of them came to town every Mail Day.

But no one within notifying distance had stayed home that day, and as many as could get in bought "light bread."

For all its hasty planning, Mr. Walker's campaign was a success. Ray watched the bread cartons being emptied, exchanged glances with T. G., Mr. Walker and Roger, and committed us with a nod and a grin for each.

We were Cabeza's town bakers.

I GUESS we had been in bed for an hour or so that night when Ray sat straight up.

"Pat, what fuel did Mrs. T. G. use to cook with tonight?"

"Oil. She has a—" A horrible realization choked me off. The hotel kitchen was equipped with a wood-burning stove. Columns of wood smoke rose from all the little adobe houses. The air in Cabeza was pungent with wood smoke. But the oven we bought and had waiting in Kansas City for us was a gas-burning job!

"Maybe this isn't such a hot location, after all," Ray groaned. "No gas—no electricity—"

"No electricity! What do you call

that light we turned off here, and the ones at T.G.'s?"

"I call them lighting systems. A generator in the back yard manufactures the juice."

"You mean everyone hasn't—?" That was *lamplight* that I had gone poetic over the night before.

"That's exactly what I mean, baby. Now that I think of it, I don't remember seeing any light fixtures in that store we're renting. I'll bet Walker and T. G. have the only power generators in town."

It turned out that the only other generator in town was at the schoolhouse.

A whispered consultation followed. We decided to see if something could be done. Ray sent a telegram to our Kansas City suppliers, asking if they had a wood burning oven to send us.

The answer came two days later: CAN SUBSTITUTE COAL OR WOOD BURNER IN FAIR SHAPE. ADVISE.

But by then Ray had done some thinking. "I don't think we'll stay here," he said. "This wood business is going to be a problem."

"Not a-tall!" Mr. Walker roared. "I can let you have a coupla cords to git started with, and there's plenty will fetch wood any time you want it."

"I've ordered lumber for the partitions," Roger informed us.

"And I've told Albuquerque I'll be stopping their bread pretty soon," T. G. chipped in.

Ray finally capitulated. A week later, the place was ready for us to move into and we wished we could do it. Four people living in even a moderately priced hotel ran into money. We had planned to live in furnished quarters. There were no furnished quarters for rent in Cabeza. When our bakery equipment arrived, we would be able to cook our meals in the bakery, but we would still have to sleep at the hotel.

Another week passed, and we still had not received word that our stuff was in Magdalena. We were griping out loud one day, when Mr. Walker heard us. That's when we found out that he and Roger supposed we had furniture coming with the bakery equipment. We explained that we had expected to rent a furnished place.

"That don't make sense," Mr. Walker yelled. "Whyn't you buy some second-hand stuff and start livin' in the bakery right now?"

We couldn't do that. We did not dare spend a penny beyond food and housing until the freight and hauling were paid for. We didn't tell Mr. Walker that. I'm sure he guessed it from the look that passed between Ray and me.

"No, I reckon you'll want to buy new stuff when you buy," Mr. Walker shouted, at once. "But ain't no sense you stayin' in the hotel till you git the bakery goin' good. I'm goin' to give you a furniture shower. I got a bedstead we can start with."

If ever a man was born for people like us to lean on, it was Mr. Walker. We protested some, for our pride's sake, but Mr. Walker yelled our protests down. Furniture showers were common in these parts.

Mr. Walker made his arrangements in the post office, right in front of us. "Now, looky here, folks, Pat and Ray's givin' us something we been needin' a long spell. I reckon we ought to do something for them."

The next morning furniture began to arrive at the bakery. Mr. Walker and Ed Jepson lugged the bed, complete with slats and straw tick, down from the hotel. The other things came by box wagon and car.

We received ten chairs, a round table with extra leaves, and a square table. We got a two-burner oil stove, used. Two kerosene lamps. Roger Padilla came in bringing a Navajo rug, and T. G. contributed two huge water pails.

Ray grinned wryly when he saw those. They reminded him that we hadn't thought about checking our water supply until after he had sent the telegram accepting the wood/coal-burning oven. He was going to have to carry all the water we used.

Our first evening "at home" was not too homey. The oil stove gave me a bad time. We set the bedstead up in one of the rooms, and prepared the other room for the children, dividing the furniture between them, and putting all that was left over in the bakery, which was going to be our living room as well as our place of business. I often wished the bakery didn't have such a nice big plate-glass window, but eventually I got used to eating before an audience.

Near the end of the first week of September our equipment and supplies finally came. And two days later our first shipment of moist yeast—two one-pound blocks—arrived in the mail.

On that first day we baked, when so much depended on Ray's success, he was up before dawn. He kindled a fire under the oven, and stoked it with cedar chunks. It hardly smoked at all—once he got the hang of the dampers. It ate up an awful lot of wood before there was an ash bed that would hold heat, though. But Ray expected that . . . he said. He mixed the first batch of bread dough and set it to rise before breakfast.

I MISSED my morning coffee. Ray didn't appear to know he was drinking cocoa. He was too busy jumping up between gulps to check things in the working area of the bakery. But no one had told Ray about the difference in the amount of yeast required in high altitudes. Cabeza was over 6,000 feet high, and that bread dough rose to meet it.

It rose and rose and rose. Ray did what he called "knocking it down," and it bounced back like a loaded Humpty Dumpty. Long before the proper time had elapsed, he cut and weighed and molded the dough into the bread tins. He placed the tins on the rising shelves, and by the time the top shelves were loaded, the bread on the bottom shelves was blousing out over the tins. He said, "Stay in there, you!" and tucked the dough in.

It bloused out again. Gas bubbles formed on top of the loaves. Finally, in desperation, he shoved the bread into the oven without waiting for the oven to cool to the proper temperature.

Baking, that bread smelled grand; but, in Ray's words, it looked like the devil when it was done. The loaves were a deep black-brown. They had risen sideways and joined together like Siamese twins. He had forgotten to grease the tops of the loaves, so the gas bubbles had burst and fallen in ridges. You could find a map of anywhere in bas-relief on the crusts; also lions, daisies, VIPs, and the Pentagon.

Not all of the tears I shed were from hysterical laughter, though there was that, too.

Ray took it in stride. He went calmly about finding out what went wrong. "The oven was too hot, of course," he commented. "But that wouldn't make the dough rise like this." He broke open a few loaves and studied the craters inside. "Must have been too much yeast," he decided.

A search through the baking books verified that. "I should have read the fine print," he laughed, ready to start baking all over again.

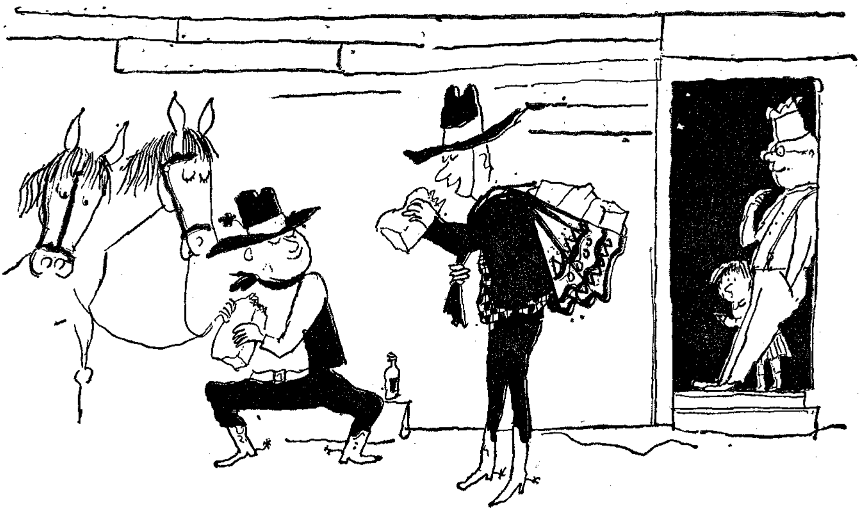
By early evening he had turned out a second batch of 50 loaves, each a baker's dream of smoothness and even texture, each the color of ripe wheat.

"Now do you believe that I can bake, Pat?"

"Darling, I believe," I answered. And I did.

We wrapped the bread in wax paper, and were ready to open for business.

There is, in my opinion, no more arresting aroma than that of freshly baked bread. It will tempt a woman off her diet, jerk a man off a horse, and make a kid wash his hands voluntarily. Our bread was no exception. Drawn by the fragrance of it, customers were waiting when we opened the bakery door. We had about seven seconds in which to experience the thrill of our Grand



Delicious? Why, two cowboys tore the wrappers from their loaves and ate most of it on the spot.

Opening before we were stampeded. Mr. Walker, the hotel proprietor, took five loaves for the hotel. T. G. took 15 for the general store. In less than half an hour we were sold out. Two bespurred cowboys paid us a lovely and unpremeditated compliment by tearing the wrappers from their bread and eating most of it on the spot.

"I never smelled anything that tasted so good," one of them commented.

Ray began to think in terms of a larger oven, and maybe a baker-helper.

The disposition of the first batch of bread posed a problem. Ray had stacked it in our bedroom before we opened for trade, but obviously it couldn't stay there. We couldn't throw out 50 loaves of bread in Cabeza without arousing curiosity. Ray thought of loading the bread into our car after dark, and disposing of it way out of town. But suppose someone saw him . . . and wondered. Burning it a few loaves at a time in the firebox under the oven would take hours, and probably send out a smell that would make the citizens more than just curious.

That reduced our alternatives to one: after our children were asleep, Ray pried a wide board loose from the floor of our bedroom, shoved the bread under the floor, and pushed it back with a long stick. At worst, we might have to bear up under the odor of mold, for a while, we thought.

That bread never had a chance to get moldy.

Mice came. In droves, swarms, bevies, or whatever mice come in. They got drunk on all that unexpected food, and brawled and squealed all night long. Night after night. Apparently they slept it off in the daytime, but come night again, the party was on.

Eventually the bread was gone, I suppose, for the mice moved into our living quarters and the bakery. They played hop scotch on the beams and brought their children along for the fun. There seemed to be no place they couldn't get onto or into.

We set traps. We caught mice by the neck, by the tail, and by the leg. More than once we caught two in one trap. We kept them out of the flour, sugar and other things mice like by fitting tight covers to the containers. That did not discourage them.

They stayed on and took pot-luck in the form of any edible matter that was not encased in tin.

Boots displayed his first interest in the baking business by dragging home a king snake. A boy had shown him how to hold the snake's head down with a forked stick while he slipped a noose over its head.

"King snakes don't bother people, Mamma," Boots explained. "They eat mice. We can keep him penned up in the daytime, and let him out at night, and pretty soon we won't have any mice, and you won't have to throw away anything."

He stood in the middle of the bakery, with what looked to me like 15 or 20 feet of thrashing gray reptile curling around his feet, not seeming to think there was anything unusual about a snake slithering around our rooms in search of mice at night.

I didn't say no. I was too scared to say anything. Jean, on the other hand, couldn't get her mouth closed. It stayed opened on a prolonged and terrified scream.

Ray came in before either Jean or I died standing up. He listened while Boots explained again that a king snake was just what we needed.

Ray nodded as though in complete agreement. Then he grinned, and said, "But you know how women are, son. Afraid of their shadows." He picked the snake up and let it wind around his arm, to prove that he was on Boots' side, and would love to keep it. "But I guess we'll have to let him go, Boots. I don't think your mother and Jean will ever get used to him."

"Women!" Boots said, and removed his snake.

But we had to find some way of exterminating the mice, or move out ourselves. Finally we took our problem to Mr. Walker.

"JEEZabell, I shoulda told you to look out for varmints," Mr. Walker yelled. "Here, take some of these—" handing me some little green biscuits "—and I'll give you the loan of my two mousers."

The green biscuits were loaded with arsenic or something equally lethal. I'm sure no mouse ever survived a nibble, but I lived in terror of Jean trying one. The mousers were scrawny, sadistic characters with bald patches. They killed mice, though. In two weeks we were able to dispense with the biscuits and the mousers, and go back to traps.

We never did achieve complete extermination—but we got to be expert at making a nibbled pie edge look like it had bumped into another pie.

In the first two weeks after we opened for business, we could barely keep ahead of the demand for our product. Then there was a gradual lessening of the demand. Ray said we had to expect that. The novelty, naturally, would wear off. Only I hadn't expected it to be that way. I expected continuous and growing prosperity, not a high beginning and a low leveling off.

Still, we were doing all right. We were living well and, more important, we were happy. We had independence and freedom. And look at the children! Had I ever seen them so content? Boots could roam the mesa and the hills, and we didn't worry. Jean was not penned in a fenced back yard as she had been in Detroit. And wasn't it wonderful to go for a drive and not get trapped in a traffic jam, breathe carbon monoxide, squint through exhaust smoke, and have our eardrums assaulted by griping car horns? Surely these things compensated for having less money than we had hoped for.

With Christmas approaching, Cabeza hummed with business and prosperity came to the bakery. We had to bake as much on between-

Mail-Days as on Mail Days. The bakery did so well in December that January came as a shock to me. It was snowy and windy. People stayed home, and by the end of the month we were still $9 short of the $30 needed for rent. Ray sold our radio for $10, and we decided on a budget.

"We'll set aside a dollar a day," Ray stated. "No matter what we have to do without."

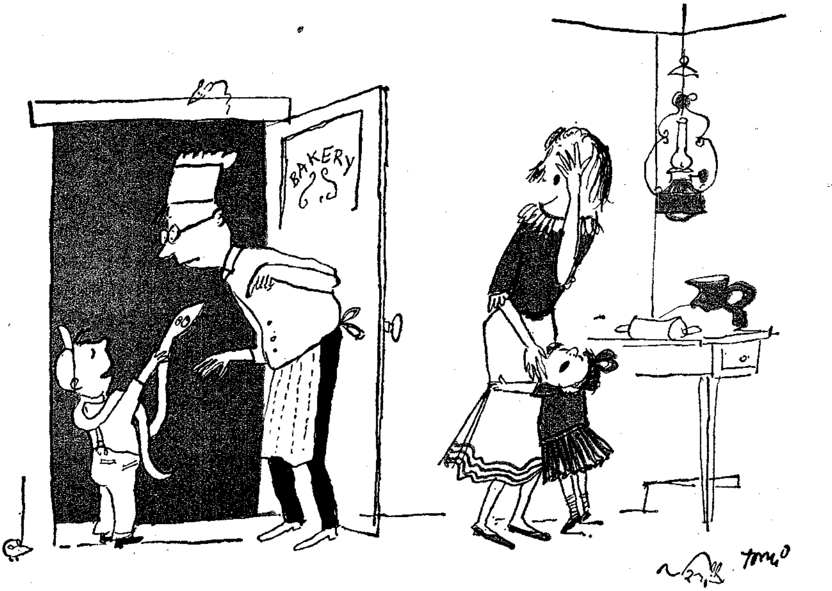
Even so, we lived a day-to-day, almost a sale-to-sale existence. There were days when, after we put aside baking-supplies money and wood money and living-expense money, there'd only be 85¢ or 74¢ left to drop in the rent fund. We made up the shortages, though, by substituting oleo for butter, salt pork for bacon, dried eggs for fresh eggs.

We learned a few things about business that year; we learned that profit is not what you take in, but what's left over after costs. We learned that the owner of a business is last to be paid, and often goes unpaid. We learned that capital isn't only money; it's purpose and willingness, as well. Sadly, we did not learn that capital is also hindsight, foresight and insight.

Our pattern of tolerating a day-to-day existence didn't change until the end of June. We ate well when we could, poorly when we had to, wore shoes longer before having them repaired, and noticed without concern that some of our clothes needed replacing.

Then Roger Padilla, the school principal, gave a party at his ranch.

The Padillas were an old Southwest family, and their home showed it. But it wasn't the lovely antiques



"King snakes don't bother people," Boots was explaining. I was too scared to say anything . . .

or the thick rugs that made me start to think longingly of Detroit. It was the nice, cold ice, the gleaming bathroom and the current magazines and newspapers stacked under tables.

The next day Ray put it into words. "Yesterday showed me and you, too, evidently, just what we've come to, how much we gave up to come out here. We've been in Cabeza 11 months, and how much have we saved?"

"We have that $40—"

"Right. Our emergency fund, in case we need a bottle of aspirin or something. And how have we managed to save even that much? By going without things we ought to take for granted. The kids are growing out of their clothes. Where are replacements coming from, Pat? Having a pair of shoes resoled, or the price of a haircut throws us into a financial tizzy."

"You make things sound worse than they are. We have as much as almost anyone in Cabeza."

"The people here are used to going without. It's no hardship for them. You and the kids aren't used to it, so it is a hardship for you. I can get you back to the living level you're accustomed to, and I'm going to do it. We'll sell out and go back to Detroit."

RAY publicized our decision to leave in the best possible way. He announced it at the post office.

The first reaction was disbelief. Then we had a rush of offers to buy the bakery—but all wanted to pay us in installments from their anticipated profits.

By mid-July we had run out of offers, and Ray was beginning to look happy. He loved baking. But he said this life was too hard on us—his family. And me—I was bemused by the delights of Detroit.

So we started scrimping even harder for our getaway fund. We thought of new products and tried them. Potato chips, fried in the same fat as the doughnuts, individual pies, jelly doughnuts, more varieties of cookies, all sold beautifully.

At the end of the second week in September, our getaway totalled $200. We had saved $54 in two weeks. Back in June I'd have said it couldn't be done.

We decided to leave in two weeks. Ray told T. G. to reorder bread from Albuquerque. And Boots and Jean, realizing for the first time that we were leaving, were heartbroken.

By the following Thursday we were ready to go; the suitcases were packed, the bakery was swept and cleaned; there was nothing to hold us.

That night, thunder woke me. A torrent of rain swirled around the bakery.

I closed our window, then went to check the children's room. I stepped in water, and I heard a gurgle. Water was pushing through the crack under the door, hardly stopping to spread.

I ran to our room and shook Ray. "Get up!" I screamed. "We're being flooded!"

Ray immediately went into action. He carried the children into our room, put them on our bed, and lit the lamps. Then we went to investigate the bakery.

Six inches of water were swirling

around the oven, counter and lapping at our suitcases. The water was mounting steadily. Ray opened the outside door, and it began to cascade out. Meanwhile the rain had begun to slacken.

Later we learned that we had had a cloudburst. Water rushing down the hillside and slamming against the building had taken the line of least resistance, through the door and into our quarters.

The silt-laden water left its mark everywhere. The walls had brown scallops to show the depth it had reached. The furniture legs and floor were damp and mud colored. Everything we had packed was soaked and stained.

IT'S A WONDER you wasn't drowned," Mr. Walker yelled when he saw the place. Then he carted us all over to the hotel for breakfast.

Mr. Walker must have lost no time reporting our flood. For when we got back to the bakery after breakfast, three of our neighbors were already cleaning up the mess. They wouldn't even let me pick up a broom.

Mrs. T. G. invited us for supper. And the Walkers insisted we stay at the hotel until we left, as the bakery was still damp.

I couldn't fall asleep, and went to stand at the window as I had stood that first night. It might have been only the tick of a clock since I had first looked out on this same scene.

I began thinking of the people today rallying round to help us, not letting our imminent departure change our status. Did I honestly believe that we were going to find a better life just by flipping a light switch in Detroit? And while I was examining things, I might take a look at what I was doing to the three people who meant most to me, dragging them back to a life none of them wanted to go back to. Though they would try not to, they would probably always hold a little resentment against me.

"Treating that window curtain kind of rough, aren't you, baby?" Ray said out of the darkness.

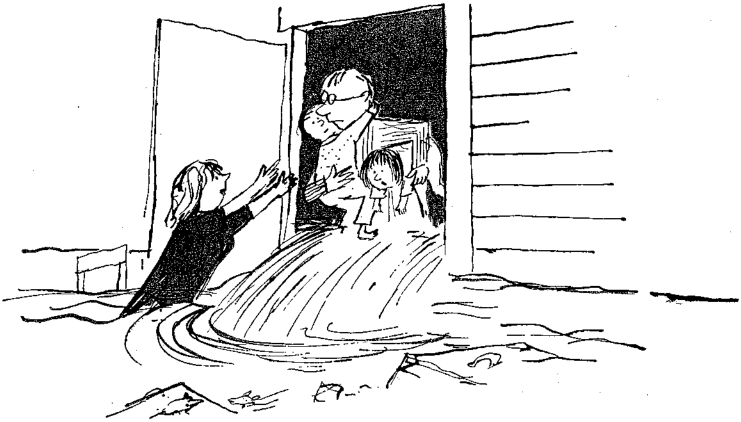
"Darling, I've been such an idiot. I don't want us to leave Cabeza—I want us to stay here. It isn't too late to change our minds. The getaway money will get us started again. Please, darling, let's try again."

"I've been hoping you'd feel this way," Ray said. "If you mean it, I know we can do it. I've been doing some thinking myself. The bakery has been making money for us the last few months. But it can make much more.

"There's a real need in Cabeza for a lunchroom. The hotel only serves meals, and that's all Mr. Walker wants to be bothered with. But people driving through Cabeza, or coming in on Mail Days, want snacks. We'll open a lunchroom in connection with the bakery."

Ray added a couple of provisos to our plans, just to make sure I knew what was what.

"We've made other mistakes, too. Cheapening our product instead of daring to ask a few more cents. Suiting our needs to income instead of the other way around was another.



I heard a gurgle . . . "Get up," I screamed. "We're being flooded!" Then Ray went into action.

But once we're rolling, we'll proceed on the assumption that the bakery can make money enough to provide the kind of living we want.

"If we want shoes or red meat or a haircut, we'll buy it, and make the bakery pay for it. We're going to order a daily newspaper and a couple of magazines. We're going to get a woman in for a few hours a day to help with the baking. You'll send the laundry out. I'm going to hire a big kid to carry water. Our trouble has been that we thought ourselves into a state of poverty. From here on, we think only in terms of prosperity."

I do not want to create the impression that new purpose and revitalized incentive oiled the path of progress so that we just slid smoothly along. There was a lot of uphill going, and some slipbacks. No slipbacks, however, so serious that we couldn't find something to grab before we hit bottom.

I write "we," but actually it was Ray who led, who always stabbed out boldly and sank a grab-hook before we fell too far. Sometimes it was an idea for a new profit-netting item, sometimes no more than a dare directed at me.

Where does a story such as this end? The day we had to enlarge the bakery-lunchroom? The day we could afford to hire a second full-time helper? The day the final nail was driven into our house? Maybe it was the day a bathtub and other bathroom accessories were delivered. Or the day the icebox came.

But I do know that we Kilmers emerged triumphant after nearly total defeat. Defeat of our own making, to be sure. But maybe that makes the triumph even more significant. We did not do it alone. We had the backing of an entire town, indeed, a good part of a whole county. But it was Ray's premise of presuming success, my willingness to go along with it, that brought us through.

Plus a lot of hard work and heartache. ♛ ♛ ♛

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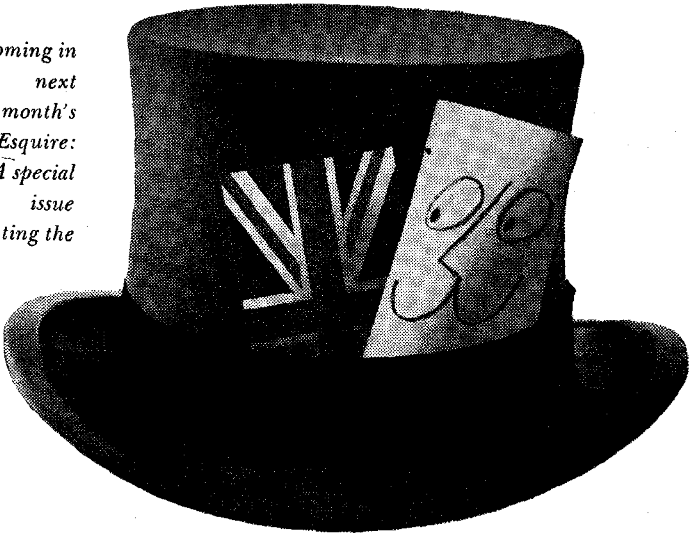
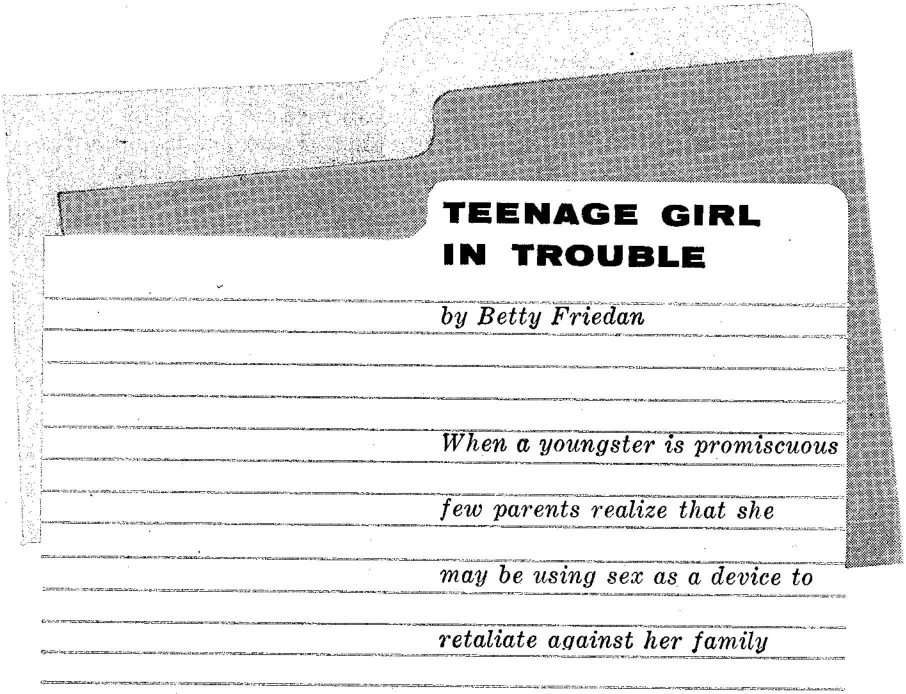


BEST OF BRITAIN

An Esquire editorial task force has spent months combing Great Britain for material which will illuminate and help direct the soaring number of Americans who travel in the British Isles and purchase fine British exports at home. Esquire's April issue will provide a discriminating guide to the Best of Britain in literature, from the great G.B.S. to the controversial A.Y.M. (Angry Young Men); in articles by such sharply perceptive writers as Malcolm Muggeridge, Drew Middleton and Leslie Fiedler; in photographs examining the most imitated man in the world, the British Gentleman; plus a bonus section defining and displaying Britain's best luxury products.



TEENAGE GIRL IN TROUBLE

by Betty Friedan

When a youngster is promiscuous few parents realize that she may be using sex as a device to retaliate against her family

IN A POISED, PLEASANT voice the woman told social worker Emily Gould her name, a prominent one in the suburb's civic and social life. She said she had come about her 16-year-old daughter Phyllis.

"She has gone steady with six boys in the last six months," the woman began. "Her school work is suffering. My husband and I don't know what to do.

"We weren't too strict with her," she went on. "High school girls out here start going steady so early. I was glad Phyllis was popular. I let her date as often as she wanted, as long as I knew where she was going." The woman paused, looking down at her alligator bag.

"What is it you're really worried about, Mrs. P.?" the social worker asked.

"We still can't believe it could happen to us," the woman's voice shook. "We think she has been intimate with boys. We are so afraid she will get pregnant. She was such a sweet, good girl, and she is turning our life into a nightmare."

It was a story that Mrs. Emily Gould, the white-haired, young-faced director of the Westchester County, New York, branch of the Youth

Consultation Service at White Plains, had been hearing with frightening frequency in the last few years. She suspected what Mrs. P. did not—that her daughter's sexual behavior was *not really sexual,* but an acting out of emotional problems which needed help.

Psychiatrists have recently become aware of this increase in "sexual acting out" among teenagers. It is a problem seldom spoken of, but faced today by increasing numbers of parents in quiet suburban neighborhoods of the nation as well as in city slums. Youth Consultation Service, which was set up by the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1909 to provide professional help to adolescent girls in trouble, used to hear such stories only from girls from poorer neighborhoods. Now, they are from "nice" girls, from middle class homes. They come at the rate of four or five a month to the branch office in Westchester County, America's wealthiest suburban area. Other social agencies in Westchester report waiting lists of such cases. But even more girls whose sexual behavior signals trouble are not getting the help they need.

Mrs. Gould knew of five other girls in this same suburban town who were saying goodnight to their parents, putting coats on over their pajamas and slipping out in the night to meet boys. Their parents had been as helpless as Mr. and Mrs. P. in trying to stop them. One father, a successful building contractor, had finally come to Mrs. Gould after locking his daughter out. It was a hard job to make him understand his daughter was paying him back for wishing she'd been a boy, so she could carry on his success.

In another part of Westchester, a scientist and his wife, the pillar of suburban musical activities, waited until their 15-year-old daughter was pregnant before seeking help. When Mrs. Gould asked the girl: "Is this the first boy you've been intimate with?" the girl had said simply: "It would be easier to tell you that there were only two boys I've gone out with that I didn't sleep with." This girl, like Phyllis, had been acting out, sexually, her discouragement about her own worth; in the shadow of her brilliant family, she felt she had nothing else to offer.

"The moral and social implications—and their own emotional reactions—make this problem extremely difficult for parents to handle," explains Dr. Harris Peck, a noted psychiatrist. "It's almost impossible for parents to understand that their daughters are using sex for something other than sex. The girl can't tell them because she doesn't know herself. *But the unconscious message she is acting out in her sexual behavior is actually directed at her parents.*"

When Phyllis appeared for her first interview with the psychiatrist she came hesitantly into the office, a pretty girl with dark blonde hair that somehow didn't look right in sophisticated curls around her big, brown angry eyes. Despite her hairdo and the self-conscious way she stuck out her bosom under her pink cashmere sweater, she looked younger than 16. Her lipstick was slightly smudged. She pulled her skirt down awkwardly over her fluffy crinoline petticoat as she sat down.

She started to tell the doctor about Bert, the senior she was forbidden to date. She said that she "loved" him, and he "loved" her, and they were going to get married someday, and they were going steady. But she couldn't tell the doctor what he looked like. She couldn't remember, either, what any of the others looked like.

"All those times, in Bert's car, and the others' too, it was as if it wasn't really me at all, as if somebody else was doing these things, not me, as if I wasn't really there," Phyllis told the doctor. "I didn't even want to think about it afterwards. It made me feel bad. Like I was doing something I really didn't want to, but I had to. Anyhow, if I didn't, he wouldn't want to go steady with me."

In high school, when the other girls were starting to go steady, when the other girls talked about boys, she got a "bad, lonesome feeling inside." As if they knew something she didn't. As if she knew, somehow, no boy would ever want to go steady with her.

"I don't have what it takes, like other girls," Phyllis told the doctor. "I never know what to say to boys."

She just couldn't figure out why Bert E., a senior who'd gone steady with a lot of girls, would ask her to the party. Unless all the other girls had dates. It was a "make out party" in the playroom in Mary C.'s basement. Mary's parents weren't home. Phyllis had never been to a "make out party," but she'd heard the sophisticated girls, the ones that went steady, talk about them at school.

She wanted to be like the other girls. She couldn't see what they were doing because someone had turned the lights out. She kept wondering what they felt like when Bert kissed *them*. She didn't feel anything herself. She was glad when Mary's parents came home, and they had to turn the lights on. She liked having the other girls see she was there, with Bert.

But in Bert's car going home, she couldn't think of anything to say. She knew he'd never take her out again. And she wanted him to. When he put his arms around her, and said, "I like your sweater," it was like something she'd been waiting for a long time. It made the lonesome feeling go away.

She didn't like it at all, what happened after that. She wondered if that's what the other sophisticated girls did, and she just didn't know. But if she didn't, he might not take her out again.

Only, he didn't seem to like it much either. He got mad when she kept saying, "Don't you like me any more, Bert?" The "bad, lonesome feeling" was worse than ever after he took her home—so bad, she didn't want to go to school.

She told herself they were "going steady" for three weeks. But he always looked the other way when he passed her locker at school. She wouldn't look at him either. When other boys started asking her out, she thought it would serve Bert right. She was as good as any girl at getting boys, wasn't she? She "went steady" with six boys in six months. But she knew there was only one reason a boy would take her out. During algebra class, all she could think about was how bad she was.

"Something about me just seems to make boys want to, and make me not able to say no," she told the psychiatrist, sadly. "I just can't control my sexual drives."

"There is something driving you to do things you don't want to," the doctor said. "But it isn't sex. When you feel comfortable about yourself, you can control your actions."

Mrs. Gould asked Mr. and Mrs. P. to come back together to the Youth Consultation Service. She explained that when nice girls like Phyllis acted oversexed, it was often because they didn't have "a good sure feeling about being a girl."

"Is there anything in your own life that might make Phyllis feel it's pretty poor stuff being a woman?" Mrs. Gould asked.

Mrs. P. looked puzzled. She was envied all over town for her beautiful home and happy, successful marriage, she said. "No one has ever heard us quarrel. My only interest in life is my family and helping my husband get ahead. I have a gay time with the children, even when my husband is away."

Mr. P., a powerful-looking, reserved man, had not said a word during the interview. "My business doesn't permit me to spend much time with my family," he said, "but I've been able to give them all the material advantages I missed myself."

"Maybe Phyllis needs something else from you," the social worker said, "to value her own worth as a girl."

"My father never notices anything I do," Phyllis told the psychiatrist. "He's just busy all the time. No matter what I wear, my mother always looks at me as if I don't have it on right. But my father doesn't look up from his papers at all. The only thing that matters to my father except business is my brother Bobby's Little League games. It's a big deal when Bobby gets A's. It doesn't matter what I do."

"Don't bother daddy now—he's busy," Phyllis' mother would say to her when she was nine, and anxious to show her father how well she could dance. She was a good dancer. But at 13, at ballroom dancing class, she was sure no boy would ask her to be his partner if any other girl was left. So usually they didn't. She learned, at 13, that just by holding her body in a certain way against the boy's she could have plenty of partners—even if she couldn't "talk silly like the other girls." She also saw that the way the other chaperoning mothers stared at her upset her mother.

When Phyllis started to menstruate, she didn't want to listen when her mother told her the facts of life. "It just disgusts me," she told the doctor, "this phony act Mother puts on about save it for marriage, sex is so beautiful when you love a man and he loves you. When I know she and my father don't love each other at all. They never even kiss each other. My mother watches the Late Show practically every single night, even when he's home."

Mrs. P. cried, in the Youth Consultation Office in White Plains, when she finally understood Phyllis' problem. "She must want to hurt us

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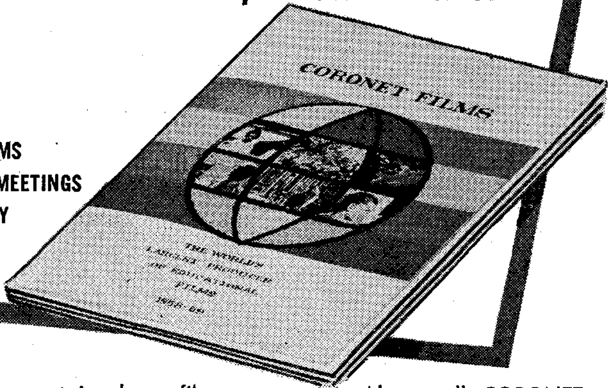

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very badly, not to care how she's hurting herself," she said.

"She doesn't really see how she's hurting herself," Mrs. Gould explained. "A girl who doesn't feel her mother enjoys being a woman, somehow can't see herself growing up and getting married as most girls do. That's why it makes no impression when you tell her to save sex for marriage."

"None of her parents' threats or pleas or warnings of trouble will stop a girl like Phyllis," states Dr. Peck. "For she is actually using sex in order to get herself into trouble, and disturb her parents. They must realize that she feels no sexual desire at all, and is miserable with guilt. When they give her the help she really needs, sex will take care of itself."

The problem in this marriage, which was causing Phyllis' sexual problem, wasn't straightened out overnight. Mr. P. had found it easier to be pals with his son than to show his real "softness" for his daughter. He admitted to Mrs. Gould that it made him feel "weak" to express his emotions. But the realization that if Phyllis had had more affection from her father, she wouldn't be so hungry for boys' kisses now, appalled him. He was awakened to his neglect.

It was harder for Mrs. P. to face her own sadness in the "perfect marriage" she had tried so hard to show the neighbors through her picture window. "He could get home if he wanted to," she said bitterly in her sixth visit to Mrs. Gould. "Why did he marry me if he doesn't need me except to entertain his clients?" She had once sung on radio, had given up her own ambitions to help her husband get ahead. She didn't realize she had taken revenge by shutting him out of her life, and Phyllis'. She had made him feel all they needed from him was money. Instead of admitting her own need for love, she'd been trying to live through Phyllis. But had she really wanted her daughter to be a better woman than she herself was?

Encouraged by Mrs. Gould to go back to the civic work she'd given up to watch over Phyllis, to start singing again, and have things out with her husband, Mrs. P. soon found ways to help Phyllis. A month ago Phyllis was dismissed by the psychiatrist. She had stopped doing things with boys to "show" her mother and father—now that she felt that they really cared about her as a daughter and a person.

Busy Signal

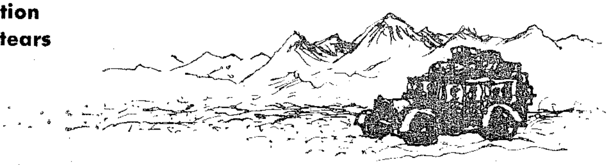
THE PARENTS of a teenager had a second telephone installed in her bedroom for her own use. She was touched by their thoughtfulness but continued to use the family phone as before.

One night, after she had called a school friend and talked happily and at random for over an hour, the father demanded to know why on earth she didn't use her own phone upstairs.

The daughter, startled by such adult obtuseness, explained in logical detail: "If I used my own phone and someone tried to call me, the line would be busy."

—Northwestern Bell Telephone Co.

The strange and beautiful legend of a small dog whose devotion still evokes tears in all Italy



FIDO—*honored citizen of Luco*

by JOHN CARLOVA

FIDO IS NEITHER HANDSOME nor particularly intelligent, yet he is the only legally unlicensed dog in Italy and the only animal included in that nation's list of "honored citizens." This aged, sad-eyed mongrel has never performed any spectacular act of heroism, but he is a hero to sentimentalists all over the world.

The strange and beautiful legend of Fido began one storm-lashed night in the winter of 1940. A rickety bus struggled along the road from San Lorenzo to Luco, a village in the rugged Apennine district. Drifting snow finally blocked the road and the bus groaned to a halt. The driver told his five passengers, "I'll have to turn back to San Lorenzo. Do you want to go with me, or try to make it to Luco on foot?"

Four chose to stay with the bus. The other, a bricklayer named Carlo Soriano, said, "My wife would worry if I did not get home." He picked up his lunchbox and hobbled away through the violent night—for one of Carlo's legs was slightly shorter than the other.

Crossing a bridge over the Le Cale River, Carlo thought he heard a childlike whimper. He stood still, straining his ears, but there was only the roar of the wind. He started on—and heard the whimper again.

This time he clambered down the riverbank and peered under the bridge. There, pitifully huddled in the dark and cold, was a tiny puppy, nearly dead of exposure. In trying to escape from the storm, it had crept onto a small, precarious ledge overhanging the icy water.

Carlo, an impulsive, kind-hearted man, never hesitated. At the risk of plunging into the torrent below, he inched his way onto the ledge, scooped up the pup, placed it inside his jacket, crawled back to safety and hurried on home.

Carlo's wife, who had been anxiously waiting, was surprised when her husband burst in and excitedly presented his find. She shook her head sadly, though. "Poor creature—he will never live."

"He *will* live!" declared Carlo, almost fiercely. "Quick, Maria—

bring a blanket, warm some milk."

Throughout the night, the gnarled, calloused hands of the bricklayer tenderly nursed the pup. In the morning, as though strengthened by the love and faith of the man, the puppy opened his eyes and weakly licked Carlo's face.

Carlo laughed happily. "Look, Maria, he's all right. Little Fido is all right." Then, with the beseeching air of a small boy, the 30-year-old man turned to his wife and begged, "Can we keep him, Maria? I have never had a dog."

For the Sorianos, this was a major decision. Although they had no children, they were so poor they could hardly feed themselves. To feed a dog, too, meant they would sometimes have to go hungry. But Maria, as warmhearted as her husband, could see the bond that had already formed between the pup and the man.

She smiled. "Yes, Carlo—we can keep little Fido."

Carlo and Fido were seldom apart after that. Previously, because of his shortened leg, Carlo had been too shy to talk much. Now when the men gathered of an evening in the village square, Carlo was right there to show off the "one-man dog" aspects of his pet. No one could lure the dog from his master's side, not even by offering a mouth-watering steak. Fido only had eyes for Carlo.

Actually, aside from this devotion, there was nothing much to boast about in Fido. He had grown into a nondescript mutt, neither big nor small, drab-colored, lop-eared, with an awkward gait and twisted tail. Every workday, he would escort his master to the San Lorenzo bus. In the evening, without fail, he would be waiting to greet Carlo when he stepped off the bus at the square.

Whenever the villagers saw Fido trotting alone through the streets, they would smile and say, "Must be bus time."

Then, one night in December, 1943, Carlo did not get off the bus. Fido, puzzled, looked on as a group of begrimed men stepped down, sadly shook their heads at the sight of the waiting dog, and went on up the street to tell Maria Soriano that her husband, who had been working in a factory in San Lorenzo, had been killed during an Allied bombing raid.

There was no way of telling this to Fido, however, and when they tried to lead him away, he retreated under the bus and refused to budge. In the morning, he came out and worriedly checked every passenger who entered the bus. Only after it had pulled away did he go home. There he went anxiously through every room, then, not finding his beloved Carlo, dejectedly flopped down by the kitchen door.

In the evening, Fido hurried hopefully back to the bus stop. The passengers got off as usual, but Carlo still did not appear. Frantically, Fido leaped into the bus and searched it from end to end. Then, as though finally convinced that Carlo was not inside, he retreated under the bus and again spent the night there.

"Poor Fido," the villagers murmured. "But he will get over it."

But Fido did not get over it. Every evening he was on hand to meet the bus, waiting for Carlo. He

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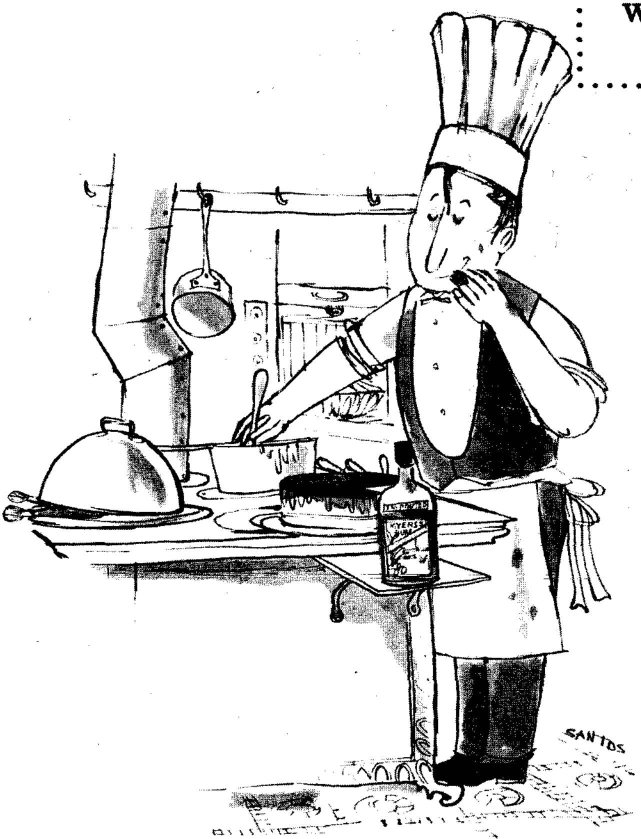

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seemed never to lose faith that his friend would someday, somehow reappear. Every night he slept under the bus, and every morning he checked over the passengers. On cold nights, the bus driver sometimes induced the dog to sleep inside rather than under the bus.

A year went by, five, ten—and Fido met the bus every evening. Several times he was so sick he could hardly stand, but still he managed to crawl to the bus stop. Even when buses broke down or were replaced by new ones, Fido was still there, waiting for his master.

Once a cruel joker tied up the dog in an effort to stop him from meeting the bus. Fido, who normally never as much as barks, went wild. He attacked his tormentor, burst the rope holding him and raced to the square, to beat the bus by seconds.

Another time, when the bus was overdue, Fido suddenly went running down the road toward San Lorenzo. This was so unusual that several men ran after the dog. They found the bus on its side in a ravine, where it had plunged from the road. No one was hurt, but Fido's strange premonition increased his stature in the eyes of the villagers of Luco.

"Many times we have been inspired by the faith and devotion displayed by this simple creature of God," says the village priest. "We have been shown that, as humans, we should be capable of faith and devotion at least as great."

As the story of Fido's devotion spread, tourists from all over the world came to Luco to see for themselves this dog that never failed to meet the bus every evening come snow, rain, sleet or storm. Many contributed to a fund for Fido.

The widow of Carlo Soriano still looks after the dog. She has never remarried. "In the face of such faithfulness as Fido's," she explains, "I must remain true to the memory of Carlo."

To mark the amazing total of 14 years in which Fido had waited for his master at the bus stop, the mayor decreed that Fido should henceforth live tax-free as the only legally unlicensed dog in Italy; then his name was officially added to the list of Luco's "honored citizens." Last November they presented him with a medal that says: "To Fido, exemplary dog."

Fido took it in stride, then trotted off to meet the bus from San Lorenzo.

Men at War

(Answers to quiz on page 73)

1. A; 2. D; 3. F; 4. D; 5. G; 6. A; 7. F; 8. B; 9. C; 10. B; 11. G; 12. A; 13. E; 14. F; 15. G; 16. A; 17. D; 18. D; 19. A; 20. G; 21. F; 22. D; 23. C; 24. G; 25. B; 26. G; 27. D; 28. C; 29. D; 30. D.

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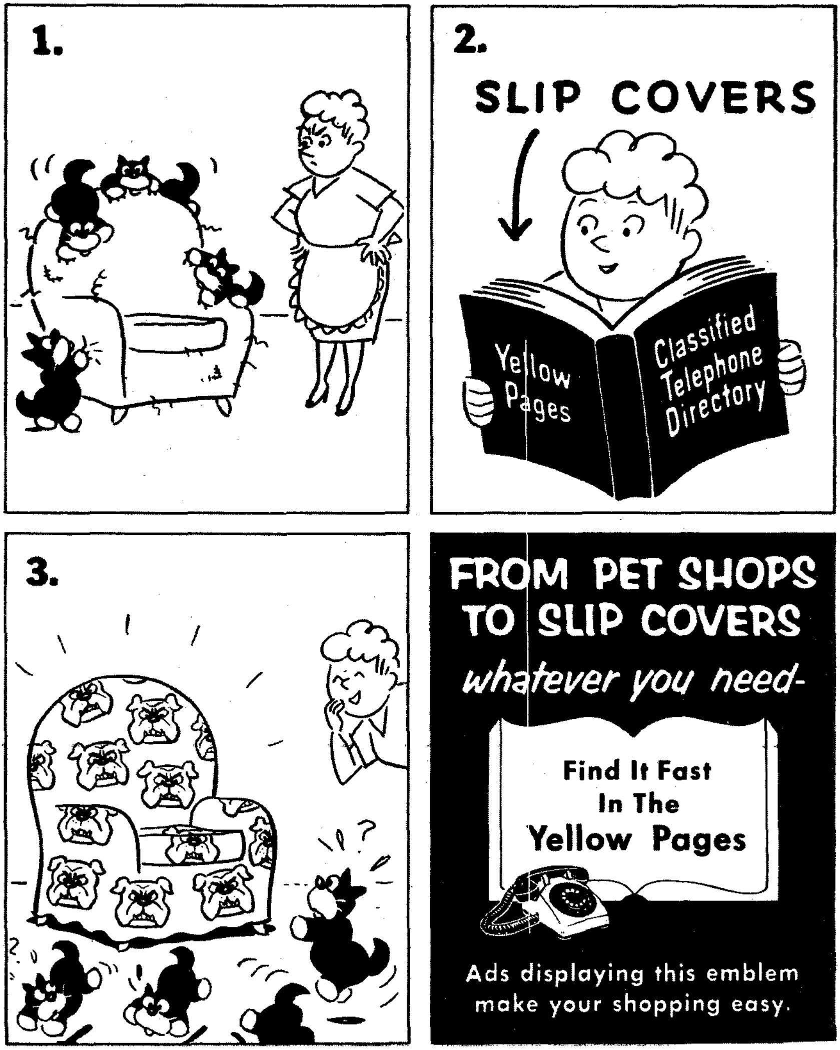
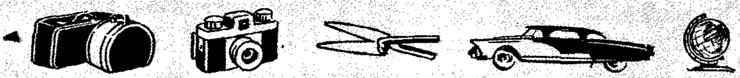

1.
2.
SLIP COVERS
Yellow Pages
Classified Telephone Directory
3.
FROM PET SHOPS TO SLIP COVERS
whatever you need-
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Ads displaying this emblem make your shopping easy.

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



EASY WAY TO FILE CHECKS—$1

Check-Safe holds 800 cancelled checks, a 5-yr. record. *Safe, clean*—always in place for easy reference. Helps budget. Keep a check on personal spending habits. Green Ripplette covered box, gold stamped. 7¼" x 5" x 3¼". Tab index dividers incl. Guar. or money back! Only $1, postage paid. Order Check-Safe, Sunset House, 1889 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.

IMPORTED MIXED GLOXINIAS

Lovely imported Belgium Hybrid Gloxinias. Large size bulbs. Beautiful, easy-to-grow house plants. Bloom indoors in 6 to 8 weeks with 3" to 4" flowers that last for months. May also be planted outside. Exquisite mixed colors. Supply limited. *Send only 50¢ for* 2. $1.00 for 5. Sent Postpaid. Order Today. R. H. Shumway Seedsman, Dept. 475, Rockford, Illinois.

FREE RUG BOOK—SAVE UP TO ½

Olson Magic

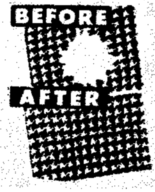
Amazing Olson Broadloom Offer! Rich, new, extra thick, heavy, double wearing, *Reversible Rugs* & Carpets. Your old rug, carpet, clothing can Save you up to ½. Money back Guar. Easy Terms. Our 84th yr. Over 3 million customers. Free Broadloom Bargain Book-Model rms. in color. Write for your copy. Olson Rug Co., Dept. A-96, Chicago 41, Ill.

IF YOU'RE STOUT—FREE STYLE BOOK

Save money on the latest styles in dresses, coats, sizes 38 to 60, designed by our experts to fit your figure gracefully. Dresses $2.98 to $35.00. Coats as low as $12.98. Also suits, sportswear, shoes, hose, hats, underwear, corsets. All at low prices. Send name, address for 108-page Style Book, Free, postpaid. Lane Bryant, Department 79, Indianapolis 17, Ind.

Lane Bryant

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME



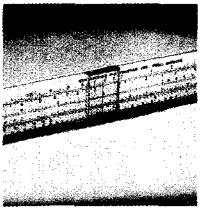
Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 393, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

FREE! NORTH AMERICA STAMPS

Exciting valuable collection of genuine, all-different postage stamps from *Greenland (North Pole!)*, St. Pierre, Newfoundland, Alaska, Confederate States commemoratives; scarce 1851 Canada train stamp, U. S. ancient 19th century. Extra! 87 Foreign Flag Stamps; big bargain catalog, other exciting offers. Send 10¢ for mailing. Kenmore, Milford EF-901, N. H.

NEWFOUNDLAND
POSTAGE
5 FIVE CENTS 5

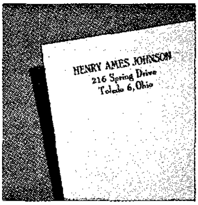
SLIDE RULE—PLUS BOOK—98¢



Anyone who understands simple 7th grade arith. can use this standard 10" slide rule. For business men, students, tech. workers, mechanics, home workshop enthusiasts & housewives! Easy to do add., subtraction, proportions, discounts, commissions, etc. Slide rule & instruction book, only 98¢ pp. Nelson-Hall Co., 210 S. Clinton, Dept. CS-58, Chicago 6.

HAMMERMILL BOND ENVELOPES

The perfect envelope for all mail not requiring a letterhead. Your name and address printed in the upper left-hand corner on the address side of 100 3⅞" x 7¼", heavy-weight, Hammermill Bond Envelopes—only $1.65 post paid, 500 — $5.50, 1,000 — $9.75. Money back guarantee. Williams Stationery Co., Dept. C, Camden, New York.



To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 183

Silver Linings

DURING A LENGTHY recuperation from a serious illness, I learned that I might never fully recover. Thinking I would only burden my family, I gradually lost interest in leaving the hospital.

Our ten-year-old son seemed to sense my change of heart. He sat quietly by my bed one night, and then he touched my arm gently. "Mother, do you remember that

FREE! SIZES 1 to 5 SHOE CATALOG

Specializing in beautiful shoes designed to fit and flatter your little feet—our far-famed catalog presents enormous variety of styles for all occasions—flats, midways, casuals, spikes, formals, even bed slippers! Shoe shown in red or tan calf at $11.95. For best fit in your size send for catalog today—Cinderella of Boston, 85T South St., Boston 11, Mass.

OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE $22.95

Made by Morton's, World's largest, oldest one-price fur service and most praised by style magazines. If fur coat is worn-out or out-of-style, you'll be delighted with Morton's glamorous restyling. $22.95 incl. New Lining, Interlining, Monogram, cleaned, glazed. Write for Free 1958 style book. Morton's, Department 150-C, Washington, D. C.

FOR BIG MEN ONLY

We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only, satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 577 Brockton, Massachusetts.

NEW! SUPERWIDE FIBERGLAS DRAPES

Now in 127 custom sizes and colors that fit any window, wall or corner! Never need ironing or dry-cleaning. 14 decorator colors in prints and solids. Save ⅓! Send for Free Drapery Sample Kit. Ronnie, world's largest distributor of Fiberglas Curtains and Drapes. 245SS-5 Ronnie Bldg., 145 Broad Avenue, Fairview, Bergen County, N. J.

NEW FORMULA . . . FOR MEN OVER 40

Why do some men "slow up" after 40..losing their pep, and "staying power?" Are deficiencies the cause? Malex is a special new formula designed for nutritionally-deficient adult males. Malex contains extra potencies of Natural Vitamin E, C and B-complex, plus a substance to combat cholesterol. Send $3 for month's supply to Nato Labs., Carnegie 23, Penna.

6 PENS OR 13 REFILLS, $1

Top quality Ball Point Pens and Refills with fresh "bankers-approved" ink. Bulk purchase lets us offer these pen sets at less than wholesale cost! Less than 17¢ for ea. pen. 13-Ball-Point Refills fit any standard ball-point pens. Guar. or money back! 6-Pens Set, $1. 13-Refills Set, $1. Pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 1894 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Calif.

AUTOMATIC POLAROID TIMER . . . $4.95

No more guessing & spoiled films. A 1-Minute Developing Timer that tells automatically when picture is finished. Bell signals end of timing period. Attaches to tripod socket. Precision made—unconditionally guaranteed. Choice of brown or grey to match camera (specify when ordering) ppd. $4.95. Columbia Distributors, Box 84, Brooklyn 14, N. Y.

(*Continued on next page*)

MAKE MONEY WRITING . . .

short paragraphs. You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Many make money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. No tedious study. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. 199-P, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26, Ill.

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. M-85, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

SECRET HEARING AID

New Dahlberg "Magic-Ear II" Hearing Aid worn completely at ear. ⅓ oz. with batteries. Fits snugly. Stays securely in place for any type of activity. Full 4-transistor power. Wide hearing range. No noise. Nothing worn on body. Matches hair color. Inconspicuous. Free Booklet. Write: The Dahlberg Co., Dept. C-41, Minneapolis 27, Minn.

BE TALLER INSTANTLY—$1

Increase your height instantly with new Get-Ups shoe inserts. Be taller the moment you use 'em. Scientifically designed, gives added support & comfort. No one knows you wear them, everybody notices the diff. in your appearance. Fits all shoe sizes. Guar. or money back! $1 a pr. pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 1890 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Calif.

FABULOUS DEXTER SEWING MACHINE

No need to drag out big machine when seams rip, this automatic marvel almost outperforms electrics! Bastes, Zig-Zags, Sews on Buttons! Hems Dresses on You! Sews Slipcovers on Form! Repairs fabrics with slight hand pressure. Offer incl. case, needle threader, extra needles. $4.95 pp. or COD. Grant Co., Dept. C1, 2735 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 14.

Silver Linings continued

pumpkin pie you made—the one without any salt?" he said earnestly. "That pie looked good, but it wasn't, because something necessary wasn't there." He hesitated then and looked away. "It's like that at home now, Mom, since you're gone."

I gathered him in my arms and held him close, thankful for the realization he had brought me. No matter how little I could add to our home physically, I could always contribute my love.

—THELMA HAMILTON

A FRIEND OF OURS had planned a tour of every state in the union upon his retirement. His slogan truly was, "See America First." However, two months before the happy day came, his wife was killed in an auto accident. He was deeply grieved and despondent, and gave up the trip

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 190, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

SEPTIC TANK TROUBLE?

Northel Reactivator keeps septic tank and cesspool clean. Bacterial concentrate breaks up solids and grease—prevents back-up, odors. Regular use saves costly pumping or digging. Mix dry powder in water, flush down toilet. Non-poisonous. Satisfaction guar. Six months supply (23 ozs.) only $2.95, ppd. Northel, CT-3, Box 1103, Minneapolis 1, Minn.

entirely, but spoke of it often. Finally, just when I had persuaded him that his wife would want him to go on the trip they had planned together, fate intervened. He had a heart attack which confined him to the hospital.

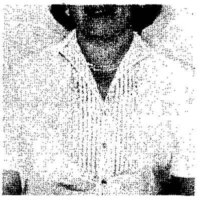
So I wrote cards to all 48 state Chambers of Commerce, secured beautiful scenic folders and literature. These I put into book form alphabetically and had them bound. I took them to him about a month ago.

Yesterday I was over to visit him. He thanked me again, saying, "I have been around the States ten times and have taken all my roommates with me."

And just 96¢ gave him all this pleasure!

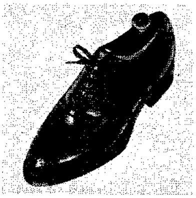
—NITA GUNTHER

THE FRIDAY before Mother's Day my son returned from kindergarten with the things he had made for my special day, an elaborate card and a very presentable ash tray. My



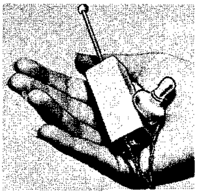
AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.



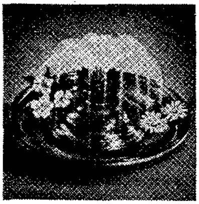
DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE!

You "grow" almost 2 inches taller . . . instantly . . . when you step into "Elevators." These amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. "Elevators" add to your height, your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. C358, Brockton 68, Mass.



WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO—$4.95

Own this newest midget-size Hearever Radio. No plug-in, batteries, tube replacements, or expense. Self-powered, diode rectifier replaces tubes. Listen anywhere. Hearing-aid type speaker lets you listen in private. Ready to use. Guar. or money back! Only $4.95 postage paid. Order Mini-Radio from Sunset House, 1891 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.



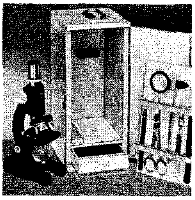
THE GIFT OF GIFTS

Healthful, beautifully designed fountain decoration. Humidifier avail. in solid copper or brass. 16" diam. Plug in, compl. unit, adj. spray. Recirculates same water. Fully guar. Ck, M.O. or $10.00 deposit. Bal. C.O.D. Reg. $49.50—Special $39.50. F.O.B. N. Y. (Chrome plate on solid copper $6.00 extra.) Canal Electric Motor, Dept. C-38, 310 Canal St., N. Y. C.

ROYAL JELLY
THE NECTAR OF THE QUEEN BEE

SAVE ON ROYAL JELLY

Not $20, Not $15, but only $10 per 100! In response to terrific demand, we now make Royal Jelly available at down-to-earth prices! Each capsule contains 50 milligrams, at ½ the price you'd expect to pay for capsules of even lower potency. 100 caps, $10; 250 caps, $22.50, postpaid. Money-back guar. Vita-min-Quota, Dept. T-146, 880 Broadway, N.Y. 3, N.Y.



16-PC. MICROSCOPE KIT

Makes children eager to learn because it's fun! Watch them thrill to the fascinating new world they'll find! Consists of 3-Turret 100X-200X-300X microscope, wood case, drawer & 6 slides, rack with 6 tools, 131 pg. idea book. $22.95 value, only $8.49 complete, ppd. Microscope only: $5.29 ppd. Consolidated, 1300 Main Ave., Clifton, N. J.

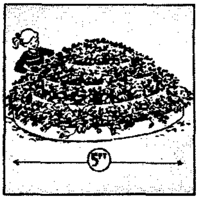
INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving age, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L325M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

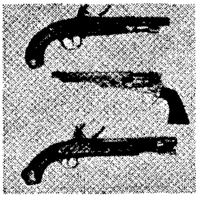
(*Continued on next page*)

PYRAMID STRAWBERRY GARDEN

Grow more quarts of strawberries in 60 to 90 days in 5 ft. area with new everlasting aluminum Pyramid Strawberry Garden. Add interest, beauty to your garden. Special 5 ft. diam. Pyramid with 50 Superfection Everbearing Strawberry Plants compl. $9.95 ppd. Pyramid Garden only, $7.95 ppd. Send Ck., M.O. Minnetonka Nurseries, Dept. CT3, Excelsior, Minn.



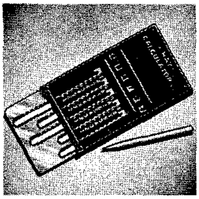
GENUINE ANTIQUE WEAPONS—EXCITING!



Choose your weapons — from Robert Abels' vast collection. Many guns figured in real life adventures. Popular-priced collectors' items to rare museum pieces. 140-page Catalog: illustrations, backgrounds pistols, guns, swords, armor. 50¢ postage & handling. Robert Abels, Inc., Box C, 860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, New York.

POCKET ADDING MACHINE $1.50

Simple to use! Adds, subtracts, mult. Calculates 999,999. Accurate as machine costing many times this amaz. low price. Not a toy. Save money, time. Avoid calculating errors. Ideal for ofce. & home use, keeping golf & card scores, budget shopping. Just $1.50. We pay pstg. Money bk. guar. Ray Calculator Co., 259 Strader, Dept. CR-3, Cincinnati 26, Ohio.



BE $600 RICHER—BORROW BY MAIL

Have money in your pocket again and cut your present monthly bill payments by ½. Get a quick private loan by mail—$100 to $600. Repay in small installments over 20 months. *Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope.* State amount needed. State Finance Company, 323 Securities Building, Dept. C-289, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

RADIO-TV HELP FOR HARD OF HEARING

Wonderful Radioear Induct-A-Plate allows you to enjoy radio and television programs with no distracting *room noises.* Works best with Radioear, but can be used with any hearing aid that has an induction pick-up. Induct-A-Plate costs only $3.00. Ask for Free illustrated folder No. 131 today. Radioear Corporation, Valley Brook Road, Canonsburg, Pa.

Silver Linings continued

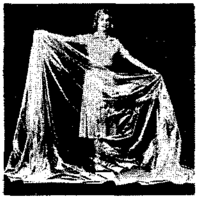
three-year-old daughter listened carefully as I praised these gifts. Then she went out and sat down on the back porch without saying a word.

As I ironed, I could see her little head bowed in serious thought and I made a firm decision to tell her that my love for her was just as great, even though she couldn't make such presents yet.

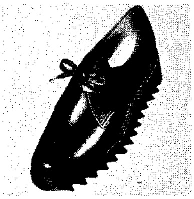
The depth of a child's perception still amazes me. She came in just

108 SQUARE FEET OF PLASTIC, $1

Hundreds of uses for big 9x12 ft. plastic cloth. Cut & stitch into aprons, tableclothes, appliance covers. Cover lawnmower, bicycle, baby carriage. Protect furniture, auto, rugs, car upholstery. Use as cover-up when painting. Waterproof, greaseproof. Guar. or money back! Only $1 pstg. pd. Order Cover-Ups, Sunset House, 1893 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.



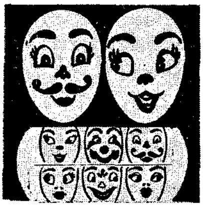
*RIPPLE® SOLES "WALK" FOR YOU



Flexible sole depresses underfoot, releasing energy as foot lifts. Ripple® Sole: absorbs walking shock, balances weight, lengthens stride and provides traction. $15.95 ppd. *Sizes 6-12, A-E. Mich. 3% tax.* Write for folder (men's, women's and children's): Hack Shoe Stores, Mutual Building, Detroit, Michigan. *TM-Ripple Sole Corp.

HAPPY EGG FACES

36 Asst. gaily colored Easter Decorations only 59¢. Clowns, funny faces, barnyard animals, rabbits, pirates. No messy colored dyes to soil hands or clothing. Dip in water & apply. Even the smallest will enjoy. Fun for entire family. Special: compl. set 72 Asst. only $1.00. No COD. Orders *shipped 1st Class-Airmail.* Novel Mfg. Co., 31 2nd Ave., Dept. S-2289, NYC 3.



then, holding her tiny hands cupped carefully in front of her and gazing expectantly at me.

"Look, Mommy," she said breathlessly, "I've brought you a handful of sunshine for Mother's Day!"

—MRS. STANLEY D. VER NOOY, JR.

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

STOP DOG AND CAT NUISANCE

Protect plants and garden, prevent burned evergreens, disfigured lawn, spilled garbage can. Outdoor Chaperone, in Aerosol automatic spray can $1.00 postpaid. Indoor Chaperone, same style can, keeps pets off chairs, beds; stops cats clawing furniture. Also $1.00. Money-back guarantee. Send $1 bills at our risk. Sudbury Laboratory, Box 57 K, Sudbury, Mass.

HER VERY OWN "PHOTO DOLL" SET

Durable cardboard stand-up doll 9" tall, with child's own photo face in color. 10-piece wardrobe of cut-out clothes, plus 8 color paint set. Send in full-face photo or snap-shot of girl (to be returned). State color hair & eyes. Complete—only $2.00 ppd. (2 wks. delivery). The Edwin House, Dept. CM, 145 West 4th Street, New York 12, N. Y. No C.O.D.'s.

FUN FILLED TOILET TISSUE $1

Laughin' bathroom tissue will dress up any john. Great for gag gifts. Makes your guests sit up and take notice. A silly saying is printed on each sheet with non-irritating ink. "Do it yourself," and 100 other sayings! Guar. or money back! 3 different rolls only $1 postage paid. Order from Sunset House, 1892 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, California.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-NT, Lynn, Massachusetts.

IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records, cards. Easy to use. University tests, parents' reports show children gain up to a full year's grade in 6 weeks. Write for free illus. folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. T-16, Wilmette, Ill.

INTERIOR DECORATION—HOME STUDY

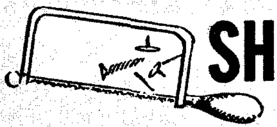
Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free 24-page illustrated booklet, "Adventures in Interior Design and Decoration." Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 1413, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR SHORTEST ROUTE IN A JIFFY

Map-O-Measure figures mileage for you—finds shortest route on any map, without computing, saving you time and money. Attractive, durable and precision-built. Transparent dial, brass guide wheel. A must for every car owner. An ideal gift. $1.95 each, 3 for $5 postpaid. Map-O-Measure, Dept. CR-4, 259 Strader Ave., Cincinnati 26, Ohio.

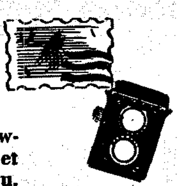
FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS

Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports $224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book. Trial Lesson. I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk FS, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

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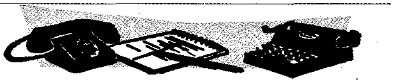

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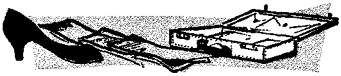

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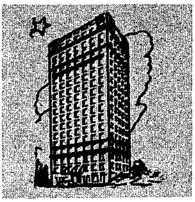

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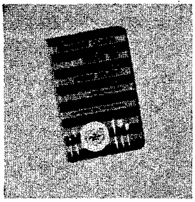

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They called it justice

by Will Bernard

WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE a legal booby trap if you saw one? For instance, in an English courtroom, disgruntled relatives of a dead man were trying to break his will on the ground that he had been mentally unbalanced. To prove it, their lawyer produced a "crazy" letter the deceased had once written—a letter of condolence to a friend.

"I am sorry to hear of your son's death," the lawyer read from the letter. "But all that live must die, passing through nature to eternity. To die and go we know not where; to lie in cold obstruction and to rot; this sensible warm motion to become a kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit to bathe in fiery floods, or to reside in thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice . . . ."

The lawyer smirked meaningfully.

"To be imprison'd in the viewless winds, and blown with restless violence round about the pendent world. . . ."

The attorney for the other side, after checking a hunch, said dryly. "May I call the court's attention to Act I of 'Hamlet' and Act III of 'Measure for Measure.' The deceased didn't make up that 'crazy' language. He borrowed it from William Shakespeare."

OR TAKE THE CASE of the Galveston *News*, which was sorely vexed, years ago, by an upstart neighboring publication called the *Roast*. The *News* went to considerable trouble and expense to get and print the full texts of decisions handed down by the Supreme Court of Texas. Then, to its chagrin, the entire account would appear the next morning in the *Roast*.

The *News* felt sure its material was being copied brazenly. But how about proof?

One day the *News* printed a lengthy opinion by Chief Justice John William Stayton, which ended with the following paragraph:

"The rule of law that we have enunciated is a very familiar one and we are surprised that at this late day anyone should have questioned it. It has had the sanction of the ages, and obtains not only in this country and England but also in Denmark, where it finds expression in the well-known maxim: 'Siht laets lliw tsaor eht fi rednow ew.' "

Sure enough, the same report appeared word-for-word in the *Roast* the next day. Not until questions about "that Danish maxim" began coming in did the *Roast's* editor—neatly trapped—think of reading it backwards.

Over and over again—It's the same old story...

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"I was ashamed to always be so tired!"

I ALWAYS felt simply "run-down". People were thinking of me as a "spoil-sport". I didn't know why until my doctor explained *why* I felt tired . . . *why* my youthful vigor was slipping away . . . *why* my wife and family were beginning to think of me as a worn-out man. He told me how a vitamin-mineral deficiency in my diet could rob me of the joys of living . . . and suggested that I supplement my diet with pep-building vitamins and minerals. Soon afterward I sent for a 30-day free supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules. After taking one capsule each day for a short time, I began to feel a new zest for living! Now no one thinks of me as a "worn-out old man" . . . I've got pep and energy to burn and have fun like a fellow half my age! *And you may too!* Accept this no-risk offer as I did, by mailing the postcard *today!*

"Our fights have turned to kisses!"

IT'S hard to believe that my wife and I used to fight. She would start nagging at me the minute I got home from work — and I would snap right back at her! We argued so often that we suddenly realized our marriage was breaking up! There wasn't any real reason for it except that both of us always felt so tired that we got on each other's nerves. Our family doctor gave us some advice that probably saved our marriage. Many people, he told us, become worn-out, tense and short-tempered because their diets do not contain enough vitamins and minerals. To correct this condition, each of us started taking one Vitasafe Capsule a day. Before long we had more pep and our dispositions improved. Instead of fighting, we were back in each other's arms!

If you or your wife have lost the pep and energy you used to have, try proven Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules free for 30 days, and judge the results for yourself!

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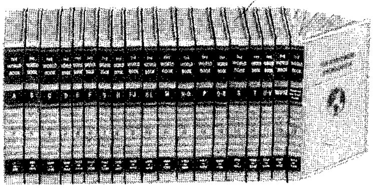

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